The Stirling News-Argus.

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THE

Stirling News-Argus

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JOB PRINTING of every description executed in neat and fashionable style, and on short notice.

Railway Smash-Up.

One Man Killed, and Two Others Injured.

THE TRAIN THROWN FROM THE TRACK BY SOME FIEND.

A most fiendish and successful attempt at train-wrecking occurred on the Midland division of the Grand Trunk on Tuesday morning. A little after 5 o'clock a special east bound freight train left Campbellford, and when about three miles this side, on rounding a curve, came upon an obstruction which threw the engine and ten cars from the track, causing one of the worst wrecks that has taken place on the line for many years. The tender and several of the freight cars were piled on top of the locomotive, and the box cars, which were loaded with cattle, burst open, and hundreds of bushels of grain buried the locomotive almost out of sight.

There were three men on the locomotive at the time. Unfortunately the engineer was badly scalded, but will likely recover. Fred Murray, the fireman, is a son of Mr. Wm. Murray, of West Huntingdon. He escaped with but slight injuries. Purdy, the front brakesman, was also on the engine, and was the only man killed. By some means he was thrown down by the engine, and when dug out some hours afterwards he was found in a sitting position with his back to the firebox, and buried beneath several tons of debris. His left leg was pinioned down by portions of the wreck, making it impossible for him to move, and in this position he must have slowly roasted, as well as he could judge, from the fire. Purdy belonged to Port Hope, where he lived with his widowed mother.

It would appear, from all the information that can be obtained, that the wreck was wilfully and maliciously caused by the placing of a tie on the rails—one end of the tie being placed under, and the other end on top of the rail,—thus making it impossible for the cowcatcher to throw it off. The fiend who would commit such an act deserves the heaviest punishment that can be inflicted, and the general expression of opinion is that hanging is too good for him.

The wreck was a bad one, the locomotive was so badly damaged as to be almost, if not quite beyond repair, and the cars were badly broken up and piled in an indescribable mass of confusion to the height of twenty feet or more.

Mr. J. M. Riddell, superintendent, with a staff of men left Belleville with the auxiliary train shortly after news of the accident arrived, and by evening the track was clear so that trains could pass.

The loss to the Railway Company will be considerable, though what the probable amount will be we have not learned.

It is stated that a farmer living near the scene of the accident, named Third, while going across the track for the cows early in the morning, noticed a tie on the track and removed it.

The scene of the wreck was visited by hundreds of people during the day, a large number going from Belleville.

The farmers in the vicinity very generously furnished a lunch at noon to all those who were engaged in clearing up the wreck.

The mail train which left Toronto at 8 a. m., was switched on a siding and remained there until nine o'clock. She then went on to the wreck and passengers were transferred to the through freight train and other points west. At six o'clock, the track being clear, passengers changed cars here, for points east and west.

The railway authorities offer $500 reward for the arrest of the guilty party. It is thought that the obstruction was placed on the track for the purpose of wrecking Stanton's train, the freight train not being expected along. Certain parties are suspected and if the guilt can be fastened on them it will go hard with them.

Iron Smelting Works.

WILL PROBABLY BE ESTABLISHED IN DESERONTO IN THE NEAR FUTURE.

Kingston *News*:—There are now fair prospects that iron smelting works will be established at Deseronto, or some other near point within a short time. Mr. Rathbun has recently been making application to the Dominion Government for the usual railway subsidy for an extension of his line of railways from Harrowsmith to Sydenham and beyond, and also from Tweed into the mineral regions of North Hastings. Both these extensions will be through rich iron ore regions, and Mr. Rathbun assures the Government that if the desired public grants are made he will establish iron smelting works capable of turning out at least thirty tons of charcoal pig iron per day. The Government will probably be approached at Parliament to grant the asked for subsidies. From the well known business abilities of the Rathbun Co. and the great facilities at their command little doubt need be entertained of the success of such smelting works if once undertaken.

The importance of manufacturing in our own country, and for our own country's natural products, of nine or ten thousand tons of superior pig iron each year can be easily understood. Not only would it represent the saving of a vast drain of Canadian money now floating out for a foreign production, but it would also represent profitable employment for thousands of Canadians at home, in addition to our existing industries, and turning into immediate value thousands of acres of rich mineral lands now lying undeveloped and practically worthless.

As the ore would be smelted with charcoal, the additional home market for wood for charcoal making, would also be very great. Thirty tons of pig iron smelted per day would represent a daily home demand for thirty tons of charcoal, or at least 1,500 bushels. Much of the present standing timber in the rear of these townships suitable for charcoal making, would be increased many times in value.

The next provincial convention of the Ontario Sabbath School Association will be held at Guelph Oct. 25th to 27th.

It being impossible to stop gambling under existing laws of Manitoba, the Winnipeg authorities have adopted the expedient of sending professional blacklegs to jail as vagrants.

The New Orleans Times-Democrat thinks there is danger of pauperism being fostered by the overflowing benefaction of the people of the United States. The report of the New York State Board of Charities shows that the value of property devoted to charitable purposes now exceeds over $54,000,000, of which $36,500,000 is held by regularly incorporated benevolent associations. The amounts received by these institutions during the past year aggregated nearly $14,600,000, and the expenditures were $13,315,000. This does not represent all the charity given, for there were many minor societies that raised money for benevolent purposes, and the private donations were large. The societies cared for 64,322 persons in the several institutions maintained by them, while 385,622 received outdoor medical and surgical relief, and 48,950 outdoor poor were aided with money, receiving some $600,000; that is 498,894 persons, or one-twelfth the entire population of the State, received charity or public aid of some kind. This is aside from the enormous sums expended by private charity—by individuals, churches, and by such organizations as the Grand Army of the Republic. These the soldiers in the late war, though they cannot be fairly considered as receiving charity, are treated with the utmost liberality by the country.

County and District Items.

In a bear hunt at Norwood, Ont., two animals were killed.

A company has been formed at Belleville for the manufacture of patent bed springs.

The Rev. W. H. Barnes, Belleville, now assistant at the Anglican Church at Tweed, will be ordained deacon in September.

Kingston City Council will formally congratulate Sir Oliver Mowat and Hon G. A. Kirkpatrick on the honors they have lately received. Both are Kingstonians.

Mrs. Charles Putnam, of Belleville, died very suddenly one day last week while seated at a piano in the house of her brother, Thomas McGinnis. Cause, heart disease.

A valuable silver mine has been discovered on a lot owned by William Huggins, township of Sheffield. Samples have been assayed and show over $100 to the ton of ore.

A sad accident has taken place near Merrickville, when the son of Mr. James Wiley, two and a half years old, accidentally fell from an upstairs window to the ground. The child's neck was broken, and he died almost instantly.

Bertie Robinson, of Belleville, has had his face blinded with powder by putting his eye to the muzzle of a toy cannon in which the powder had not yet ignited. Walter Young, Sidney Township, had two of his fingers blown off by playing with a toy cannon.

Hon. G. A. Kirkpatrick, of Kingston, has been appointed Lieut-Governor of Ontario, in place of the late Sir Alexander Campbell. Mr. Kirkpatrick has been M. P. for Frontenac for a number of years, is very popular, and will no doubt fulfill the duties of his high position with satisfaction.

John L. Jamieson, second son of Mr. J. C. Jamieson, of the Belleville *Intelligencer*, and grandson of Hon. M. Bowell, died of typhoid fever, in Chicago, last week, aged 22 years. With his brother James he had recently established a job printing office in Chicago. His remains were brought to Belleville for interment.

A sad case is reported from Belleville. Some time since a scandal monger circulated a story about a lady, the wife of a prominent citizen, and a leading worker in the Bridge street church. There was not a particle of truth in the fabrication, but the victim, being of a sensitive disposition, took it so much to heart that she became insane, and has been removed to the asylum.

On Monday morning last Trenton was visited by another disastrous fire, this time Saylor's Block being burned to the ground. The cause of the fire could not be learned. The ground floor was owned by Mr. Clarke, grocer. His loss will be a heavy one. He was insured for $400. A Mr. White who lived in the building lost his all. He had $200. The building cost over $5,000, on which there was only an insurance of $600.

The Ashley cheese factory, of which A. P. Reid is owner, was on Monday morning flooded to overflow with milk. The factory has a vat capacity of 1,000 lbs., and Mr. Reid received over 1,000 lbs. milk that morning more than he had room for. He also has his weigh can full, which holds 700 lbs. Mr Reid is obliged to purchase another large vat, in order to manufacture all the milk he will receive daily this season. —*Intelligencer.*

The grist mill, sawmill, shingle and lath mill of W. J. & H. W. Fowlds, of Hastings was destroyed by fire Sunday evening at 8 o'clock. A large quantity of lumber was also burned. There is no doubt but that the fire was the work of an incendiary, as there was no fire used for any purpose on the premises. The destruction of the mills will throw a large number of men out of employment. Loss between $8,000 and $10,000, on which there was $3,000 insurance.

On Friday evening last shortly before 9 o'clock Mrs. Grasett of Peterboro' and her mother, Mrs. Stanton of Belleville, who had been visiting relatives in Toronto, started on a Queen street car for the Union Station, intending to take the train for home. On the street car and in the same seat with them sat a young woman, apparently about 20 years of age, with a child probably two months old in her arms. The woman to all appearances was the mother of the baby as she handled it fondly. Both were well dressed, and on the way to the depot the young woman engaged Mrs. Grasett in conversation. She said she was going to Montreal, and when they reached the Union Station she and Mrs. Grasett were tolerably well acquainted. They all went into the waiting room together and sat down. In a few minutes the young woman got up and asked Mrs. Grasett if she would kindly hold the child for a few minutes while she went to have her baggage checked. The unsuspecting Peterboro' lady expressed her pleasure at being able to serve the young woman and took the youngster in her arms. Several minutes elapsed and the mother did not return, so Mrs. Grasett instituted a search for her. She found that the woman had not been to the baggage room at all, and then it dawned upon her that she had been duped. She reported the case to the police and in a few minutes later went home to Peterboro', taking the motherless baby with her.

The floods in the southwestern states have caused still further destruction. A despatch from Arkansas City says:—The river here is still rising. All the lowland portion with the back country, except by skiff, is cut off. Every particle of loose soil has been swept from many fields. The crops are entirely washed out. In Desha, a thriving county to the south, not a farm has escaped, and of the entire population, excepting a few negroes, who have been driven to the second stories of houses, not a human being is to be seen. Hallendel, on the White river, had been swept off the face of the earth as completely as the Johnstown place, the Allen, the Maples and the Green places are under water and ruined, and the tenants are camping around on high spots of ground, wet and hungry. All around Catfish Point the waters came rushing in from the Arkansas river, sweeping through forty miles of plantation property.

Two deaths have occurred in Orillia from diphtheria.

For the month of May the C.P.R. have sold 35,000 acres of land to settlers for $121,000. For the corresponding period last year 6000 acres were sold for the sum of $26,000.

At the last sitting of the Ontario legislature an amendment was made to the Landlord and Tenant act, which is not generally known. By the new enactment any tenant falling into arrears for rent, with the exception of the first month's liability, leaves himself open to be seized and no goods or chattels which he may possess are exempt from this seizure. Everything goes. Before this amendment the necessary articles, such as a stove, six chairs, personal clothing, etc., could not be seized for rent, but now all that is changed and the man who falls behind is open to have seized and sold every article of personal property which he may be possessed of.

You Should Know.

That white spots can be removed from furniture by holding a hot iron over, but not on the place.

That oranges and lemons with green leaves intermixed make a pretty dish for decorative purposes.

That the yolk of an egg in half a pint of tepid rain water, with a little powdered borax and a teaspoonful of spirits of camphor added, will take spots out of black goods.

That teapots should be washed throughly with strong soda and water and then rinsed well and perfectly dried each day if one would prevent the curious bayliks smell often noticed in a teapot.

That nothing is better for restoring the brightness of polished tables than rubbing them with a linen rag dipped in cold-drawn linseed oil.

That a good handful of salt should be added to the water in which matting is washed. The salt keeps the matting in color. Do not use soap.

That grease stains on wall paper may be removed by mixing pipe-clay with enough water to make a sort of cream. Spread this rather thickly on the stains, leave it on for twenty-four hours, then take it off carefully with a knife and dust and brush the paper thoroughly.

That a capital wash for stained boards is made by boiling one-half pound of slacked lime and one pound of soda in six quarts of water for half an hour. Let this settle, then pour off the clear part for use.

That you can tell if a bed is damp by laying your hand glass between the sheets for a few moments. If the glass is not properly dried the glass will be clouded.

That pearl knife handles should be rubbed with a salt rag dipped in fine table salt; then polish with leather.

That a little soap and warm water applied frequently is better for cleaning your lacquered brass than all the cleaning materials in the world.—*New York Advertiser.*

Don't Worry.

One day at a time conscientiously lived up to will keep the eyes bright and the cheeks round and rosy. Don't begin to worry about things beforehand. It will be time enough when they happen. It is dread of what will come not what is, that makes one old before the time. If you lie awake half the night worrying about something that is going to occur the next morning you will be far less able to face bravely and work out the problem than if you had made an effort and thought of something else till sleep came. It is not half as hard as it sounds and will grow easier every time you try it. Perhaps after all the disaster will not befall you or what is far less awful than you anticipated and just think what a lot of unnecessary wrinkles you have worried into your face.

Another thing, don't torment yourself about what people are going to think about this and that action. No matter what you do or leave undone some one will criticise you severely, and the very best rule for getting through life with comparative comfort is, after you have made up your mind as to the propriety and advisability of a certain course of action, to go ahead not paying the slightest attention to the criticisms of the lookers on from the outside. You see, just because they are on the outside they can only see the surface. It does not matter in the least what they think.—*New York Press.*

Some Uses For Lemons.

After paring the lemon very thin (as the white part is bitter), and extracting the juice, there are many ways for using the "remains." Have you a tin, copper, or brass sauce-pan? Do not waste your time and muscle scouring it. Fill with cold water, drop in some of that discarded pulp, set in on the back of the stove, and let it boil about ten or fifteen minutes; then wash, and it will be as bright as new. If any spots remain, take some of the lemon, dip it in salt, and rub throughly; all stains will disappear as by magic. Copper boilers can be cleaned by rubbing with the lemon and salt, in less time than by the old process, and one is less liable to be poisoned. For those long, dark scratches which reveal that some one has tried to light a match by drawing it across the paint, take half a lemon and rub briskly, then wash off with a cloth moistened in water, then dipped in whiting. Rub well with this cloth, and in nine cases out of ten the mark will vanish. These marks defy soap and water; of course, sometimes they are burned in so deeply that they can not be erased. The pulp of lemon rubbed on the hands will remove all stains. Drop a few drops of lemon juice on a rust spot, sprinkle with salt, and lay in the sun. The rust will disappear.

Wellington, Kansas, the principal town in the southern part of the state, was badly wrecked by a cyclone on the evening of the 27th of May. Large blocks of buildings were blown down, and twenty people killed, besides many more injured.

Another change is to be made in the management of the Salvation Army in Canada. Commissioner Rees will retire on June 23 and leave Canada. He is to be succeeded by Herbert Booth, a son of General Booth. He is the young son of the general who made a tour through Canada about two years ago. He will sail for Canada from England in a week or two.

When the Government desires to put a stop to whiskey smuggling on the St. Lawrence it builds and equips a couple of fast and well-armed cruisers to do the business. When it did not want to enforce the Scott Act, it trusted to the "sentiment of the people" and whined that public sentiment was not strong enough to enforce the law. Why does not the Government trust the "sentiment of the people" to enforce the law against smuggling? The Government knows that while public sentiment has everything to do with making laws, it really has little to do with the enforcement of law. The enforcement of law is entrusted by the people to the Administration, and on the principle of the division of labor, the most of the people attend to their private undertakings and pay officials for enforcing the law. When the people make a law or order it made, and officials fail to enforce it, then the people ought to have sense enough to kick out the delinquent officials and put in their places men who will do their duty.—*Tempiar.*

It seems strange, says the Buffalo *Express*, that the Canadian people, and more especially the people of Ontario, in which province Nickel is found in immense quantities, should not see the benefit to follow from the utilization of her natural resources. This apparently cannot be done without Government aid. Anything that would lead to the establishment there of such a manufacture as that of iron and steel with its necessary accompaniments of blast furnaces, rolling mills and the like, would not only give employment to thousands of people but would add to the general prosperity, and would form a nucleus around which many trades would grow up. It would seem that Canada is standing in her own light. Nickel steel is bound to come into very general use if it can be cheaply manufactured, and there is no end of uses to which it can be employed. Mr. Ritchie says Canada holds the monopoly of the world in this mineral. France, England, and the United States are ready to use it in enormous quantities and yet the opportunity will not be grasped. It looks as if Canada lacked enterprise.

The next Methodist General Conference in the United States will admit women.

Audrian county, Missouri, suffered from a cyclone Monday. Barns and houses were blown down and crops and orchards ruined.

The total arrival of immigrants in Manitoba for the month of May is 4,650, of which 700 were Germans. The total for the year is 22,600.

A protracted drought has been experienced in all the provinces of Russia, and pasturage is poor. The failure of spring sown crops is feared.

Friends of President Harrison are becoming more and more confident that he will be renominated at the coming Republican convention in Minneapolis.

A local option by-law was carried in Dickerings on Monday by a majority of 54, and a similar measure was adopted in Wyoming by a vote of 85 to 82.

The cholera epidemic at Serlsazgar, in the vale of Cashmere, India, continues its terrible course. In the last four days out of 1,731 persons attacked 990 have died.

Three men who were noticed acting suspiciously at a London station, threw away a package and escaped. The parcel was found to contain dynamite cartridges.

LITERARY NOTES.

KNOWLEDGE AND CHOICE LITERATURE.

"Knowledge and Choice Literature," an illustrated weekly magazine published by Kay attractive form at the startlingly low price of 50 cents a year, furnishes a wonderful amount of valuable and interesting reading matter for the money. Recent issues give Longfellow's "Evangeline" complete, finely illustrated for 4 cents. Hawthorne's "The Scarlet Letter," complete for 6 cents, or both for 10 cents. The last issue starts a series of papers, edited by one of the ablest of American literary scientists, devoted to a "Popular Science Dictionary" which will shortly be very interesting and very valuable to readers generally; 15 of these papers will cost only 35 cents. A specimen issue will be sent free. Address, John B. ALDEN, Publisher, 57 Rose St., New York.

The June WIDE AWAKE is a picturesque and altogether delightful number. Dr. Phillips Brooks "reproduces" for the boys and girls of to-day a Roman boy's letter describing the gorgeous pageant in the Rome of Augustus' day, when Horace led the children's parade to the strains of his famous secular hymn, and when emperor, senators, matrons, priests and Vestals joined the young people in honoring honor to "Children's Day"; that now famous French-American boy-editor, Tolin d'Aprey, tells how he "guns" his paper, the *Sunny Hour*, and sells his "barefoot funds"; Edith Robinson has a timely and typical Boston story of "How Jack sailed with Lord Ericsson"; Prof. Charles E. Fay of the Appalachian Club tells Why the White Mountains are called White"; Samuel Wolfe, jr. contributes his story of "Bill Fassett and his Last Moose" to the Fair Harvard series, written by recent Harvard graduates; Frances M. Abbott has a capital school story of "The Sons of the Graduates Gowns"; R. G. W. Benjamin, artist and author, tell s a stirring tale of the sea, "The Adventure of the Brig," and Mary Catherine Crowley has a most unique story-solution of Columbus and the famous egg that "every school-boy has puzzled over. Two fine new serial stories are begun in this number: "The Coral Ship," a story of adventure by Kirk Munroe, and "That Mary Ann," a delightful girl and boy story by Kate Upson Clark. The poetry of this number is from Louise Chandler Moulton, "M.E.L." Margaret J. Preston, Cora Stuart Wheeler, Lillian Crawford True, and others, and the "Men and Things" department is as full of good material as usual. The illustrations by Reynolds, Hassam, Lesley, Bischoff, George Foster Barnes, Benjamin, Sandham, Mente and others are full of strength and spirit, and the number is one that will be read without stopping from cover to cover.

WIDE AWAKE is $2.40 a year. D. Lothrop Company, Publishers, Boston, Mass.

THAT JONES OF OURS.

The officers of her Majesty's Twenty-fourth and Eighty-fourth Infantry were sitting round their mess-table, in Castletown, the capital of the Isle of Man, one evening, more than thirty years ago—that is to say, all of them except one; but then that one was only Jones.

Nobody minded Jones; even his peculiarities had begun to be an object for chaffing; and, indeed, he had paid such small attention to their chaffing that they had come to find it little pleasure, and after some weeks of discomfort, Lieutenant Jones had been allowed to choose his own pleasures without much interference.

These were not extravagant. A favorite book, a long walk in all kinds of weather, and a sail when the weather was favourable. He would not drink—he said it hurt his health; he would not shoot—he said it hurt his feelings; he would not gamble—he said it hurt his conscience; and he did not care to flirt or visit the belles of the place—he said it hurt his affections.

Once Captain de Renzy lispingly wondered whether it was possible to hurt his honor and Jones calmly answered "that it was not possible for Captain de Renzy to do so."

Indeed, Jones constantly violated all these gentlemen's ideas of proper behaviour, but for some reason or other no one brought him to account for it. It was easier to shrug their shoulders and call him queer, or say "it was only Jones," or even to quietly assert his cowardice.

One evening Colonel Underwood was discussing a hunting party for the next day. Jones walked into the room and was immediately accosted:

"Something new, lieutenant. I find there are plenty of hares on the island, and we mean to give puss a run to-morrow. I have heard you are a good rider; will you join us?"

"You must excuse me, colonel. Such a thing is neither in my way of duty nor my pleasure."

"You forget the honour the colonel does you Jones," said Ensign Powell.

"I thank the colonel for his courtesy, but I can see no good reason for accepting it, and I am sure the hare will not like it; and I am not a very good rider, therefore I should not enjoy it."

"You need not be afraid," said the colonel with a sneer. "The country is quite open, and these low Manx walls are easily taken."

"Excuse me, colonel, I am afraid. If I should be hurt it would cause my mother and sisters very great alarm and anxiety."

What was to be done with a man so obtuse regarding conventionalities, and who boldly asserted his cowardice. The colonel turned away half-contemptuously, and Ensign Powell took the place of Jones.

The morning proved to be a very bad one with the prospect of a rising storm; and as the party gathered in the barrack yard, Jones said earnestly to his colonel:

"I am afraid, sir, you will meet with a severe storm."

"I think so, lieutenant, but we promised to dine at Gwynne Hall, and we shall get that far at any rate."

So they rode rather gloomily away in the rain.

Jones attended to the military duties assigned him, and then, about noon, walked seaward. It was hard work by this time to keep his footing on the narrow quay, but amid the blinding spray and mist he saw quite a crowd of men growing rapidly towards the great shelving Scarlet Rocks, a mile beyond the town.

He stopped an old sailor and asked if anything was wrong.

"A little steamer, yer honour, off the Calf of Man; she's driving this way, and I fear she'll be on the rocks afore night."

Jones stood still a moment, and then followed the crowd as fast as the storm would let him. When he joined them they were gathered on the summit of a huge cliff, watching the doomed craft. She was now within sight, and it was evident her seamen had almost lost all control over her. She must ere long be flung by the waves upon the jagged and frightful rocks towards which she was driving. In the lulls of the wind, not only the booming of the minute gun, but also the shouts of the imperilled crew could be heard.

"What can be done?" said Jones to an old man, whose face betrayed the strongest emotion.

"Nothing, sir, I am afraid. If she had managed to round the rocks, she would have gone to pieces on the sand, and there are plenty of men who would have risked their lives to save life. But how are we to reach them from this height?"

"How far are we above water?"

"This rock goes down like a wall, forty fathoms."

"What depth of water at the foot?"

"Thirty feet or more."

"Good. Have you plenty of strong rope?"

"Much as you want, sir. But let me tell you that you can't live three minutes down there; the first wave will throw you on the rocks, and dash you to pieces. Plenty of us would put you down, sir, but you can't swim if you get down."

"Do you know, old man, what surf swimming is? I have dived through the surf."

"God bless you, sir! I thought no white man could do that same."

While this conversation was going on, Jones was divesting himself of all superfluous clothing, and cutting out the sleeves of his heavy pea-jacket with his pocket-knife. This done, he passed some light strong rope through them.

The men watched him with eager interest, and seeing their inquisitive looks, he said:

"The thick sleeve will prevent the rope cutting my body, you see."

"Ay, ay, I see what you are doing."

"Now, men, I have only one request. Give me plenty of rope as fast as I draw on you."

"But how are you going to reach the water?"

"I am going to plunge down. I have dived from the mainyard of the *Ajax* before this. It was as high a leap."

He passed a double coil of the rope round his waist, examined it thoroughly to see that there was plenty to start with, and saying:

"Now, friends, stand out of the way, and let me have a clear start," he raised his bare head one moment toward heaven, and taking a short run, leaped, as from the spring-board of a plunge bath.

Such an anxious crowd as followed that leap! Great numbers, in spite of the dangerous wind, lay flat on their breasts and watched him. He struck the water at least twenty-five feet beyond the cliff, and disappeared in its dark, foamy depths.

When he rose to the surface he saw just before him a gigantic wave, but he had time to breathe, and before it reached him he dived below its centre. It broke in passionate fury upon the rocks, but Jones rose far beyond it. A mighty cheer from the men on shore reached him, and he now began in good earnest to put his Pacific experiences into practice.

Drawing continually on the men for more rope, which they paid out with deafening cheers, he met wave after wave in the same manner, divng under them like an otter, and getting nearer to the wreck with every wave—really advancing however more below the water than above it.

Suddenly the despairing men on board the steamer heard a clear, hopeful voice:

"Help at hand, captain! Throw me a buoy!"

And in another minute or two Jones was on the deck, and the cheers on the little steamer were echoed by the cheers of the crowd on the land. There was not a moment to be lost; she was breaking up fast; but it took but a few minutes to fasten a strong cable to the small rope and draw it on board, and then a second cable, and the communication was complete.

"There is a lady here," said the captain. "We must rig up a chair for her—she can never walk that dangerous road."

"But we have not a moment to waste, or we may all be lost. Is she very heavy?"

"A slight little thing—like a child, sir."

"Bring her here."

This was no time for ceremony. Without a word—save a few sentences of direction and encouragement—he took her under his left arm, and steadying himself by the upper cable, walked on the lower with his burden safely to the shore. The crew followed, for in such moments of extremity the soul masters the body, and all things become possible.

There was plenty of help waiting for the half-dead seamen; and the lady, her father, and the captain had been put in the carriage of Squire Braddon, of Kirk Braddon, and driven rapidly to his hospitable hall. Jones amid the confusion, disappeared—he had picked up an oilskin coat and cap, and when everyone turned to thank their deliverer, he was gone. No one knew him; the sailors said they believed him to be "one of the military gents, by his rigging," but the individuality of the hero had troubled no one until the danger was over.

In an hour the steamer was driven on the rocks, and went to pieces; and, it being by this time quite dark, every one went home.

The next day the hunting party returned from Gwynne Hall, the storm having compelled them to stop all night, and at dinner that evening the wreck and the hero of it were the theme of every one's conversation.

"Such a plucky fellow," said Ensign Powell. "I wonder who he was. Gwynne says he was a stranger, perhaps one of that crowd staying at the abbey."

"Perhaps," said Captain Marks, "it was Jones."

"Oh, Jones would be too afraid of his mother!"

Jones made a little, satirical bow, and said, very pleasantly:

"Perhaps it was Powell," at which Powell laughed and said:

"Not if he knew it."

In a week the event had been pretty well exhausted, especially as there was to be a great dinner and ball at Kirk Braddon, and all the officers had invitations. This ball had a peculiar interest, for the young lady who had been saved from the ship would be present. Rumours of riches and beauty had been rife for several days. It was said the little steamer was her father's, and that he was a man of rank and influence.

Jones said he should not go to the dinner, as either he or Saville must remain for evening drill, and that Saville loved a good dinner, while he cared very little about it. Saville could return in time to let him ride over about ten o'clock and see the dancing. Saville rather wondered why Jones did not take his place all the evening, and felt half injured at the default. But Jones had a curiosity about the girl he had saved. To tell the truth, he was nearer in love with her than he had ever been with any woman, and he wished in calm blood to see if she was as beautiful as his fancy had painted her during those few awful minutes that he held her high above the waves.

She was exceedingly lovely, just the fresh, innocent girl he had known she should be. He watched her dancing with his brother officers, or talking to her father, or leaning on Braddon's arm, and every time he saw her she looked fairer and sweeter. Yet he had not courage to ask for an introduction, and in the busy ball-room no one seemed to remember that he needed one. He kept his post against the conservatory door quite undisturbed for some time. Presently he saw Squire Braddon, with the beauty on his arm, approaching him. As they passed, the squire remembered he had not been to dinner, and stopped to say a few courteous words, and introduced his companion.

"Miss Conyers."

"Lieutenant Jones."

But no sooner did Miss Conyers hear Lieutenant Jones's voice than she gave a joyful cry, and clapping her hands together, said:

"I have found him—papa, I have found him!"

Never was there such an interruption to a ball.

It was wonderful after this night what a change took place in Jones's quiet ways. His books and boat seemed to have lost their charm; and as for his walks they were in one direction, and ended at Braddon Hall. In about a month Miss Conyers went away, and then Jones began to haunt the postman, and to get pretty little letters, which always seemed to take a great deal of answering.

Before the end of the winter he had an invitation from Mr. Conyers to spend a month, and a furlough being granted he started off in great glee for Kent. Jones never returned to the Eighty-fourth. The month's furlough was indefinitely lengthened—in fact, he sold out, and entered upon a diplomatic career under the care of Mr. Thomas Conyers.

Eighteen months after the wreck Colonel Underwood read aloud at the mess the description of the marriage of Thomas Jones, of Milford Haven, to Mary, only child and heiress of Sir Thomas Conyers, of Conyers Castle, Kent; and a paragraph below stated that "The Honourable Thomas Jones, with his bride had gone to Vienna on diplomatic service of great importance."

"Just his luck," said Powell.

"Just his pluck," said Underwood; "and for my part, when I come across any of these fellows again that are so much afraid of hurting their mothers and sisters, and not ashamed to say so, I shall treat him as a hero just waiting for his opportunity. Here's to the Honourable Thomas Jones and his lovely bride. We are going to India gentlemen, next month, and I am sorry the Eighty-fourth has lost Lieutenant Jones; for I have no doubt whatever he would have stormed a fort as bravely as he boarded a wreck."

A Little Girl's Sewing.

The baby of two years old will beg for a needle to sew, and, in her small rocking-chair, work industriously at nothing at all for many minutes, but when three or four years of age, can, with time and patience, be taught to wear a thimble, thread a needle, and make a garment for a tiny doll, one of those that is completed when two inches of running up the back, six inches of hemming around the bottom, a draw string around the neck and two holes for the arms completes the dress, and from this on to big dresses for big dolls, which cover, when neatly made, all the ground gone over on a larger scale on a frock for herself, and then to the machine, where her own skirts and aprons can be so quickly put together, is all within the range of pleasant possibilities. The Domestic Monthly thinks stocking-darning must be beguiled with story-telling, and some sugary reward, but should be among the first lessons in repairing taught, and that seven years is not too early for a girl to begin this part of her education, only she should not be confronted at the outset with some old stocking gaping with rents, but rather a pair with just the tiniest hole making itself seen; then it will not be long before the mother can say, "There, your stockings are mended, and you can run and play," and with a cent to spend or a creamdrop or carmel as a prize, there will nothing unpleasant be connected with darning stockings. and it is strange that it should be mostly regarded as a disagreeable, if not a hateful task. In connection with the darning, teach the daughter to leave off stockings as soon as they begin to show white patches, through the inky line now fashionable, for small holes are not so tiresome to fill up as some great rent in the heel or knee.

The sewing on of shoe-buttons is also something that should come under the daughter's care at an early age, and she should be taught that a button off her shoe is a mark of great carelessness and untidiness, and it is more than likely that stockings can be darned, shoe-buttons sewed on, and other repairs made in the early hours of Saturday morning, and in no ways interfere with the hours for play, and if this is begun right after breakfast, in winter or summer, before noon there is a restless, uneasy set of children in the house or garden, teasing one another, and asking more than once, "What can I do now, mamma?" while if a little time has been spent in useful occupation, many things will suggest themselves for the hours of recreation.

HOW PAIN WAS MASTERED.

The Introduction to Practical Use of Anæsthetics.

A Veteran Surgeon Tells of the Great Discoveries of Only Fifty Years Ago—Surgery Before Ether Had Become Known.

So busy with new discoveries in every branch of science has been this latter half of the nineteenth century, that to turn back to the time when our familiar things did not exist almost dislocates our memories—it is like going back to older centuries. One of the most common occurrences of to-day is the use of "laughing gas," or of some other anæsthetic; yet surgeons now living and practising can remember the time when operations were performed on persons absolutely and entirely conscious of each stroke of the lancet; for it is not yet fifty years since Horace Wells of Hartford experimented upon himself with "laughing gas," and made the first breach which has enabled the surgeons and chemists of to-day to complete the mastery of pain.

Dr. Benjamin Ward Richardson of London, who was present at the introduction to Great Britain of practical anæsthetics, has contributed his recollections of the wonderful event, indicated for centuries, yet stunning in its effect when finally it occurred, and momentous in its power to change the destiny of human life. Before the introduction of anæsthetics operations were simple, comparatively few plastic operations could be performed; but the introduction of ether, chloroform, nitrous oxide, and cocaine has broadened the powers of the surgeon as much as the subjugation of electricity has extended the power of the business man.

In the oldest days of medicine, says Dr. Richardson, mandragora was used as a potion to reduce or remove the pain of surgical operations, and Pliny gave a prescription for a wine of mandragora—a prescription which Dr. Richardson himself followed with success. Ice, applied to the skin, had been found to produce local anæsthesia, and compresses applied before an operation had been tried by Ambroise Pare and others

TO LESSEN PAIN.

In 1799 Humphry Davy discovered that nitrous oxide gas rendered him who inhaled it obvious of the common sensibilities. But after Davy came a delay of over forty years until Wells of Hartford experimented with that same gas; and, treading on one another's heels, came after him Morton, Jackson, and Bigelow of Boston, with their discovery of the properties of sulphuric ether.

The first operation in England in which ether was given occurred on Dec. 19, 1846, when Dr. Booth and Mr. Robinson extracted a tooth from the jaw of a Miss Lonsdale. On Dec. 21 or 22 the great surgeon Liston administered ether for the first time in the theatre of the University College Hospital. "Among those present on that occasion," writes Dr. Richardson, "was my old friend, Dr. (afterwards Sir John) Forbes. He described to me that he never felt so near to falling on the floor in all his life as he did when he witnessed the great surgeon Liston amputating a thigh while the patient was in deep sleep. In those days, in order to save pain, the surgeon cultivated rapidity of action, and such an adept was Liston that he completed the removal of the limb within the minute. This, combined with momentous result of the annihilation of pain, was the cause of the sensation experienced by Forbes. It was not fear, it was not faintness; it was an emotion painful, as he expressed it, from its overwhelming surprise and pleasure. Everybody seemed pale and silent except Liston, who was flushed, and so breathless that when he broke the silence with the word 'Gentlemen' he almost choked."

We who take everything for granted simply because we are accustomed to it do not understand readily what the introduction of anæsthetics meant both to operator and patient. Dr. Richardson indicates to some extent the changes produced on the minds as well as the actions of men; and a history of surgical operations, could one be made, would show the effect more clearly. Says the doctor:

"I remember, still even with pain, what operating day meant as each week came round. When I asked my first practical teacher how he thought I should get through the ordeal of seeing and taking part in an operation, he replied that, as in learning to smoke, time brought tolerance, but that a man must keep his hand in if he meant to retain his firmness and

PRESENCE OF MIND.

I recall that when I had to witness the first capital operation I sought the companionship of a student much older than myself; but it turned out that he was more nervous than I was, and prudently left the operating theatre as the patient entered it. I made up my mind to face the ordeal bravely, and for a time I was quite taken out of myself by seeing the consummate calmness and dexterity with which the operator—the late Prof. Lawrie of Glasgow, 'one of the most splendid operators' (I am using his distinguished rival. Sir William Fergusson's own word) 'this century, or any century, ever knew'—proceeded in his painful task. 'The quicker the surgeon, the greater the surgeon, was then the order of the day, and such was the rapidity in this case the operation was actually over, in so far as the major part of it was concerned, before the patient uttered a single cry. If all had stopped there, all had been well: but just at that moment, as if giving vent to a long suppressed agony, the patient uttered a scream that went through me, and, in spite of the tenderness and firmness with which the nurses assured him it was all over, continued to scream and struggle, so that he had to be held while the final steps of the operation were performed. Some of my new comrades became faint and some left the theatre. I turned over, but kept my legs, saw in a kind of haze the man being carried away, and came back to thorough consciousness listening to the short lecture which Dr. Lawrie was delivering in relation to the reasons for the operation, the manner in which it had been conducted, and the chances for and against recovery.

"Unless a man kept at work in the operating theatre, he never, in those days, became hardened to the business. Even then the hardening was not permanent, and Dr. Lawrie told me that he never woke on operating day without feeling a load of care and anxiety that would not wear off until the labors of his day were ended.

"In this he was not alone, for Cheselden, the leading surgeon of the reign of Queen Anne, and the first to restore sight to the blind by an operation, to whom one of his grateful patients addressed the couplet,

> So swift thy hand, I could not feel
> The progress of the cutting steel,

never undertook an operation without being blanched, and experiencing a sensation of anxiety that was like a seizure, which all his moral courage could scarcely control."

If the introduction of anæsthetics made this change for the operators, what did it do to the patients? Speaking generally, we know that it put them beyond the reach of pain. Dr. Richardson says that the patients approached the table sometimes in a sort of trance, always nerved up for their ordeal. The women faced the operations

BETTER THAN THE MEN,

as a rule, and two facts impressed themselves on his mind, that he rarely knew a person whose mind was made up to undergo the operation shrink from it at the last through fear of pain, and that he rarely, if ever, saw a patient shed tears during the operation. Submission to the necessity of the ordeal was followed by a sort of holy courage, which lasted until the operation began. Then came an almost certain change of view, and insistance that the operation should be stopped at all risks; and then a request for the proceedings to finish as rapidly as possible. These different pleadings, says Dr. Richardson, "frequently repeated, became stereotyped on the minds of the observers so distinctly that the actual stage of any operation might be calculated from them by those accustomed to the proceeding."

Besides few cases of weeping there were few faintings during those old operations, unless from loss of blood. The patients were too much occupied in mind to faint, and the pain seemed to be a stimulating antidote. This fact actually stood in the way of the progress of anæsthetics; for some surgeons declared that it was bad practice to annul pain, because it was a good stimulant and kept the patient up to the mark.

To nitrous oxide succeeded almost immediately chloric ether, and then chloroform; after that came methylene, introduced by Dr. Richardson; and now, to produce local anæsthesia, coca and its products are used. Meanwhile has sprung up a new school of surgery. In January, 1847, Dr. (afterward Sir James) Simpson administered ether in a confinement case: and since then have occurred those wonderful achievements of abdominal surgery," so common nowadays that the ignorant know not how wonderful they are.

One objection offered by a surgeon to the use of anæsthetics has been mentioned. Another objection was that man was born to suffer, that pain was a part of the course of Adam, and that the annulment of pain was sinful and opposed to the divine decree. In answer to this, Dr. Simpson showed that the first operation performed on man was the excision of a rib from Adam, out of which to make man, and that before beginning to operate God Himself cast the man into a deep sleep. We can laugh now at the objection and the argument; but fifty years ago it was on such objections and arguments that hung the question of the continuation or cessation of the conquest of pain.

THE INDIAN ADEPT'S FORTITUDE

Horrible Tortures Gone Through by the Fakirs Without Emotion.

An account of the performance of the Indian fakir, Soliman ben Aissa, is given by a Vienna correspondent. The exhibition has very properly been forbidden in public places in Vienna, but a series of private entertainments has been arranged. An aristocratic audience was present at the first of these. The fakir commenced his performances by inhaling the fumes of burnt powder prepared from extracts of snake and scorpion poisons and by certain quick movements of the head he produced a foaming at the mouth.

After these preliminaries needles and other sharp instruments were thrust through various parts of his body, including a stiletto a foot long and half-an-inch broad which was thrust through his tongue.

Another feat which is said to have caused great sensation consisted in pulling forward the eyeball and presenting it outside the orbit to the view of the audience between two fingers. He was "invulnerable" also to the heat produced by a flaming torch held for a minute and a half against the under surface of his forearm. Chewing glass and playing with poisonous snakes were among his other tricks.

A Kerry Parting Scene.

On Thursday a large number of emigrants, left Killarney by the day-mail train says a Kerry correspondent. A great majority of them were bound for Canada. From an early hour in the morning large crowds of people from the outlying country passed through the town on their way to the station, so that long before the train was due to arrive the platform was crowded with emigrants and their friends, who came to wish them God-speed on their journey. It was a most pathetic scene. Tears rolled down the furrowed cheeks of grey-haired men and women as they clung to the children, who were the only hopes they had in the few remaining years of their life. Immediately the train arrived on the platform there was a rush for the carriages, which were almost already full of emigrants from North and West Kerry, many of whom wore the bright-colored jerseys of the Gaelic Athletic Association, while not a few of them carried their camauns as a souvenir of the manly sports and pastimes of the Old Land. As the train steamed out of the station, a wild cheer went up from the friends of the emigrants, which was heartily responded to by the poor fellows in the train, who waved hats and handkerchiefs through the windows until the train turned a curve of the line, and they were lost to sight. A number of strangers who witnessed the scene were visibly moved.

The Pedlar's Courtship.

A pedlar, well known in the Scotch Highland districts, lately buried his second wife. Being one of those who think it no part of wisdom to embitter the present with the recollections of the past, he soon turned from bewailing the dead to addressing the living. He picked out a neighbouring spinster as well suited for being his third mistress, and lost no time in making his desires known.

Jenny, it seems, turned up her nose at the offer; and John, leaving her to her fancy, departed, saying, "Weel, weel, a' the warld does not think like you," which was quite true.

Before reaching home, the pedlar met a more compliant fair one. Jenny, in the meantime, reflected on the dangerous consequence which would probably result from her ruse, and resolved in future to be more kind; alas! in vain.

Next day, as the pedlar was passing by, Jenny called him in, and stated her contrition for the hard words of yesterday.

John heard her through, then replied. "Weel, weel, I'm owre far on wi' anither ane now to think o' gaen back, but if she happens to be nae lang liver, I'll no forget to make you my fourth wife."

A Modern Husband.

He had married well, extremely well, yet there were times when he would have preferred paying his own expenses and remained at home. This night she wanted to drag him to the theatre and he was stubborn.

"What's the play?" he inquired.

"'A Modern Husband,'" she told him curtly.

"What's it like?"

"I don't know," she replied, putting on her gloves; "but if it is anything like its title I presume the women constitute the leading support."

Then it was the iron entered into his soul and he entered a solemn vow that if ever he married again he'd get a woman so poor that she would even have to borrow trouble of him.

Matching of Teeth.

Perhaps the greatest difficulty that dentists meet with is the matching of false teeth with the natural teeth of their customers. The tooth factories supply dentists with rings upon which are strung thin short metal bars, each carrying a tooth at its extremity. There are twenty-five of these sample teeth, that run all the way from nearly white to a shade that is almost olive. Some one of the twenty-five usually almost matches the patient's natural teeth, and, at any rate, enables the dentist to match the teeth by application at the factory.

If one potato would produce, when planted, only a crop of ten potatoes, in ten years the total product of this one potato would be equal to 10,000,000,000, which would be sufficient to restock the whole world with the seed.

A powerful lamp, which distinctly illuminates objects over half a mile distant, by means of a great reflector, is to be adopted in the French army. It is carried on a light waggon, behind the soldiers, and they will be in obscurity while the enemy and all objects in front will be made conspicuous.

The buttresses of "Trajan's Bridge," which are still to be seen on the Danube, are the remains of what was, in some respects, the most remarkable structure ever erected by man. It was not a mere floating bridge of large boats and massive timbers, but was a permanent structure carried on piers 150 feet high and 60 feet wide, comprising twenty arches, extending altogether 4,470 Roman feet.

YOUNG FOLKS.

TWO BOYS.

BY CAROLINE MOSHER.

"Hellow 'Tribby'!"

"Hello 'Neway'!" and the boy with his leather bag full of Tribunes galloped by on his pony, while Henry trudged along the side walk with his papers under his arm.

"If I could only deliver on horseback I could have more time for base-ball and fun, as Fred does. The boys are going in swimming this morning. I'll have to walk fast or they will be through before I get there."

And Henry dodged briskly in and out of many a gate, decorating bell handles and doorknobs as he went. His papers never flew away.

Henry was old enough to understand that if he wished to become a successful business man—and he did wish it—he must be thorough and painstaking now while a boy. When people subscribed for the News they were sure of its delivery. His customers gradually increased while the Tribune seemed to lose favor.

"Glad I sell News now. I wanted the Tribune first, but Fred was bound to have it and his uncle in the post-office helped him to get it. He started out with twice as many names as I had. Now I have the most trade. Strange!

"This is a nice place. Fine old gentleman here. Paid me a dollar in advance. Tribby delivered here until last week, and now I do, for some reason," mused Henry as he fastened a paper under the bell handle of a handsome brick house on the corner.

As he turned away, the door opened and the "fine old gentleman" greeted him with, "Good morning, young sir. You're the boy for me. Paper as regular as clock-work and as sure as the sun."

"Thank you, sir," said Henry respectfully touching his cap. "It's my business not to forget my customers."

"Well that Tribune boy doesn't mind whether we get his paper or not. He makes sure of his pay fast enough, then indifferently delivered the paper. Too lazy to get off his horse, I take it. If the gate is open, he rides up the walk and throws it on the porch. If closed, he throws it over the fence. Three mornings in succession the wind blew it away before I had time to come out and get it; the next the puppy chewed it up, and the fifth was ruined by rain. So I quit the Tribune and subscribed for the News.'

Henry walked thoughtfully away. This accounted for the lengthening list of names in his book.

At the same time Fred was riding gaily about town, throwing papers in the yards and leaving them to their fate.

"I've delivered them and that's enough," he said, excusing his shiftlessness to himself. "Henry always was a lucky fellow, anyhow. He's getting all my trade. But then, I can't be as fussy as he is. If people don't want their papers bad enough to step out into the yard and pick them up, 'tisn't my fault. I can't bother to get off my horse every time," and Fred turned his horse into a gate that led up to the front door.

Biddy, the girl, with her head tied up in a red tidy, busily scrubbing the hall floor paused in her work.

"Missus says she doesn't want your horse or paper any more. That sidewalk wasn't intended for horse races, ye young saphead, and that's the third board he's broke with his hoofs, and yisterday he stepped on the flowerbed Missus just set out with chice cuttings, and she felt powerful bad about it too, I can tell ye. Shure, and it's no sense ye have at all," said Biddy, her temper warming as she talked.

Fred jerked his horse and clattered out of the gate, looking very glum as he rode away.

"There's no money in selling papers, anyhow," he grumbled. "Guess I'll sell out to "Neway," I can't seem to get along at all;" and Fred fell to blaming others for his ill luck, caused by his own unscrupulousness.

So it happened that Henry took the agency for both papers, carrying a bag at each side, on his morning trips.

One day in early autumn a postal card informed him that there was a package at the express office for him.

What he found was a beautiful new safety bicycle from a rich uncle in the city who was watching Henry's career with much interest. When, in some round-about way, he heard of the boy's success and his thorough methodical business habits, he said it was time the boy had "a lift."

Of course there was not a happier boy in town than Henry; nor, after a few days, perhaps, was there another as black and blue as himself, but he learned to ride very soon, and his beloved machine flashed back the sunlight as he skimmed up and down the streets, delivering his two bundles of papers, and although it would have been so easy to throw a paper over a fence as he glided past, he never once yielded to the temptation, but continued to decorate the doors as carefully as before.

JACK.

I am proud of my thirteen-year-old friend. I think he showed real pluck. And all this story is true, excepting the name by which I call my boy.

Of course Jack was "skylarking." But, unless some care is taken a boy may "skylark" himself into trouble. That is what Jack came near doing when he steered his sled between the fore and hind legs of a horse.

"But the 'cop'" (by which I understand a policeman was meant) "said the boys had a perfect right to slide on that hill."

So if horses came in that way, they did so at their own risk. However, that is not what this story is about.

They were playing "Tag," my Jack and the doctor's son. Playing with all their might and main, I suspect. Jack's sturdy knickerbockers look as if they could make good time when it comes to a run.

He rushed after the doctor's son, and the doctor's son "went for" him.

> "Round about and round about
> And round about they spun,"

and Jack was "It."

Close to the big front door they sped. Up the steps and into the vestibule they tumbled. Jack would have seized the doctor's son had not that youngster burst open the inner door and whisked into the hall, slamming the door in his pursuer's face, and shouting, "*Tagged you last!*"

Jack thrust out an eager arm just as the portal closed. Bang! through the long glass panel crushed his hand. Clatter, clatter, clatter, rattled the broken glass. It's sharp edges rattled—"tagged" Jack's wrist unmercifully.

The blood spurted. You may believe there was a commotion.

Then Jack was led, keeping tight hold of his wrist, into the doctor's office.

Scream? No he did *not* scream. Cry? Not he. He stood up as straight as a ramrod and let the doctor examine the wound.

"This must be sewed up," remarked the physician, gravely.

Indeed the cut looked serious.

"I will give you ether, Jack, to deaden the pain of the operation."

But Jack refused ether. "I've tried that before and I don't like it."

"We will send for your mother."

Ah! that would be a comfort. What boy, in such a scrape, would not like his mother to sympathize, to console, and to sustain?

But Jack bethought himself. The father is away, cruising in Southern seas. It has been Jack's business to care for his mother, not to worry and distress her.

"She has gone to an afternoon tea. I won't have her bothered," decided Jack.

So he held out his wrist, and made no moan while one, two, three, seven stitches drew the gaping flesh together.

He went home when the wound was bound up. It was not till the mother reached her house that she heard of the accident. She flew up stairs, with her heart in her mouth.

But she found Jack as cheerful and smiling as a June morning.

"Don't be frightened," he told her. "It didn't hurt much."

For days the wrist has been bandaged, but not once has Jack whined. I think that shows good nerve and spirit, don't you?—[Harper's Young People.

A QUEEN SAVED HIM.

Under Her Protestations A Soldier Consents to an Amputation.

The Roumanian has, in every walk in life, a fierce and savage pride which causes him to abhor the idea of medicine and surgery, and to consider the loss of a limb as terrible as that of life itself. He has become accustomed to the idea that only beggars are so disfigured, and believes that no necessity should constrain him to such a loss.

During the Russo-Turkish campaign, of 1877, many Roumanian soldiers were wounded, and Queen Elizabeth—Carmen Silva—who constantly visited the hospitals, found that some of the patients died because they chose death rather than disfigurement. It occurred to her that if one yielded, others would follow, and one day, when the surgeon was turning sorrowfully away from an obstinate patient, who could be saved only by an operation, she approached and added her own entreaties.

Still the soldier reiterated that, if his leg were amputated, he should only be taken for a mendicant, like the wretched outcasts of the Carpathians.

"I am not a beggar," said he, proudly. "I will lose my life, but not my honor."

"It is true," said the queen, "you are not a beggar, but I am," and she threw herself on her knees at the bedside. "I have never prayed but to God, but now I supplicate you to listen to His wish and mine. Let your leg be taken off, and spare your life to your family, your country and me, and—"

"And if I consent, my lady, what then?"

Why, then," she said, joyfully, rising and seizing his hand again, "why, I will give you the most beautiful cork leg in Europe; it shall work with springs, and when the war is over, you shall come and dance at the palace with your sons."

"I consent," he said, softly, "but you must hold my hand during the operation."

After that, there was no more opposition to the surgeon's wishes, since they were also those of the beloved lady of the land.

Manufacturing Cripples.

The Gingerbread Fair, as it is called, which is held every spring in the Faubourg St. Antoine and the Place de la Nation, Paris, is, says a correspondent, notorious for the number of artificial phenomena exhibited there to the public. This year their number has been greatly increased by the arrival of about twenty culs-de-jatte, who are wretchedly lodged in huts on a piece of waste ground in the Cours de Vincennes. These cripples, whose minute shrivelled-up legs are curled up on the boards on which they sit, form a colony, which calls to mind the Cours des Miracles of former times. Every morning they all issue forth, propelling themselves with their hands, to take up their respective places at the Fair there, to await the pence which may be thrown to them by the compassionate passers-by. Their aspect is so pitiful that it is said many of them make a real harvest, which, however, of course goes to the beggar "farmer." It appears that twenty or thirty years ago the culs-de-jatte were almost unknown in France, and that these deplorable looking cripples are the product of what may be called an industry. Almost all the numerous deformed little creatures who roll themselves about on boards come from Spain, and more especially from Tolosa, or the neighborhood, situated at about twenty-two kilometres to the south of St. Sebastian. They are the outcome of the abominal practices of beggar "farmers," who seek their victims among the children of the peasants. When there is a weakly boy in the family, they persuade the parents that he can never be anything but a burden to them unless they consent to have him transformed into a culs-de-jatte, and promise to pay them a trifle a day so long as the culs-de-jatte is left with them. The heartless wretches, assuming the character of humane benefactors, pretend they thus provide the weakly child with the means of gaining his living, and also procure the parents a considerable pecuniary advantage. The operation to which the unfortunate creature is subjected is as effectual as it is simple. The legs of the child are so tightly compressed that the circulation of the blood in them is stopped. Little by little the legs wither away, and the culs-de-jatte is manufactured.

Terrible Experience of a Hangman.

Berry, the retired English hangman, relates the following incident:—"A miserable experience which lingers in my memory was the execution of Robert Goodale, who was condemned to death for the murder of his wife, and on November 30th, 1885, I was at Norwich Castle to conduct the execution. At that time I was working with my original table of lengths of drop, which I had based upon Mr. Marwood's system. Goodale weighed 15 stones, and the calculated drop for a man of that weight, according to the old table, was 7ft 8in. As Goodale did not seem very muscular, I reduced the drop by about two feet—in fact, as closely as I could measure it, to 5ft. 9in. The rope that I used was one made and supplied by the Government, and I had used it seven days previously for the execution of John Williams, at Hereford. The drop was built on a plan supplied by the Government, and had been used before. In fact, everything was in perfect working order. The whole of the arrangements were carried out in the usual manner, and when I pulled the lever the drop fell properly, and the prisoner dropped out of sight. We were horrified, however, to see that the rope jerked upwards, and for an instant I thought that the noose had slipped from the culprit's head, or that the rope had broken. But it was worse than that, for the jerk had severed the head entirely from the body, and both had fallen together to the bottom of the pit. Of course, death was instantaneous, so that the poor fellow had not suffered in any way; but it was terrible to think that such a revolting thing should have occurred. We were all unnerved and shocked. The governor, whose effort to prevent any accident had kept his nerves at full strain, fairly broke down and wept. The inquest was a trying ordeal for all concerned. The Coroner exonerated me from all blame."—*My Experience as an Executioner.*

Her Ladyship.

Personages of high rank in England are patrons of a great remedy. Bridgefoot House, Iver, Bucks, Eng. "Lady Edwards has suffered from rheumatism for several years, especially in the knees. She was persuaded to buy St. Jacobs Oil, and after a fortnight's use of it, all the rheumatic pains have left her. The relief is such that Lady Edwards will never be without a bottle."

The French still fight an average of four thousand duels a year.

The population of the world is nearly 1,500,000,000.

Stealing a House.

A man has stolen a house in Paris, France—that is to say, not merely the contents, but the house itself. The facts of the case came out at a sitting of the Municipal Council at the Hotel de Ville. M. Gamard, one of the members of a committee, was addressing the meeting with the object of obtaining a credit for the purchase of some land adjoining a house belonging to the municipality at the corner of the Rue des Annelots and the Passage de l'Encheval. Hereupon another member, M. Grebauval, said he would like to ask the Director of Works what might seem an odd question. Was the house still in existence? "Of course it is," was the reply of the Director. "Well," said M. Grebauval, amidst loud laughter, "I live in the neighbourhood, and I can certify that this morning the house was no longer there." Subsequently an explanation was given of this mysterious disappearance. The tenant had been pressed by the municipality to pay his rent, which was greatly overdue; but instead of doing so, he went and removed the house piecemeal, and reconstructed it on an eligible plot of land he had secured. "This is the sort of thing one would expect to happen in Texas," said one of the councillors. The joke was considered to be so good that there was an evident disposition not to be hard on the culprit. It was explained that the municipality really did not want the house, and that they only bought it in order to acquire the land on which it stood. In all probability, therefore, the house thief will be left in undisturbed possession of his ill-gotten bricks and mortar.

The Brains of James II.

James II, of England, and VII, of Scotland, died at St. Germains, France, on September 6, 1701, and his brains are now in the possession of the Abbe Janouin, administrator of the College des Ecossais, who keeps them in a well preserved condition in a jar enclosed in a small leaden chest. During the last few years many English writers of note have made efforts to have the mental remains of the great king brought from Paris to be given a place in Westminster Abbey. That a political enemy should be allowed to undisputed possession of such a relic of a great ruler of a great nation is surely one of the most curious facts in history. It is said that the same person owns and regularly exhibits the remains of one of the Queens of Great Britain.

REFUSED THE CZAR.

A Soldier Refused to Break Rules Even for His Sovereign.

One of the Grand Dukes told the Czar that a sentinel on the grade railroad crossing at Peterhoff had refused to raise the toll bar for his carriage, although the train was not due for three or four minutes: "It is against order, your Imperial Highness! I can't do it, your Imperial Highness!" the soldier had replied; the rule being that, once the toll-bar is shut, it must not be opened until after the train has passed. The Czar said he was very glad to hear that the soldiers knew how to obey orders, as discipline was the very life of the army. The Grand Duke laughed, but said he was certain that if the Czar himself had been present discipline would have given away before the Imperial presence. The Emperor did not reply, but a few days afterward put the matter to the test by driving up with the Empress to the level crossing just after the toll-bar was crossed. The Emperor called to the sentinel of the day to let him pass. The sentinel, in dire trepidation, saluted, but did not stir to the bar. "Open the bar, I tell you!" cried the Emperor; "don't you know who I am?" "Yes, your Imperial Majesty! I know your Imperial Majesty!" answered the sentinel, still saluting, and turning almost blue with anxiety, but not moving an inch from his place. "I am the Emperor, and I command you to open!" cried the Czar again. "Can't do it, your Imperial Majesty," despairingly cried the sentinel, still standing firm, but too disconcerted to note the smile in the Emperor's eyes.

Just then the train passed, the Emperor burst into a fit of Homeric laughter, and warmly commending the astonished sentry presented him with a twenty-five rouble note and drove back to the palace.

THE BATTLE OF LUNDY'S LANE.

(CONTINUED.)

The Pennsylvania detachment, numbering about 600 men, under Colonel Fenton, participated in the descent upon Port Dover and did not arrive at Buffalo till late in June. By the exertions of the celebrated Seneca chief, Red Jacket, upwards of six hundred Indians were likewise assembled to share in the expedition, some of them coming from distant St. Regis village on the borders of Lower Canada, under the command of a Chief who was given the rank of Colonel in the United States army.

While these extensive preparations for an invasion were in progress, Dummond was anxiously but fruitlessly urging Sir George Prevost to reinforce the British forces in that quarter without delay. His repeated warnings were to a very great extent unheeded by the Governor, who had his attention fixed upon the numerous American army massed upon the shores of Lake Champlain. Pencilled upon the margin of Drummond's letter of June 21st, 1814, expressing his firm belief that the main attack would be made on the Niagara, and that the movement of troops towards Plattsburg was simply a feint to prevent reinforcements from being despatched from Lower Canada to his assistance, there is a memorandum in the handwriting of his irritable superior, which is very significant: "Much obliged to Lieut.-Gen. Drummond for his opinion, but it is entirely without foundation." Thus Drummond was forced to rely for the time being upon the troops already in the Upper Province. As soon as navigation opened he reinforced General Riall with the 103rd regiment, and a small company of marine artillery. Even after the arrival of these troops, the strength of the right division of the army in Upper Canada, distributed from York (Toronto) to Long Point upon Lake Erie did not much exceed 4,000, effectives of all arms. It was deemed necessary for the protection of York and Burlington against a sudden descent by water, to maintain an entire battalion at each of those posts. Both flanks of the position on the Niagara were easily assailable by an enemy having command of the lakes, and the attack upon the settlement at Port Dover had justly aroused General Riall's apprehensions lest a strong force should be landed there and gain his rear by the western road. Having undisputed command of Lake Erie, an invading army might also be landed at Point Abino, or Sugar Loaf, from both of which places practicable roads led to the Niagara, and the successful pursuit of General Proctor the proceeding autumn, as well as the recent inroads from Detroit, had demonstrated the possibility of the rapid advance of a body of mounted men and light infantry by way of the Thames. Therefore it became necessary to watch all these routes to guard against surprise. Lieut.-Col. Hamilton, with the headquarter wing of the 100th, was stationed at Dover, and detachments of light infantry and Dragoons were posted at Delaware, Oxford, and the crossing of the Grand River (Brantford). The actual force available for the defence of the Niagara was thus reduced to less than 2,800 regular soldiers, 300 militia, and 150 Indians, distributed along a frontier of thirty-six miles, besides furnishing a garrison for Fort Niagara. Slight field-works has been constructed at Chippawa and Queenston, and a new redoubt built at Niagara to command the mouth of the river, at first named Fort Riall but subsequently known as Fort Missassauga. When these works, and Forts Erie and George, were properly garrisoned scarcely seven hundred men remained available for field operations. Many of the soldiers, still nominally effective, were so enfeebled by disease, exposure, and fatigue, in watching such an extended line, that they had really become unfit for active service. The surgeon of the 8th reported that the battalion of that regiment, then stationed at Chippawa and Niagara Falls, should be immediately removed, as the hospitals were full, and nearly every man in it had been down with dysentery or intermittent fever within twelve months. The Royal Scots had suffered nearly as much in the same way. Writing from Kingston to Sir George Prevost, Drummond thus summed up the situation: "One of the best regiments is shut up in Fort Niagara, another decidedly inefficient, and a third expected to be so if compelled to take the field." Late in June he determined to relieve the 8th by the 41st and send forward the Incorporated Militia to the frontier, but was unable to remove the Royals as he desired to do.

Deserters who came into the British lines agreed in representing that an attack was imminent, and reported that the ardour of the New York Militia has been excited by the distribution of handbills announcing that the Emperor of the French had gained a great victory near Paris, in which he had taken the sovereigns of Austria, Prussia, and Russia, and 40,000 prisoners. A squadron of nine armed vessels had been assembled at Buffalo, and the enemy were described as collecting boats in Tonawanda Creek, with the intention, it was conjectured, of crossing the river below Grand Island. A party of Indians, under Captains Caldwell and Elliott, was sent out from Fort Niagara in the hope of penetrating their designs, but although they ranged the country for a dozen miles, and burned a large new barracks upon Lewiston Heights, they failed to discover anything of importance. Owing to this uncertainty respecting his enemy's intentions, General Riall was obliged to retain the greater part of his field force at Chippawa and Queenston, and leave his right wing comparatively weak. In Fort Erie there was a garrison of 125 men, very ineffective from sickness. Colonel Pearson, with a detachment of Lincoln militia, the light companies of the Royals and 100th, watched the river from its head to Chippawa, where five companies of the 100th were posted. The 103rd was at Burlington, the Glengarry Light infantry at York, and the 8th, had begun their march to Lower Canada, in the hope of regaining health. Both in the Second Battalion of the 41st and the 103rd there were several companies of mere boys, and the majority of both corps were so youthful that they had been retained in garrison during the whole of the previous year.

Many of the disloyal inhabitants had fled from the Province during the two preceding years; others had been taken into custody, and most of those who refused to take the oath of allegiance were sent into the United States. "It is but justice to say," Drummond remarked, "that by far the greater part of the inhabitants are well disposed, and many have on various occasions manifested their loyalty to the service by their actions in the field. Those chiefly who have shown an opposite disposition are such as from time to time have crept into the Province from the neighboring States and settled on lands purchased from individuals."

A considerable number of the Lincoln Militia had been paroled by the enemy during their occupation of portions of the district in 1813, and could not be again required to serve during the war. The general proposed to increase the Incorporated Battalion to 900 men by the draft of one-fourteenth of the male population capable of bearing arms. But he was decidedly opposed to the employment of the remainder in military service, unless except when forced to do so by the most imperative necessity. "I regret," he said, "that our present circumstances should render it necessary to the yeomanry of the country for their services in the field while their farms must be neglected, especially when produce and provisions of every kind have become very scarce and extravagantly dear, and it is with difficulty the commissariat are able to procure the necessary supplies. These considerations would induce me most willingly to dispense with the military for the domestic services of the militia if our regular forces here were such as to enable me to do so."

Of all these circumstances the enemy were fairly well informed. A careful estimate in April placed the British regular force on the Niagara frontier at 1,940 men. Since the opening of navigation one of their armed vessels had cruised day and night along the north shore of Lake Erie, constantly landing and taking off spies.

At this opportune moment, the army was skilfully disembarked under cover of the guns of a brig of war and two schooners, without the slighest opposition, in two divisions, one above and the other a short distance below Fort Erie, at daybreak on the 3rd July. Their movements were veiled by a heavy fog, and a picket of the 19th Dragoons had barely time to escape. The regular force of the invading army consisted of the 9th, 11th, 19th, 21st, 22nd, and 25th United States Infantry, part of the 2nd Rifles, a squadron of cavalry, and four batteries of artillery, numbering between four and five thousand of all ranks, and forming two brigades, under Generals Scott and Ripley. The militia and Indians composing a third brigade, under the command of General Porter, it is probable exceeded two thousand. The entire force was commanded by Major-General Jacob Brown, formerly an officer in the New York Militia, who had gained much celebrity among his countrymen by his success, or rather his good fortune, in the defence of Sackett's Harbor the year before, and had been rewarded by a commission in the United States army. His military knowledge was so slight that General Wilkinson asserted that he was unable to post the guards of a camp correctly, and told a story of his planting a battery in a hollow for the advantage of elevating the guns to fire at the heights above. But he was undoubtedly brave and energetic. Ripley was another active politician, who had been Speaker of the Massachusetts Assembly, but Scott and the most of the field officers were professional soldiers.

Brown's instructions directed him to force his way to Burlington, leaving the forts at the mouth of the river on one side, and severing their communications with York. Having gained the head of the lake, he was to await there the arrival of Commodore Chauncey's squadron, when he was given discretionary authority to invest and reduce the British forts or move directly upon Kingston, as circumstances might seem to direct.

The views and expectations of the Secretary at War are described in a letter to the President on the 30th April, in which he says:—"Eight, or even six thousand men landed in the bay between Point Abino and Fort Erie and operating either on the line of the Niagara or more directly, if a more direct route is found, against the British post at the head of Burlington Bay, cannot be resisted with effect without compelling the enemy so to weaken his more eastern posts as to bring them within reach of our means at Sackett's Harbor and Plattsburg."

In the letter, June 10, which actually put Brown's army in motion, he informed that officer that the Secretary of the Navy was of the opinion that Chauncey's squadron would not be ready to co-operate before the 15 July, but he added: "To give, however, immediate occupation to your troops, and to prevent their blood from stagnating, why not take Fort Erie and its garrison, stated at three or four hundred men? Land between Point Abino and Erie in the night; assail the fort by land and water; push forward a corps to seize the bridge at Chippawa; and be governed by circumstances in either stopping there or going farther. Boats may follow and feed you. If the enemy concentrates his whole force on this line, as I think he will, it will not exceed two thousand men."

Fort Erie was immediately invested, and although Drummond had confidently anticipated that an invading army would be detained several days before it, the commandant surrendered the same evening. A battalion of United States rifles, accompanied by a strong body of militia, appeared simultaneously upon Lewiston Heights, alternately menacing Queenston and Fort Niagara.

Advancing to reconnoitre with his light troops, Pearson found the Americans posted in force upon the heights opposite Black Rock, and next day he was steadily pushed back by their advance, destroying the bridges upon the road as he retired. These were rapidly rebuilt by his pursuers, who encamped for the night within sight of the British field-works at Chippawa. Gen. Brown was apparently well-informed respecting the movements and number of his opponent, for he estimated that Riall could not bring more than a thousand men into the field, and his advance was conducted with the confidence engendered by consciousness of an overwhelming numerical superiority. Although the march was continual skirmish, his advance-guard was pushed boldly onward, and brushed the opposing light troops out of its path with ease.

Major-General Phineas Riall, the British commander, was an officer of twenty years standing, yet had seen little actual warfare. He is described as a short, stout, near-sighted man, of an impetuous temperament, and rashly brave. Five companies of the Royals were hurried forward by him to Chippawa, and a message despatched for the instant recall of the 8th. That battalion had already reached York before it was overtaken, and did not arrive at Niagara until the morning of the 5th. Riall was accordingly compelled to await the approach of the invaders at Chippawa, instead of assailing them upon their march, as he had at first intended. Reconnoitering their position on the morning of the 5th, he estimated their force in sight at 2,000 men, and the 8th having come up about noon, he determined to attack them without further delay. Throughout the morning the British light troops were busy. They drove in a strong picket-guard, capturing a wounded man and besieging the remainder in a farm house until relieved. Parties of scouts passed quite around the American camp, and their reports induced the belief that the main body of their army had not yet come up. Riall had then three skeletons battalions of infantry, numbering 1,300 rank and file, a troop of the 19th Dragoons, six pieces of field artillery, 300 Indians and about the same number of Lincoln Militia. In the meantime the Americans in his front had been joined by Ripley's entire brigade and the greater part of Porter's, and now numbered nearly five thousand combatants with nine guns. They had encamped behind Street's Creek, a shallow stream less than twenty yards in width at its mouth, and everywhere easily fordable. A tract of cultivated land in their front, divided into fields by ordinary log or brushwood fences, extended from the river to dense woods on the left, a distance of less than half a mile. Near the Chippawa, a thin belt of trees stretched down almost to the water's edge, partially concealing the movements of either army from the other.

Late in the afternoon, Riall provoked the attention of his adversary by pushing forward a detachment of the 2nd and 3rd Lincoln, under Lieut.-Col. Dickson, and the whole body of Indians, led by Capt. John Norton, to occupy the woods on the flank of his position. Brown promptly despatched a portion of Porter's brigade to drive them back. Finding that they offered an obstinate resistance, and were even gaining ground, he continued to support Porter with fresh troops until some 1,300 militia and Indians were engaged on his part. The skirmish had lasted half an hour, in the usual Indian fashion, with a great deal of firing and very little blood-shed, when, perceiving themselves outnumbered, the British Indians began to retire. The three light infantry companies of regulars were then sent forward to their assistance. Being well versed in this kind of warfare from the experience of former campaigns, they concealed themselves in the thickets and awaited the approach of the Americans until they arrived within a few yards. A single heavy volley, pealing through the woods, threw them into utter confusion. They were, at the same time, fiercely assailed in flank by the militia and Norton's Indians, and driven quite through the ranks of a company of regulars formed in reserve beyond Street's Creek, and did not rally until the 25th U. S. Infantry and a squadron of dragoons were sent to their support. Several prisoners, among them three field-officers of the Pennsylvania regiment, and a Cayuga chief, were taken, and fifteen warriors and a number of militia left dead on the field. Meanwhile, Riall had passed the Chippawa with his entire force, and advanced three guns to engage the American artillery, which had taken up a position to command the road in their front. Observing this, Scott's brigade defiled across the bridge, and deploying under fire with remarkable steadiness and precision, formed beyond the creek, while Ripley forded the stream higher up and prolonged their line of battle to the edge of the woods. The British artillery was pushed gradually forward until within four hundred yards of their antagonists, and began the action with great spirit. Three guns of Towson's battery replied, but one of them was speedily dismounted, and the others seemed in a fair way of being driven out of action, when one of the British tumbrils was struck by a shell and blew up, disabling several men and horses, besides causing great confusion and depriving them of much of their fixed ammunition.

In consequence of this unfortunate event, General Riall was obliged to bring forward his infantry prematurely to the relief on the guns, which were then menaced from the right by a battalion of infantry. Forming six companies of the Royal Scots and five companies of the 100th into two columns, parallel with each other, and placing a light field-piece upon each flank, and one in the interval, he led them in person against the centre of his opponent's position. The 8th, enfeebled by disease and wearied by its long march, was held in reserve. Each of these battalions, their light companies having been detached, numbered less than four hundred rank and file. Scott's brigade alone, thus very materially outnumbered the force about to attack it.

By the time this formation had been completed, the whole of the American field-artillery had been brought into action, and the British guns were almost reduced to silence. Their pieces were then shotted with canister, and turned upon the advancing columns, while the 9th and 11th regiments, forming the wings of their line, were wheeled inwards and overlapped them on either flank. As soon as the British approached within musketry range they were assailed by a fierce and incessant fusillade. Losing heavily at every step, they moved steadily forward until within two hundred yards of their adversaries, when they received the command to charge. The field here was interested by deep furrows, and covered with tall grass, which greatly impeded their movements, and rendered their footing uncertain. Lieut-Col. Gordon and the Marquis of Tweeddale fell desperately wounded at the head of their battalions. Nearly every field-officer was struck down. The men fell in heaps under the scathing fire of the enemy. The survivors were involved in inextricable confusion, and began to straggle to the rear when within about eighty yards of the enemy's position. Riall exposed himself recklessly, and yet escaped unhurt, although his clothing was pierced with several bullets, but all his efforts to re-form the ranks in the face of that murderous fire were unavailing. The 8th was brought up to cover the retreat, which was accomplished in tolerable order, as the Americans showed little inclination to follow up their advantage. Most of the dead, and many of the severely wounded, were left upon the field, and the guns were removed only by the gallant exertions of some troopers, of the 19th Dragoons, who attached their own horses to the carriages, and rode off with them in the teeth of the enemy.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FURIOUS WITH JEALOUSY.

Warsaw is Shocked by the Crime of a Woman of Noble Birth.

A recent despatch from Warsaw, says:—A terrible murder has been committed in this city by a woman of noble family named Boguslawa Crezicka. The victim was a ballet dancer named Josephine Gerlach, and the motive, as might be surmised, was furious jealousy on the part of the high-born criminal.

Josephine Gerlach had the reputation of being the most beautiful ballet girl in Warsaw, and ever since her advent on the stage here she has been the craze among the Polish nobility. Josephine encouraged and profited by these attentions and seemed to enjoy the unhappiness of the noble young ladies who found themselves deserted for the star of the ballet. A few days ago the town was shocked by the announcement that Josephine Gerlach had been found murdered in her lodgings. The condition of her room showed that she had been taken by surprise by some visitor. Her skull was beaten in, evidently with some blunt instrument, and her hair was matted with blood and brains. There were evidences of a struggle and the girl's disordered attire showed the clutch of bloody hands. The finger marks left by the murderer were slight and indicated to the police that a woman had done the deed. The apartment had been ransacked and jewels and money were missing. This was taken as evidence that robbery had also been a motive. The police ascertained that a lady, finely attired and apparently somewhat disguised, had called upon Josephine.

Inquiry brought out the fact that Boguslawa Crezicka had been heard to utter threats against the ballet girl. She was jealous of Josephine, and this fact was well known throughout Warsaw. The police took her by surprise, and were astonished to find upon her conclusive evidences of her guilt. She still carried with her a hammer and a dagger. On the hammer was blood and hair, and the dagger was stained with fresh blood. The lady confessed both the crime and the motive.

Josephine Gerlach, she said, had ruined her happiness and she resolved upon revenge. She went to the girl's room as if upon a friendly visit and watching her chance struck her with the hammer. The girl attempted resistance, but Boguslawa struck her again, this time breaking her skull and braining her. She then stabbed her repeatedly with the dagger. After committing the deed she robbed the room of the jewelry and money she found there. The news of the arrest caused extreme excitement among all classes, and crowds flocked to the magistrate's court to see Boguslawa arraigned for her crime. It is believed that she will be sent to Siberia for life.

Crossing the Red Sea.

A Dublin bishop once engaged a painte to make a large picture for the cathedral The subject chosen was the crossing of the Red Sea by the Israelites. After a time the picture was completed and hung in the cathedral, covered by a heavy curtain, and a great crowd of people assembled to see it unveiled. All faces were turned in expectation to the curtain. Bu tlo! when it was drawn aside nothing could be seen but a vast expanse of water.

In a rage the bishop turned to the artist, and exclaimed: I thought I asked you to paint a picture of the Israelites crossing the Red Sea?

"True for you; that's just it," said the painter.

"But where are the Israelites?" asked the indignant bishop.

"They're gone over," said the painter.

"Well, but where are the Egyptians?"

"They're gone under."

Two Italian savants believe they have discovered the germs of lockjaw.

In Indiana and New York the statutes take no account of the extra day in February in leap year.

The Israelite Alliance has sent to the Sultan of Turkey an address in commemoration of the admission of the exiled Spanish Jews to the Turkish Empire in 1492.

To complete their growth, the nails of the left hand require eight to ten days more than those of the right.

HOUSEHOLD.

Childless.

BY ELIZABETH A DAVIS.

Sometimes I fancy, in that land unknown,
The eager little face that waits for me—
The eyes of blue, the sweet lips all my own—
The baby feet that pause beside my knee.

I clasp the tiny form close to my breast,
While round my neck the dimpled arms are twined,
And for a few brief moments I am blessed
Beyond the happiest of all womankind.

Oh, joy to kiss the nestling golden head!
And whisper the sweet words that mothers know—
The words that though a million times were said,
With every saying sweet and sweeter grow.

And on my cheek I feel the baby breath,
And hear the tones that never can grow cold;
For time nor space, nor change, nor cruel death,
Can take my darling from my loving hold.

A Woman's Life.

A wee mother is carefully putting her favorite doll to bed. With tender solicitude she carefully removes each dainty garment and fastens on the tiny nightgown. Then with a fond kiss, she hugs her treasure to her and places it in its little cradle. After patting it gently she tiptoes out of the room as the twilight peeps curiously

A fair maiden stands before her looking-glass adding the last touches to her evening toilet. Her lover will soon be here! Her eyes are full of innocent lovelight! She looks eagerly at her reflection in the glass! How glad she is that she is pretty! She frowns a little at a crimp that will not stay just as it should. A ring comes at the door and she hastens away to meet her beloved.

A young wife sits anxiously watching for her husband. At each approaching footstep her heart beats rapturously, and then grows heavy with disappointment. She will not go indoors, it is so sweet out here! The creeping shadows cheer her trembling soul; so she waits and wishes, and the shadows lengthen into darkened night.

A mother is rocking her baby to sleep. He looks at her gravely while they move to and fro, as if asking how the bright sunshine must leave and the ugly shadows hide her dear face from him. There is a wealth of wisdom in his great, sweet eyes. He holds tightly to her dress, as if to keep her near him. When at last his eyes are closed she disengages the loving hand, kisses him lightly—as he must not be awakened—and arises to put him into his crib. Then she sinks back into her chair and begins to rock again. It is so p'easant to rest in the twilight and he is so sweet to nurse!

A woman kneels by a fresh-made grave. The head-board stares coldly at her, and seems to say over and over again the words inscribed upon it. He was her only child, and she was a widow. With tear-laden eyes she bends down lower and lower, till her lips rest upon the earth. She longs so to kiss the quiet form it is hiding from her! And the twilight seems to hurry past and lose itself in the darkness.

A care-worn old woman sits watching the shadows come, they are friends to her—friends that she welcomes, for they always sing the same old song to her: "One day nearer home." And she smiles on them her thanks. She, too, repeats "One day nearer home." And so life—woman's life—goes on in the twilight till rest comes to her weary body and joy to her aching heart—till her spirit reaches its home, where never a shadow can fall upon it.

Worry in a Girl's Life.

Truly the first necessity is to teach a girl to approach her work, physical or mental, in a normal, healthy way—to accomplish what she has to do naturally, using only the force required to gain her point; not worrying all the time she studies for fear the lesson will not be learned; not feeling rushed from morning to night for fear her work will not be done; not going about with a burden of unnecessary anxiety, a morbid fear of her teachers and a general attitude toward life which means strain and constant strain. A glance forward intensifies the gravity of the case. Such habits once developed in a girl who is fitting herself to teach are strongly felt by her pupils when she takes the position of a teacher. The nervous strain is reflected back and forth from teacher to pupil, and is thus forcing itself on the notice of others, and proving day by day more clearly what is the greatest physical need.

Those who have observed this tendency are wont to say "Give the girls plenty of exercise; plenty of fresh air; see that they sleep and eat well, and this greatest need will be supplied without thought." If the unhealthy condition we have noted were just making its appearance the remedy would be sufficient. As it is, such a remedy suffices in a few cases, in most cases partially, but in some not at all. The habit has stood now through too many generations to be overcome without a distinct recognition of the loss of power, and a strong realization of the need of regaining this power. Indeed, so great a hold on the community has this want of quiet and easy activity in study and in play that it is not rare to find young girls who believe the abnormal to be the natural life and the other unnatural. As one girl told me once, in perfect good faith, "I keep well on excitement, but it tires me terribly to carry a pitcher of water up stairs." This I know is an extreme instance, and yet not so uncommon as I wish it were.—[Annie P. Call, in Atlantic Monthly.

The Subject of Moths.

It is an old subject, but now the moth lays her eggs and hatches the grub into its devastating feed season of from one to three weeks, to the period of its cocoon stage. It is well to remember, says the Upholsterer, that the moth never destroys woolens; it is the worm. It is well to remember that camphor and all other vile odors in the world will never protect fabrics in the least. If a woman puts a garment away that has so much as one moth egg a ton of camphor won't prevent that egg from hatching, if there's any hatch to it. The only way to preserve a garment from the ravages of the moth is to be absolutely sure in the first place that a moth has laid no eggs in it, and this is not easy to discover, because with the mother instinct it creeps in dark crevices, the more obscure the better, and its eggs are as small as the point of a pin. It coats these eggs or incrusts them with a covering, and you might beat and beat the garment and not in the slightest degree hurt the eggs. Now you can put that garment away in a camphor chest and heap a ton of camphor on top of it, yet if one of these eggs hatches a worm, that worm will start in to feed. The only way to be sure that none of these eggs are put away in a garment is to keep the garment out under constant surveillance for two or three weeks before putting it away, and in that time any newly-hatched worm will develop into a size that can readily be seen. Once a garment is absolutely free of the egg or the worm, it can then be tied up in a paper parcel, or anything else that will keep the living moth out, with perfect impunity, for a moth will never bore its way into anything.

Plain Cookery.

LEMON SAUCE.—Wet two tablespoonfuls of flour with cold water and stir into one and one half cupfuls of boiling water. Beat one tablespoonful of butter, one cupful of sugar, the yolk of one egg and the juice and part of the rind of one lemon thoroughly together, then add the hot mixture to it slowly, stirring constantly. Let it cook a few minutes and while hot add the beaten white of the egg.

WHIPPED CREAM PIE.—Line a deep pie tin with a moderately rich crust; bake in a quick oven; then spread it with any soft jam or jelly and on this pour a teacupful of cream beaten or whipped to a stiff foam, then sweeten and flavor to taste. The cream will beat more easily if very cold at first. More jelly can be spread on the top of the cream, or serve it without as preferred.

RHUBARB PIES.—For pies the rhubarb should be sliced thin. Put a layer of rhubarb in the pie pan—the under crust should be rolled rather thin—then a layer of sugar and dredge with flour, another layer of rhubarb, more sugar, then dredge with flour, put on the top crust and bake in not too hot an oven until well done. The under crust should be nearly an inch larger than the pan, and folded over the edge of the fruit. Wet slightly with water or the white of an egg before putting on the top crust, and you will not be troubled with the juice stewing out. The top crust should be cut through the centre. Two cups of rhubarb and a tablespoonful of flour is a good rule for a medium-sized pie.

CREAM TOAST.—Cut slices of stale light bread—bakers if you have it—into rounds with a cake-cutter, leaving not a bit of crust. Toast to a fine yellow brown. A scorched or blackened crumb is fatal to the excellence of the dish. Butter well while hot, sprinkle lavishly with salt, lay in a bowl—silver or stout ware that will stand fire—and pour scalding milk in until the toast is covered two inches deep. Set (covered) in an oven for five minutes. By this time the milk should be all absorbed. Lift each slice carefully with a broad knife far enough to pour over it a tablespoonful of cream. Taste a crumb to be sure the seasoning is right. Most people make milk toast too fresh. Salt again if necessary cover closely and return to a moderate oven for ten minutes. Serve in the bowl if it is presentable; if not transfer carefully to a heated china bowl or saucer. The toast will be tender, puffy, relishful and exceedingly digestible

SNOW ROLLS.—Boil one pint of milk; when cool add one-half cup of butter and lard mixed, a little less than one-half cup of sugar, one-quarter of a cake of compressed yeast and a little salt and flour, enough to make a soft dough. Let the mixture rise, mould and in the morning roll out as thin as doughnuts; cut round, fold with a little butter spread between. Let them rise again, then bake in a quick oven.

FRENCH ROLLS.—One quart of flour, three eggs, three-quarters of a teacup of good yeast, a piece of butter the size of an egg. Sift the flour and pinch up the butter in it until the two are well mixed; make a hole in the middle of the flour, and into this pour the eggs, well beaten, the yeast, and enough warm water to knead the dough without its sticking in an unmanageable way to the tray. Use strength and work it well for 10 or 15 minutes, and then put it in a stone jar, into which a little flour must be dusted first, and set by the fire until morning to rise. Extremes of heat or cold will spoil the bread. Work it well again next morning, using a little flour, and a little more butter if very rich and short bread is liked. Grease the baking-pan with cold lard, putting in a thick layer; melt some lard and touch each roll, as it is made out with the hand, around the edges with the warm lard to keep it from sticking to its neighbor. Cover the pan and set it in a slightly warm place for an hour to rise, and then bake until the crust is a delicate brown. The rolls ought to be a rich cream color, of a feathery texture, and fairly overflowing the pan. Bread resembling the honeycomb is never good.

Wonders in Miniature.

In a museum of curiosities at Salem, Mass., there is preserved a common cherry seed or stone, hollowed and fashioned like a basket. Within the basket are twelve tiny silver spoons, the shape and finish of which can not be distinguished with the naked eye. The name of the artist who constructed this little wonder has been lost, but the actual existence of the thing itself can not be questioned.

Dr. Peter Oliver, who lived in England during the early part of the Eighteenth Century, tells of seeing a carved cherry stone which would be a wonder even in this age of fine tools and fine workmanship. This stone was one from a common cherry, and upon it were carved the heads of 124 popes kings, queens, emperors, saints, etc. Small as they must necessarily have been, it is announced on the authority of Professor Oliver that with a good glass the heads of the popes and kings could readily be distinguished from those of the queens and saints by their mitres and crowns. The gentleman who brought this little wonder to England purchased it in Prussia, allowing the original owner £5000 for his treasure. Think of it, $25,000 for a cherry seed!

A Dakota Pioneer.

"Winter pretty cold?"

"Winter? Don't have any winter here, stranger."

"How's that?"

"Only have three seasons—spring, summer, and early fall."

He was a Dakota pioneer, and lived, as he said, "fifty miles from any place."

"What do you do for a doctor when you're sick?"

"Never get sick."

"But you can't help it sometimes, can you?"

"Certainly. 'Taint possible. We won't get sick, and there's no two ways about it."

"How far is it to your nearest neighbour's?"

"Fifty miles."

"You don't have much society, then, do you?"

"Don't need it. There's five of us—mother 'n me 'n the kids. That's society enough, ain't it?"

"How far must you go to church?"

"Have it right in the shack every Sunday. Got an organette, Joe has, and he turns a crank and grinds out any hymn you ever heard tell of just as nice as you please. Then Marthy and all the rest of us sing, then I read something from the Bible, then we sing again, an' pray—an' church is out."

There was something pathetic in this, and it went to my heart.

"How about crops?"

"They're big, I tell ye—that is, when we get 'em. Three years ago had every promise of a splendid crop. Had lots of snow that winter—ground was plenty wet an' the wheat was lookin' fine when, all at once, we had a hot south wind that burnt everythin' up slick an' clean."

"And the next year?"

"Things looked just as promisin'. Wheat was waist high, yeller as gold, an' I was going to cut it in a few days when along came a hailstorm and beat the whole field down."

"Then the next year?"

"Got nipped by the frost."

"And the next?"

"That's this year, stranger, and just look at the wheat around ye. Nothing could be finer than the outlook. Guess I'll have a good crop this year, but if I don't——" He paused.

"Well?"

"Well, if I don't," he said with a quiet smile, "I'll mortgage my horses to get seed and try again. It'll be hard pinchin', but I didn't have anything when I came here, and I'll stick to the country as long as I can live in it. A man can't have hard luck always, you know. Things are bound to turn. It's a long lane that hasn't a crook somewhere."

I wrung his hand warmly and rode away.

To be Read to Slow Music.

He looked weary and worn as he sat in a street-car, holding a little girl in his arms. She was restless and wanted a story, and he told her about the bold bad burglars who are making hay while the sun shines, or rather while the sun does not shine. The little one listened attentively and finally broke the thread of the discourse by saying:

"They wouldn't come to our house, would they, papa, because we haven't got anything?" Then she paused and, after a moment's thought, said, "'cepting that new baby, and they wouldn't want that."

And despite the jolting of the car and the funereal slowness of its progress, every passenger's face wore a smile.

SPRING SMILES.

"That remains to be seen," as the boy said when he spilt the ink on the tablecloth.

"Avoid whiskey and water my son," said the fond father. "It is a dilution and a snare."

Mrs. Witherby—"What did your cook do? Go off in a huff?' Mrs. Plankington—"No. She went off in my tailor-made gown."

Mrs. Bowery—"Your sweetheart writes a very cold letter, my dear." Miss Bowery—"He can't help that, ma; he drives an ice wagon."

"Whenever I see a charming girl crossing a muddy street I have to think of snakes." "That's curious." "No: I mean garter-snakes."

Parent—"Now remember, Johnny. Ask the druggist for pulverized alum." Johnny (at the drug store)—"Gimme something for a paralyzed arm."

Fweddy—"Cholly, I'm feeling wocky. I think I'll soak my head.' Cholly—"I'm afraid it won't soak for anything deah boy, unless the hat goes with it."

Delsarte, with all his study in the art of gesticulation, never succeeded in equaling the expressions of a dog's tail when his master puts on his coat for a walk.

She isn't an angel, she isn't a goddess, she isn't a lily, a rose or a pearl; she's simply what's sweetest, completest and neatest, dear little, queer little, sweet little girl.

"So you do not cherish any superstitions, dear?" "No indeed. Why, I have always made it a point to be married in black and have been lucky every time."

Conductor—"Madam, I am obliged to ask fare for that boy; he looks older than four years." Mother—"He isn't, at all; he has his father's head, but his mother's ways."

Poultry dealer—"How did you like the goose's liver you had yesterday?" Young Housekeeper—"It was very nice indeed. I want another one, and from the same goose, please."

Young Man (helplessly)—"Doctor, is there any cure for the liquor habit?" Doctor (thoughtfully)—"Y-e-s, one." "What is it?" "Marry a woman bigger than you are."

"Sweet, I must go; 'tis late," said he;
She did not moan or shiver,
But, looking at him smilingly,
Said: "Better late than never."

School Teacher—"What little boy can tell me where is the home of the swallow?" Bobby—"I kin." School teacher—"Well, Bobby?" Bobby the home of the swallow is the stummick."

Asker—"I have seen Dr. Gouger call two or three times at old Nugget's house. Do you know what he is treating him for?" Tasker—"Certainly. He is treating him for stamps—for what he can make out of him."

"The trouble with this family," blubbered Johnny, as he emerged from the woodshed after a brief but spirited interview with his father, "is that there's too blamed much paternalism in its form of government."

Storeclothes—"I went to hear Patti sing and I had to pay $5." Recentjay—"I wouldn't pay $5 to hear an angel sing." Storeclothes—"Well, my verdant friend, you can just bet your sloping forehead you'll never get there."

He—"May I—I—have a kiss, Mehitable?" Miss Mehitable Beaconhill (from Toronto)—"If you see proper to bring about a paroxysmal contact between the labial appendages of the superior and inferior maxillaries I shall not seriously object."

Wife—"Henry, do you know that your hair is getting thin and that you will soon be entirely bald if you do not stop wearing your hat in the house?" Husband—"That's all right, Anna. Have you never noticed that bald-headed men always get to the front?"

"John, you were talking in your sleep last night and you frequently spoke in terms of endearment to a certain Euphemia? Who is Euphemia?" "Why, my dear, that was my—my sister's name." "John! your sister's name was Jane." "Yes, dear; but we called her Euphemia for short."

"Yabsley—"Hello, Wickwire! Rheumatism?" Wickwire—"No. I stepped on a spool just before dinner and came down on the dining-room floor like a thousand of brick. My wife has been crying ever since." Yabsley (wistfully)—"It must be sweet to have such a sympathetic companion." Wickwire—"Oh sympathy doesn't figure at all. I jarred her best piece of china off the table."

They rode together, nicely paired
And, bolder, grown, at last he dared
To place his arm around her waist.
Angry, she cried: "Your arm's misplaced!
I can support myself." "You can!"
Said he, with joy. "Then I'm your man.
For years I've sought for such as you.
Pray set the wedding day, dear, do."

THE QUEEN'S MESSENGER.

A British Official Who Used to Be Very Important on the Road.

When a messenger returns to London from foreign service he is placed at the bottom of the list of those at home available for duty, and may thus reckon on perhaps a fortnight clear at his own disposal, says the "Quarterly Review." It is not well, however, to count on any precise period of leisure with too much certainty, as is shown by the following veracious tale, which has been repeated many a time and oft in Downing street: "Capt. A——, having just returned from St. Petersburg, saw his name well placed at the bottom of a goodly list of names ready for duty, and judged it expedient to spend his anticipated fortnight in the sunny south of France. About a week after his arrival at Monte Carlo he was startled and annoyed by the receipt of the following strange and apparently impertinent telegram: 'Chief Clerk, Foreign Office, to Capt. A——: You are fast and dirty. Return at once.' Having puzzled a while over this enigma it occurred to him that, whatever might be the explanation of the first sentence, the last was an order which his sense of duty compelled him to obey. He accordingly packed up his traps and returned forthwith, to find on his arrival at Downing street that the telegram as originally dispatched ran as follows: 'You are first on duty. Return at once.'" Thirty or forty years ago, perhaps even more than now, the queen's messenger was a personage of the first importance on the road, claiming the earliest attention from guards and porters, civility and expedition at every custom's frontier, and the best places in train and steamboat. In the present day, traveling always train among the ever-increasing crowd of tourists, the comfort and prestige of a journey with dispatches is somewhat on the wane; and except in times of war, the adventures of the queen's messenger are reduced to the possible chance of a railway smash. Only a few years have passed, however, since most of the habitues of the mail route between London and Paris must have been familiar with the bluff and burly presence of Maj. X——, the Ajax of the corps of queen's messengers and hero of a hundred tales. We can see him now, striding from the train to the boat at Dover, followed by two porters bearing the dispatch bags. Passengers scatter right and left as he calls in loud, commanding tones: "R-room for her majesty's dispatches!" and the little procession, headed by the major, steps across the gangway and finds its way to the proper reserved cabin.

It has often puzzled the uninitiated to give a reason why musicians tune their instruments in public and not before they enter the orchestra. If they tuned their instruments before entering the theatre or concert room the temperature is very apt to be different in the place of performance, and therefore the instruments would not be in tune. A piano that is in tune in a cold room would get out of tune if the room were suddenly heated.

THE STRANGER'S CALL.

An Unusual Incident that Interested the Miners at Homesick Diggings.

There were about 200 men of us at Homesick Diggings, and it was the hour of noon on a summer's day when big Jim Davis came over the hill with his pack on his back and staked out a claim. He came along, and that was why we noticed him so particularly. He seemed to fight shy of us for three or four days, and that was why we wondered if he was all right. Big Jim had got a squint at the face of every man in camp before he thawed out and became social. In a little time we found him to be a good fellow, and so we gradually came to forget our first suspicions. We were still agreed, however, that there was something queer about him. He appeared anxious and perturbed whenever a new arrival was announced, and if a party of half a dozen came along, Jim would go hiding until he had sized them up. It was as if he suspected some one was trailing him down.

There were all sorts of men in the mining camps in those days, and it was the rule to mind your own business. As long as a miner obeyed the rules and regulations laid down for the government of a camp he was looked upon as all right. What he had been in the past was nothing even to his tentmate.

There was a big shanty in the centre of our village which was occupied as a store, saloon, bank and general rendezvous after working hours. I was in there one afternoon just before the miners knocked off work, when a stranger quietly entered. He had come by the trail and alone, but no one had noticed him. He was a slim lightweight man, and though clothed in rough garb you could see at once that he was not a miner. He was sunburned and unkemp, but that was to be expected out there. He was talking with the storekeeper as I entered—asking after just such a man as Big Jim Davis. His face struck me pleasantly enough, but there was a something in his gray eyes to remind you of a wounded beast, and a something in his voice to satisfy you that he would be a pitiless enemy.

He went out before I did. Where he kept himself for the next hour I never learned. The boys had knocked off, washed up and eaten supper, and about twenty of us had lounged into the store for a smoke and a talk, when the little man suddenly showed up. This, mind you, was three months after Big Jim's coming. Jim sat on a box facing the door, which was open. I happened to be looking at him, and I suddenly saw his face grow pale and his jaw drop. I looked over to the door and there stood the stranger. He had a leering sort of smile on his face, and was looking only at Big Jim. In ten seconds all conversation had ceased. We instinctively felt that the two were enemies, and that the little man had finally trailed Big Jim down.

It was fully two minutes before the stranger moved or spoke. Then he stepped forward until close to Big Jim and said;

"It has been over two years, but I've run you down at last!"

Davis looked at him as one who sees a spectre, but made no reply.

"You have skulked and dodged like a coward!" continued the little man in the same quiet voice, "but you'll be a man now, of course. The boys will see fair play. Shall it be pistol or knife?"

If Big Jim's eyes hadn't been wide open we might have thought him a dead man. You never saw terror more plainly written on a human face.

"It's a little affair of our own gentlemen," explained the stranger, as he turned to us. "I've travelled thousands of miles while looking for Big Jim. I've been hunting him down, to kill or be killed. This world isn't big enough for both of us. Arrange the details to suit the crowd."

Not one of us had spoken. Just as the stranger finished Big Jim recovered from his stupor and made a move for his pistol. Like a flash of lightning the little man had him covered, and then he laughed a harsh, dry laugh and said:

"I ought to shoot you down like a dog, but I'll give you a show. Come out doors. Shall it be this or the knife?"

Big Jim turned white again and relapsed into his former state of dumbness. The stranger surveyed him in disgust and contempt, and by and by he turned to us and said:

"Back in the States this white-livered coward betrayed my confidence and wrecked my home and my life. Even his dead body would disgrace your diggings. Come, Jim!"

He stepped back and beckoned to Davis, who slowly followed, staring like one who walks in his sleep. The little man backed to the door—out of it into the moonlight, and then started up the trail. Davis followed like a dog, never looking to the right or to the left—making not the slightest move to draw his weapon. It was as if he had been mesmerized. Something of that same feeling was upon the rest of us, for we stood at the door, speechless and amazed, and looked after the pair until they were out of sight. It was like a dream, and men rubbed their eyes as if heavy with sleep.

Up the hill—around the great black rock—past the tree on which we hung Taylor for murder, and then they were out of sight. The stranger we never saw again. A month later a prospector found Big Jim's skeleton in a ravine two miles away.

Origin of the Teetotal Movement.

John King, a resident at Preston, in Lancashire, was the first man to sign the total abstinence pledge in England. King, who died a nonagenarian, was in early life rather fond of a glass, having, moreover, one of those temperaments which, while capable of absolute abstinence, are not capable of "moderation." The early temperance societies allowed the use of wines and ales. James Tearle, even then a practical teetotaler, raised his voice against the distinction thus made. Joseph Livesey had become similarly impressed, and on Thursday, April 23, 1832, as John King was passing Livesey's shop in Church street, Preston, Joseph invited him in. Their talk was of temperance, and after discussing the question Mr. Livesey asked King if he would sign a pledge. They were both agreed upon the point. A pledge was accordingly drawn up, and King signed first, Livesey's signature following. From these two signatures sprang the total abstinence movement as now understood in this country. A few days after the incident recorded, a meeting on the subject took place in the Cockpit of Preston, when Richard Turner, a plasterer's labourer, speaking against what be called "hawf measures," said, "I'll hav nowt to do with any moderation—botheration pledge—I'll be reet down tee-tee-total for ever and ever." "Well done, Dick!" said the chairman, "that shall be the name of our pledge," and the name it became and still is. Turner died in 1846, and in St. Peter's Churchyard, Preston, on a monument erected there to his memory, may be read the following inscription: "Beneath this stone are deposited the remains of Richard Turner, author of the word 'teetotal,' as applied to abstinence from all intoxicating liquors."

The Perils of Welsh Mountaineering.

An exciting adventure is reported by a party of tourists from Liverpool and Manchester on Cader Idris. Three gentlemen started by Barmouth to ascend the mountain, which was already heavily capped with snow. On reaching the ridge they were caught in a storm of wind, hail, and snow. They were in the midst of Cader precipices, and their lives were imperilled by the blinding storm. After groping about awhile they found shelter beneath a huge boulder. The drifts were so fierce that the mountaineers became completely snowbound, and when the storm ceased they had to cut their way out. They then endeavoured to cross the summit of the mountain, but again lost their way in the snowdrift, and found two other Englishmen in the same plight. They shouted for help, and through the guidance of some shepherds found their way to Dolgelly in the evening, after a most exciting day's experience.

JAS. MILNE & SON.

Hats, Hats, Straw Hats.

The warm weather makes you think of them.

—:o:—

We have stacks of them and at the lowest prices.

—:o:—

See our 3 for 25c. Hat.

JAS MILNE & SON.

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Bills Discounted, Collections made, and Drafts bought and sold on all points in Canada, United States, and Great Britain.

Mercantile Accounts and Notes collected, and Loans made.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.

DEPOSITS received in amounts of $1 and upwards, subject to withdrawal without notice, and interest allowed at the rate of 4% per annum.

HOURS—From 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.

REFERENCE—Merchant's Bank of Canada.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

THE CREDITORS OF ALEXANDER McMULLEN, Sr., late of the Township of Rawdon, in the County of Hastings, Farmer, deceased, who died on or about the 9th day of March, A. D. 1892, and all others having claims against his estate, are hereby notified to send by post, prepaid, or otherwise deliver to the undersigned, Executor of the estate and effects of the said deceased, at Rawdon, in the County of Hastings, or to Mr. J. Earl Halliwell, his Solicitor, at Stirling, on or before the 4th day of JUNE, A. D. 1892, their christian names and surnames, addresses and descriptions, the full particulars of their claims, a statement of their accounts, and the nature of the securities (if any) held by them; and in default thereof, and immediately after the said 4th day of JUNE next, the assets of the said ALEXANDER McMULLEN, Sr., deceased, will be distributed amongst the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which notice shall then have been given.

And this notice being under the provisions of the Revised Statutes of Ontario, Chap. 110, Sec. 38, the Executor will not be liable for the said assets, or any part thereof, to any person of whose claim notice which shall not have been received by him, or his said Solicitor, at the time of such distribution.

All persons indebted to the said estate are also hereby notified to hand in the amount of their indebtedness on or before the 4th day of JUNE next, to me or my said Solicitor.

J. EARL HALLIWELL, } JAMES SHARP,
Solicitor for Executor. } Executor.

W. W. Maybee returned to Woodstock on Saturday night after an absence of eight years. He found his wife married to another man, the woman supposing her first husband was dead. Husband No. 2 is now out of the family.

A soldier lay dying in the hospital. A visitor asked him: "What church do you belong to?"

"The church of Christ," was the reply.

"I mean of what persuasion are you?"

"Persuasion?" said the man as his eyes looked heavenward, beaming with love to the Saviour, "I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate me from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus."

The Rev. Mr. H—was a good man, but very fond of chewing tobacco.

One day he was caught in a shower in Illinois, and going to a cabin near by, knocked at the door. A sharp-looking old lady answered his summons. He asked for shelter.

"I don't know you," she replied, surpiciously.

"Remember the scriptures," said the dominie, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares" "Angels don't come round with cods of tobacco to their mouths," she replied, and slammed the door in his face.

ADVERTISING NOTICES.

In the local column will be charged as follows: To Regular Advertisers—Three thousand under, 25 cents each insertion; over three lines, 5c. per line. Matter set in larger than the ordinary type, 10c. per line.

To Transient Advertisers,—10c. per line each insertion. No insertion less than 25c.

RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

Trains call at Stirling station as follows:—

GOING WEST.		GOING EAST.	
Mail.....	8.34 a. m	Mixed.....	10.40 a. m
Mixed.....	3.23 p. m.	Mail.....	3.32 p. m

HOME MATTERS.

Wedding invitations neatly printed at the NEWS-ARGUS office.

See advertisement of "House For Sale."

You can buy Comfort these hot days at FRED WARDS.

Dr. Zwick expects to return to Stirling on the 14th of June.

Going like hot cakes. Those Neglige Shirts at FRED WARDS.

Miss Melita Smith, teacher at L'Amable, is home on a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Gossnell, of Rochester, N. Y., are visiting relatives here.

Most men find out too late that they should have taken their wives' advice.

Home is next to the last place a man can go. If he can't go home, he goes to the dogs.

Hats again. Straw Hats 25c. Good enough for best Sunday Hat at FRED WARDS.

The Orangemen of District No. 2, North Hastings, will celebrate the coming 12th of July at Madoc.

Rev. S. J. Shorey made a call on some of his friends here on Wednesday last, on his way to Conference.

We are pleased to see Mr. Jas. Martin, who has been very ill for some time, is now able to be around again.

The severest test possible for a man's character is to do good and have some one else get the credit for it.

Mrs. F. T. Ward, with her two children, left for Dakota, on Tuesday morning, on a two months' visit to relatives.

If every man got every cent he earned, and every man earned every cent he got, there would be a distribution of incomes.

Mr. Chas. E. Parker returned home from Toronto last week. He had been attending the College of Pharmacy during the past winter.

Don't be discouraged by mistakes. The most successful men in the world would do lots of things differently if they could do them over.

Mrs. S. W. Lloyd, of Croydon, and Miss F. McGinnis, of Selby, made a short visit to their relatives and friends here on Wednesday last

Do you propose to marry for love or for money? Well I shouldn't consider a moderate dose of love any objection, if she had lots of money.

Stirling Lodge No. 239, I.O.O.F., intend to decorate the graves of their deceased brethren on the 29th June. As usual the ceremony will take place in the evening.

Mr. C. Blackett Robinson, publisher of *The Week, Canada Presbyterian*, and other papers, was here on Wednesday and Thursday on business in connection with these publications.

The Dominion Express Co'y has opened offices in the following neighboring towns and villages: Belleville, Trenton, Brighton, Picton, Northport, Millford, Deseronto and Foxboro. Why not in Stirling?

Mrs. John Declair, who had the misfortune to fracture one of her legs, and also her left arm, last winter, we are pleased to hear is now nearly recovered and before long will be able to be about as usual.

There is now a prospect of Stirling having a Band again. On Monday evening last a meeting for reorganization was held, and the names of fourteen or fifteen members were given in. Practice will take place twice a week.

The following will represent the High School in their coming match with the mutes on Saturday next:—J. McCann, J. McTavish, W. Gray, H. Barlow, B. Cummings, G. Hammill, D. Milne, C. Green, C. Martin, B. Crosby, D. Fraser, E. Macfarlane.

Revds. A. Campbell and Jas. Macfarlane left on Wednesday last to attend Conference at Port Hope. The lay delegate from Stirling is Mr. G. L. Scott; from Rawdon, Mr. Robert Totton; and from Marmora circuit, Mr. Robert Thompson, of 12th Con. Rawdon.

Our poet remarks:—

Some go to church for to talk and laugh.
They think they know it all but don't know half.

This was illustrated by the conduct of a couple of young ladies last Sabbath at the Methodist Church.

On Saturday next, the Deaf and Dumb Institute Foot Ball Club will play a match with our High School team, on the Agricultural Grounds. This will be an interesting game, as the boys from the Institute play a fine combination game. Kick off, at 3, sharp. Admission, 10 cents. Ladies free.

In Belleville a tramp known to the police was observed entering a store and presenting a slate to the lady clerk. It held the words: "I am a poor man, deaf and dumb; please give me some money." When arrested he could converse freely with the policeman. He gave his name as Isaac Morton.

The Tweed *News* says:—"At a union Sunday school meeting held in the town hall Monday evening it was decided to hold the next county S.S. convention in this village in accordance with the resolution passed at the last convention which was held in Madoc." We thought the question of selecting a place for the next S.S. convention was left to the Executive Committee.

The Court of Revision for the Township of Rawdon was held at the Town Hall, Harold, on the 30th of May. There were 130 appeals brought before the Court and disposed of. The valuation of property has only reduced about $450, showing that the assessment was well sustained, though 60 names were struck off from the roll. The Council of Rawdon will meet on Monday next for general business.

On Tuesday evening a dog belonging to Mr. D. Fennell, made a dash at a little girl, throwing her to the ground. The little one managed to get away, but her dress was badly torn. The dog, who was an ugly one, was immediately taken back to the barber shop, and a piece of meat with strychine placed on it was given him. At the end of about ten minutes he did not seem to show any signs of its effects, which it was supposed he would have done, and he was finally shot.

Dr. Meikljohn, who is the G.T.R. Surgeon, was called to attend the wreck of the recent run off on Tuesday morning last. He was at the station at the time on his way to Toronto, and the freight engine which was on a siding here was ordered to take him to the wreck, and they were there forty minutes after the accident occurred, a distance of ten miles. Some two or three, who were injured, were carefully taken care of. In the evening the Dr. attended the inquest at Campbellford, of the young man named Purdy, of Fort Hope, who was killed. On Wednesday morning he went to Toronto to attend the Ontario Medical Association, which is being held there this week. He will return on Saturday next.

The County Council will meet in Belleville on Tuesday next.

The man who "knows it all" would not be such a bad fellow if he only kept it to himself.

We learn that Rev. A. Campbell is likely to be removed from Stirling by the Conference now in session at Port Hope. In the first draft of stations, presented to Conference Thursday, Rev. A. Wilson is put down for Stirling. Rev. Mr. Wilson has been in North Belleville for the past two years. Rev. Mr. Campbell is put down for North Belleville.

Springbrook.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Mr. Stewart has purchased the property formerly owned by Wm. Burkitt, and will go into the Drug business.

Court Springbrook I. O. of Foresters has decided to build a hall in the near future. $300 has been subscribed toward the building fund, and the matter is now in the hands of an energetic building committee.

Mr. Tobias Forestell is quite up to the record for big eggs. He favored us a hen's egg 8¼ x 6½ inches, and turned the scales at 4 oz.

The Cheese Market.

There was a large attendance at the Cheese Board at Belleville on Tuesday last. There were offered 4,035 boxes—2,505 white and 1,531 colored. Sales were made at 9⅝ for white and 9 to 9⅛ for colored. The Liverpool cable was 53s. 6d. for white, and 50s. for colored.

Chatterton Chips.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Wet, wet, wet; it has rained more or less every day but one for nearly two weeks. The farmers got their rowing done before the rain began but will be late with their planting, low land is very wet.

Fall grain and meadows are looking well, but spring grain and garden "sass" is backward.

The prospect for fruit is good at present.

We had the usual celebration on the Queen's Birthday.

Our Public School examination will be held on Friday June 10th and promises to be interesting.

The laying of the corner stone of Scott's Church on the 24th was successfully performed, and was followed by a splendid dinner in the old church which was partaken of by a goodly number, and the church's finances are considerably increased thereby.

Brown—"You don't look very happy, Robinson. What's the matter?"

Robinson—"No; I left off my flannels this morning, and have caught cold."

Brown—"That's bad."

Robinson—"Oh, I don't mind about the cold; but my wife told me I was leaving them off too soon."—*Funny Folks.*

INFLUENCE OF MIND OVER MATTER.—"I am so sorry to learn that you are so sick you cannot possibly be in your accustomed place to-morrow morning. Miss Hyse," said the minister's wife, coudolingly, "and I have hurried over to say that you need not feel the slightest uneasiness about the solo you were to sing in the morning service. Mr. Goodman and the chorister have arranged that Miss Gonby shall take the part, and——"

"What!"

The popular soprano of the Rev. Dr. Goodman's church choir at once sat bolt upright in bed.

"What!" she screamed. "That old maid with the cracked voice try to sing my solo? Never!"

With one hand she tore the bandages off her head; with the other she swept the medicines from the little side-table to the floor, and then she kicked down the coverlets.

"Tell Dr. Goodman and the chorister," she said, in a voice that rang through the house like the silvery tones of a bell, "to notify Miss Gonby she needn't mangle that solo, I'll be there!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

It is stated that $250,000 has been paid for a half interest in the trade mark of Dr. Williams Pink Pills for the United States only. This is the largest sum paid for a patent medicine known.

The United States House of Representatives adopted a resolution last Friday providing that no part of the amount appropriated for the World's Columbian Exposition shall be available unless the doors of the exposition shall be closed to the public on Sunday.

The golden wedding festivities of the King and Queen of Denmark, took place at Copenhagen during the past week. They are related by marriage to nearly every reigning family in Europe. The Princess of Wales, and the Empress of Russia, are daughters of the royal couple, and the King of Greece is a son.

The Prohibitionists of Manitoba will, at the next general election in the province, vote on the question of outlawing the liquor traffic within the boundaries of their young domain. The history of the movement there is an inspiration to the temperance army in the Province Dominion, and contains many lessons of great practical value to the workers for prohibition in this Province. It is heartily to be desired that the high hopes entertained by the friends of the temperance organizations of Manitoba may be crowned with success.

General Superintendent Whyte of the Canadian Pacific Railway after a tour of the province of Manitoba says there is a considerably larger area being put in crop this spring than in 1891, and the farmers are generally ahead in all sections. He was astonished at the number of stacks of grain still to be threshed. It is estimated that in the Souris district only 10 per cent. of the crop has been threshed, and the farmers are hurrying through their seeding to resume and complete the threshing ere the hay harvest is on their hands.

Those who are utterly sick of the farcical proceedings of our Canadian Civil Service Russian license commissioners are inclined to grasp at the Toronto *Mail's* proposition to make up the Board of Commissioners of the Registrar, Sheriff and Judge of each county. The present members in Hamilton would make a good Board. Fancy Sheriff Brady, Mr. Mowat promoted from a whiskey store to the shrievalty of his own county—Oxford, enforcing laws that would squeeze the life out of Sheriff Proctor, of Northumberland and Durham, who, it is said, owns a Brighton tavern, and not long ago a Trenton tavern, enforcing the law against his rivals. So long as a license law exists every Government that is committed to it will be the slave of the liquor party, and will be drawn into the corrupt barter of the licenses for political support. The only hope of cure is for all prohibitionists to oppose license, and oppose all politicians committed to license.—*Templar.*

Toronto *News*:—Midland until recently second only to Ottawa as a lumbering centre, is in a state of stagnation. Every mill in the place is idle and three hundred people have left the town within a few months. The cause of this unfortunate state of affairs is found in the refusal of the Dominion Government to reimpose the export duty on saw logs. But Midland is not the only place that has suffered. Every village and town in the Province interested in the lumber trade has been injured more or less by the foolish policy of the Government in this most important matter. In the aggregate thousands of people have been deprived of the right to labor at their own homes, and property costing hundreds of thousands has been rendered temporarily valueless. And while we in Ontario have lost, the timber that might have furnished employment for our people has been towed across Lake Huron to give work to the citizens of a country that will not even allow a Canadian to sail in one of its vessels unless he forswears his allegiance to his native land.

BOLDRICK'S PROVERBS

Don't travel in a railroad car with a silk hat and fine suit and carrying a black paste board valise. They don't harmonize, especially if you have a faded green umbrella under your arm. Don't wear slovenly and badly cut clothing, while you can add so much to your personal appearance at J. BOLDRICK & SON'S General Clothing Store. Don't believe in the Cheap John's who use the sliding system of some goods for cost, while others are 40 per cent., and telling you they are selling under cost and all that you may prosper by them. Don't take any stock in men who are members of a dozen or more societies, for their patronage. Go to the stylish, go ahead, ever reliable, one price Gentlemen's Clothing Store, where you can always secure good clothing, well made and even with the times at

J. BOLDRICK & SON.

MARMORA
The MANUFACTURING CENTRE
OF NORTH HASTINGS.

MR. T. P. PEARCE wishes to announce to the readers of the NEWS-ARGUS and the public that the WOOLLEN, SAW and PLANING MILLS, and SASH and DOOR FACTORY, are fully equipped with the best Machinery, and we are prepared to furnish to order, Lumber of all kinds, Lath, Shingles, Sash, Doors, Blinds, Finishing Lumber, Mouldings, Frames, Turnings, etc., always in stock.

MR. D. MITCHELL is in charge of the Woollen Mill, and is prepared to exchange full lines of our own manufacture of Tweeds, Flannels, Yarns, Blankets, etc., and will also pay CASH FOR No. 1 CLEAN WOOL.

CUSTOM CARDING AND SPINNING DONE ON SHORT NOTICE.

TO THE TRADE:

We can offer Goods that will pay you well to inspect.
Come and see our different lines of Manufacture.
TERMS STRICTLY CASH OR EXCHANGE.

J. W. PEARCE, MANAGER.

Marmora, May, 1892

SNAP SHOTS
In BOOTS AND SHOES at
BROWN & McCUTCHEON'S!

—:o:—

Ladies' Fine Kid Button Boots, Ladies' Fine Shoes. Men's Fine Shoes. Men's Plough Boots. Remember we will not be undersold. These Boots are of a first class quality.

A fine lot of French Calf and Kip for our custom work.

Repairing neatly done. All work guaranteed. Five per cent. off for Cash. We keep the "Perfect Kid Polish." Try it; warranted not to injure the leather.

BROWN & McCUTCHEON.

GEO. RITCHIE & CO.,

—IMPORTERS OF—

DELAINES,
CHALLIES,
MUSLINS,
SATEENS,
PRINTS, &c.

—:o:—

A beautiful assortment of thin black, and black and white, wool goods, for summer wear.

WRITE FOR SAMPLES.

GEO. RITCHIE & CO.,
BELLEVILLE.

PAY UP!

All parties indebted to us, either by Note or Book Account, are requested to call and settle without further notice.

H. & J. WARREN.

P. S.—Interest charged on overdue accounts.

The cholera scourge has reached Meshed, Persia.

Reports from Indiana and Illinois tell of great destruction by floods, including the drowning of many cattle and hogs.

Diamond back moths, which were so disastrous to the crops in England in 1891, have reappeared in Yorkshire and North Lincolnshire.

The Captain of a steamship lately arrived at New York reports that on May 21, in latitude 43 degrees 21 minutes, longitude 48 degrees 26 minutes, a large iceberg was sighted. The passengers on deck thought that they saw human beings on top of the iceberg, but when the steamer came closer to the ice it was discovered that two polar bears were piloting the ice mountain to southern seas.

Do women know why it is that astrakhan or Persian lamb coats so much? It isn't because in and of itself it is especially beautiful or especially becoming, for it is neither. It is the cost of life they are paying for. Just as the female is about to give birth to the kid, she is killed, and the skin stripped from the unborn, but often living little one. This inhuman practise is owing to the fact that only in this way can the soft, fine silkiness of the fur be preserved. After birth it becomes harsh and wiry. Two lives have to be taken to get one small skin, and that is what makes astrakhan so dear. This, too, is why I shudder when I see a woman wearing an astrakhan coat or cape. Is a fashion worth following that is so prodigal of life as this? It is no more than the slaughter of seals and birds for fashion's sake, and the slow torture of the goose for the *pate de foie gras* that makes the epicure happy. And these are bad enough.—*Celia Logan, in Zion's Herald.*

A man who gives his name as Cyrus R. Toed is holding out near Chicago in a role similar to Prince Michael's. He has half a hundred dupes who have deserted their homes and husbands to worship him. In various other parts of the United States blasphemous pretenders of the same sort flourish. In New York these Teachers are called Mahatmas because Theosophy is considered "English" and the "correct" name there. All these societies are grossly immoral in character. None are admitted except those who have money or beauty, or both. Prince Michael's organization, in comparison to the Theosophists, would only represent the plebian element or substratum of the movement. The "scientific" impression is that the baleful influence which thus seduces women from their vows and faith is hypnotism, but more sceptical mortals incline to the opinion that only weak-minded and hysterical women are led astray by men who possess no greater power for evil than their fellows. This latter is the same theory, and if the paternal laws of the great republic would deal with such blackguards as they deserve to be dealt with, there would be less nonsense heard about hypnotism and humbug, which people are getting sick of lately.

The Queen has offered Lord Salisbury a dukedom.

It is now thought that horses suffer a great deal from toothache. A veterinary surgeon says that many runaways attributed to viciousness are caused by this pain. Horses' teeth are very subject to decay, and no attention is paid to dentistry for their benefit, as ought to be the case. Thus it sometimes happens that the metal bit striking upon the exposed nerve of a tooth will set the animal wild in a moment, and start him off upon the run. In fact, for the time being, the poor beast is actually crazy, and not responsible for what he does.

John S. Allan, better known as "Jack" Allan, son and heir of Andrew A. Allan, one of the millionaire partners in the Allan Royal Mail Steamship Company, has eloped with the wife of R. Y. Hebden, formerly prominently connected with the Bank of Montreal and at present joint manager of the New York branch of that institution. Both belong to the very best society in Montreal and Allan leaves a young and beautiful wife and five children, while Mrs. Hebden leaves three children. Their whereabouts are unknown. The intimacy between Allan and Mrs. Hebden has been a matter of gossip for a long time. They had seemed to know all contrairs to the winds, riding, driving, skating and attending the theatre together openly. Some time ago Mrs. Allan called her husband up over the telephone. He said he was going driving with Mrs. Hebden, and she said if he was all relations with him were at an end and immediately thereafter she packed up and with her children left for Europe. A separation is said to have been agreed to prior to her departure. Allan has a wild record. His father is almost prostrated.

Makes Flesh and Blood.

When the system is all run down and there seems to be no hope of obtaining nourishment for the body by the ordinary process of food supply and digestion, when the body is wasting away, that is the time to use Miller's Emulsion of pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil. It always works wonders, because it is a flesh and blood maker, and contains all the constituents for nourishment found in wheat, in fact Miller's Emulsion is a perfect "staff of life" and has saved and cured thousands. In big bottles, 50c. and $1, at Dr. Parker's drug store.

Oh, What a Cough!

Will you heed the warning. The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease Consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of saving 50c. to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will cure your cough. It never fails.

Births.

In Springbrook, on May 27th, the wife of P. WELCH, of a daughter.

In Stirling, on May 29th inst., the wife of GEO. SMITH, of a son.

THE BEST OF THEM ALL.

We have the LARGEST, BEST ASSORTED and MOST COMPLETE STOCK to be found in Stirling, equal to most City Stocks.

A FULL STOCK OF

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, CARPETS,

BOOTS, SHOES AND GROCERIES,

ALL IN ONE LARGE STORE.

In Boots and Shoes we buy from James McCready & Co., Ames, Holden & Co., and Cochrane, Cassels & Co. No need to tell any person they are the best. Our Stock is all new. No old shop worn, dried out, goods. It is a well known fact that Boots that have been in stock a long time will not wear over half as long as new goods.

Extraordinary Bargains In Prints, over 200 Pieces to choose from. The very best English goods, 33 inches wide, for 10c, sold everywhere else for 12½ and 15c.

Dress Goods, every shade and price. All wool Delaines only 15c. per yard.

Hoisery and Gloves of every kind. Ladies' Black Hose, 3 pairs for 25c.

Piles of Clothing sold cheaper than some other merchants can buy it. A good Bat and Ball free with every Boy's Suit.

We can promise you better value for your money than you have ever had.

Be not deceived by any catch penny dealer. We have put down the prices and we will keep them down. We are in a position to do it. No thanks to other dealers now to sell you cheap (if indeed they do,) because we have forced them to. But no matter what you see, or where you see it, come to us and we will give you better value for your money.

W. H. SMILLIE & CO.,
STIRLING.

"House cleaning days have come again,
The saddest of the year."

BUT before you begin work call and see our immense new stock of

WALL PAPER.

The sight will cheer you up, put you in good humor, and nerve you for the disagreeable job. And while you are in, don't fail to inspect our PRINTS, GINGHAMS, SHIRTINGS, COTTONADES, DRESS GOODS, and the thousand and one other lines which cannot be enumerated for want of space.

A full stock of GROCERIES always on hand. Be sure and ask for a sample of our 22c TEA. Good value at 30cts.

TERMS, CASH.

P. WELCH, & CO.

Springbrook, April 1, 1892.

APOTHECARIES' HALL!

New Goods for Summer!

TOILET REQUISITES:

PERFUMES.—An entire new variety of fragrant odours.

A fine line of Choice Toilet Soaps.

Brushes for Clothes, Hair, Teeth and Nails.

Whisks, Combs, Mirrors, and everything to keep up appearance.

New Hammocks,

Croquet, Hard and Soft Rubber Balls, Celluloid Balls, Indian clubs Fishing Tackle, etc.

R. PARKER.

Dissolution of Partnership!

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, in the Furniture business in Stirling, has been dissolved. All debts due the late firm must be paid to James Ralph, who will also settle all claims against the late firm.

JAMES RALPH.
W. J. REYNOLDS.

Stirling, Feb. 9th, 1892.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE BUSINESS CARRIED ON BY THE late firm of Ralph & Reynolds will be continued by the undersigned, who will keep on hand a large and well assorted stock of Furniture of all kinds. Also, Undertaking promptly attended to.

Parties indebted to the late firm of Ralph & Reynolds will please call and settle without delay either by cash or note.

JAMES RALPH.

JOHN McGEE,

—DEALER IN—

HARNESS,

WHIPS, COMBS, BRUSHES,

TRUNKS, VALISES, SATCHELS,

SUMMER RUGS, RUBBER RUGS, FLY NETS.

ALSO, SADDLERY HARDWARE,

REPAIRING DONE ON SHORTEST NOTICE.

JOHN McGEE.

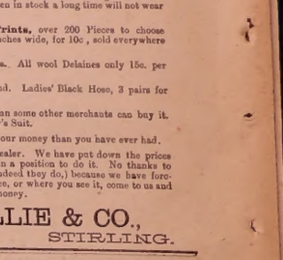
STIRLING MARKETS.

Wheat, 85c. to 87c.
Barley, 40 to 47c.
Two-rowed Barley, 55c. to 60c.
Rye, 80 to 80c.
Peas, large, 86c. to 90c.
Peas, small, 60c. to 65c.
Buckwheat, 40 to 45c.
Butter, 16 to 18c.
Eggs, 9c. to 10c.
Potatoes, per bag, 25 to 25c.
Hams, 11 to 8c.
Smoked Ham, 8 to 9c.
Pork, 6c. to 6½c.
Barrel Pork, 8 to 10c.
Bacon, rolled, 10c. to 11c.
Lard, 10c. to 12c.
Chickens, per pair, 40c. to 50c.
Apples, per bar, 50 to 60c.
Dried Apples, $0.90 per bushel

SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE.

This GREAT COUGH CURE, this successful CONSUMPTION CURE, is without a parallel in the history of medicine. All druggists are authorized to sell it on a positive guarantee, a test that no other cure can successfully stand. If you have a Cough, Sore Throat, or Bronchitis, use it, for it will cure you. If your child has the Croup, or Whooping Cough, use it promptly, and relief is sure. If you dread that insidious disease CONSUMPTION, *don't fail* to use it, it will cure you or cost nothing. Ask your Druggist for SHILOH'S CURE, Price 10 cts., 50 cts. and $1.00.

HARDWARE!



Paint Oil, White Lead and Varnish,

Alabastine and Kalsomine,

STOVES AND TINWARE,

BRASS AND COPPER WIRE,

Pine and Cedar Shingles for Sale.

I would say to those who are building that I will not be undersold by Belleville or Trenton.

Highest Price Paid For Eggs.

L. MEIKLEJOHN.

MEDICAL HALL.

A COMPLETE STOCK OF

Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Brushes, Patent Medicines, Genuine Coloring Stuffs, School Books, Crayons, Stationery, Druggist's Sundries and Fancy articles. All of which will be sold at lowest cash prices.

A fresh supply of Canned Fruit from the Picton Canning Factory.

Calls, at all hours, punctually attended to.

G. H. BOULTER, M. D.

ASTHMA CURED DR. TAFT'S ASTHMALENE never fails; send your address and we will mail free trial bottle. DR. TAFT BROS., 183 Adelaide St., W., TORONTO, CANADA. ROCHESTER, N. Y. Canadian Dept. FREE.

Scientific American Agency for

PATENTS

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Caveats and *Re-Issues* secured. *Trade-Marks* registered, and all other patent causes in the Patent Office and before the Courts promptly and carefully prosecuted.

Upon receipt of *model or sketch* of invention, I make careful examination and advise as to patentability *free of charge.*

With my offices *directly across from the Patent Office,* and being in personal attendance there, it is apparent that I have superior facilities for making prompt preliminary searches; for the more vigorous and successful prosecution of applications for patent, and for attending to all business entrusted to my care in the shortest possible time.

FEES MODERATE, and *exclusive advice given on patent business.* Information, advice and special correspondence sent on request.

J. R. LITTLE,
Solicitor and Attorney in Patent Causes,
Washington, D. C.,
Opposite U. S. Patent Office.

(Mention this paper.)

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A JOURNAL FOR ADVERTISERS.

Is issued on the first and fifteenth days of each month, and is the representative journal—the trade journal of American advertisers. It indicates to the inexperienced advertiser how, when, and where he should advertise; how to write an advertisement; how to display any; what newspapers to use; how much money to expend—in fact, discusses on every point that admits of profitable discussion. Advertising is an art practised by many but understood by few. The conductors of PRINTERS' INK understand it, and their advice is based on an experience of more than twenty-five years in placing advertising contracts for many of the largest and most successful advertisers. A year's subscription costs but One Dollar; sample copies Free. Address:—

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.,
Newspaper Advertising Bureau,
10 Spruce St., New York.

THE NEWS-ARGUS

$1.00 per year.

The News-Argus to Jan. 1, 50c.

The Stirling News-Argus.

$1.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE. | $1.25 IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

STIRLING, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT., FRIDAY, JUNE 10, 1892.

Vol. XIII, No. 39.

THE

Stirling News-Argus

Is published every Friday morning at the office of publication, North street, Stirling, first door north of Parker's drug store, by

JAMES CURRIE.

Subscription Price, $1.00 per year,

If paid in advance. If not so paid, $1.25 will be charged.

Correspondence is invited on all legitimate subjects, the real name of the writer to be furnished the editor in every case. This rule can have no exception.

ADVERTISING RATES.

For ordinary business advertisements:

Charge PER INCH per week for one inch inserted for

	1 year.	6 mos.	3 mos
Whole col. down to half col.	7c.	8c.	9c.
Half col. down to quarter col.	8	9	10
Quarter col. down to 1 inches.	9	10	11

If inserted less than three months 1 cent extra on above rates. If less than two months 2 cents extra on above rates. If less than one month 3 cents extra on above rates.

These rates to be confined to the ordinary business of the commercial houses, and for such they will not be held to include Auction Sales, Removals, Co-partnership Notices, Private Advertisements of individual members of firms, property to let or for sale, etc.

Two inches, $10 per year; $6 for six months; $4 for three months; $3 for two months; $2 for one month. One inch, $6 per year. Professional cards, limited to six lines, $4 per year. A column measures twenty inches.

Advertisements may be changed at the option of advertisers without extra charge.

Transient advertisements, 5c. per line first insertion, 3c. per line each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements without specific instructions inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly.

Births, Marriages and Deaths inserted free.

JOB PRINTING of every description executed in neat and fashionable style, and on short notice.

The News-Argus to Jan. 1, 50c.

Flood and Fire.

A Terrible Disaster in Pennsylvania.

A despatch from Pittsburg on Saturday last says:—

The oil region was visited by an awful disaster of flood and fire this morning early. A cloud burst at Titusville and another at Oil City. Both cities are inundated, and people have fled to the hills, men, women and children being on the housetops waiting to be rescued. To add to the horror, several refineries were struck by lightning, and property not destroyed by water is being consumed by fire. At 3 o'clock this afternoon half the city of Titusville is reported in flames, and at Oil City it is feared the entire town is doomed to destruction.

The loss of life is large, but the reports are conflicting. One despatch says 50 persons were drowned in Titusville and a large number burned to death. At Oil City eleven persons are reported burned. Telegraphic communication is badly interrupted. The Western Union wires are down and for a time Oil City was completely cut off.

At Titusville four of the largest refineries are on fire, and the Corbrabant hotel on half mile in length is now burning up.

The flood appears to have been general throughout northern Pennsylvania. A telegram from Meadville says the damage done cannot be now estimated. The gorge which formed in a deep ravine north of the town, forming a lake three acres in extent, to a depth of 50 feet deep broke and swept half the city. The New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio railway east of Meadville is damaged beyond a month's time. No deaths are reported, but in the loss of property the result is frightful.

At 4:30 o'clock this afternoon a telegram was received from Titusville, placing the loss of life at 150 in that town. The water came up suddenly from Oil Creek and flooded the whole place as far as Spring street, forming a lake nearly half a mile in width and about two thirds of a mile in length. A short time after the Anne Oil Refinery was struck by lightning and fire added terror to the scene. The flames spread with rapidity and soon the fine blocks from Perry to Drake streets, including Wealth's Hall and Mack's store, and from the Western New York and Pennsylvania R.R. to Spring street were laid waste. A half dozen of the largest oil refineries, among them the Rice & Robinson's Schwartz,s and the Acme were burned. The only buildings said to be now standing in the city are those occupied as the Titusville iron works and the depot of the W. N. Y. and P.R.R. The water began to recede about noon and is now going down rapidly. A large number of bodies have been recovered and the work is still going on.

A despatch from Oil City says the loss of life there will probably reach 200. Emelton, another village adjacent to Oil City and Titusville, is also reported to have suffered greatly from the flood.

The latest reports from the flood and fire at Oil City and Titusville serve to make the situation even worse than at first reported. At Oil City 200 persons are believed to have been drowned or burned to death; while at Titusville the loss of life is placed at 150. At the latter place 700 people are homeless, and at Oil City 750 are similarly situated. The property loss is estimated at over two and one half million dollars.

Vast Mineral Resources.

HOW ONTARIO WILL ADVERTISE HER GREAT NATURAL WEALTH AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

The World's Fair at Chicago will be the first exhibition that has ever done justice to the minerals of Ontario. Canada has been allotted 10,000 feet altogether for minerals, of which Ontario should have at least 4,000 feet, while 5,000 feet will be used if it can be obtained. These minerals come from all sections of the Province. From the immediate country north-east of Toronto comes lead, copper, iron, gold, marble, graphite, mica, asbestos, and phosphate of lime. Then from Western Ontario comes gypsum, petroleum, marl, salt terra-cotta clay, and various kinds of building stone. Around Sudbury and on the north shore of Lake Huron are found rich deposits of nickel, copper and iron, while further west again are silver, marble and lead; in fact these are found all over the northern portion of the Province.

A fact not generally known, even in the Province itself, but which this exhibit will fully show the world, is that in various parts of Ontario, such as Renfrew, Cornwall, Frontenac and some of the northern districts, the finest marbles and granites, gray, black, white and brown, to be obtained anywhere in the world are found.

Hon. A. S. Hardy, Commissioner of Crown Lands, is determined to have the mineral resources of this Province properly advertised to the world, and looks at the coming fair as Ontario's opportunity. By his direction every effort is being made to assist the Ontario Commissioner for the fair to secure a collection worthy of the Province, and which it is is naturally well able to produce.

We might also add that the County of Hastings is rich in minerals of most all descriptions, as well as beautiful marble, as fine as can be found anywhere. A fine display of minerals could be made from this County alone.

June Snow and Frost.

ST. PAUL, June 5.—Despatches received this evening say that a great snowstorm is raging west of the Missouri river in South Dakota. At Deadwood snow has been falling fiercely for 10 hours and lies on the ground to the depth of 10 inches. Traffic is almost suspended and the temperature has fallen below the freezing point. Nothing of the sort has ever before occurred in June in the Northwest in the history of the signal service.

The Presidential election in the United States is beginning to occupy the attention of the people and from now until next Nov. while it will be the principal topic. The Republican Convention will meet at Minneapolis on Tuesday last, but as yet has hardly got settled down to business. The only two names as yet before the convention are those of Harrison and Blaine, and the friends of each party feel confident. Blaine created a great sensation by his suddenly resigning his position as Secretary of State on Saturday last. This was evidently done with the intention of putting himself fairly in the field as Presidential candidate in opposition to Harrison, though he had positively stated in a letter last winter that he would not be a candidate. His conduct in this respect is looked upon by Harrison's friends as contemptible, and there is a very bitter feeling between the two parties. Should either of the two men be chosen by the Convention, it is likely this ill-feeling will be intensified rather than otherwise; and therefore should the Democratic Convention make choice of a good man, like Cleveland, there would seem to be a good prospect of his election. As far as Blaine is concerned he has always appeared to have a bitter enmity to Great Britain, and for this cause alone we would not regret his defeat. The Democratic Convention meets at Chicago on the 21st of June.

The Federation of Women's Clubs has issued an edict against the filthy trailing skirt.

Adam Davidson, an alleged gambler, of Winnipeg, who was sent to jail under the Vagrancy Act, has been released on appeal and the gamblers are jubilant.

Alderman G. F. Fankland's Impressions of Manitoba.

The Dominion of Canada—how vast, how rich. Manitoba with her boundless prairies brings to my recollection the words of Bryant:

"There are the gardens of the desert; these
The unknown fields, boundless and beautiful,
For which the speech of England has no name:
The prairies, I behold you for the first time,
And my heart swells, while the dilated sight
Takes in the encircling vastness."

During last fall I was wandering through Southern Manitoba, talking with the farm stock-breeding thoroughbreds, for unfortunately their industry is confined principally (through lack of funds) to the growing of wheat, oats and barley, and thousands of acres of grass and wild pea vine, these are going to waste for want of cattle. And if the pioneers were better off it would not be so; for two years from this fall must pay their wheat, and the few cattle they possessed had to be sold to meet their bills. However, last year of plenty will assist in making a change, and their lands will be utilized for different lines of agriculture. I am sorry to write that money is very dear to the farmers, and exorbitant interest is demanded for small sums that are borrowed from local money lenders. It does seem strange to me when a man is down the tread-mill he receives is not ashamed to put his name on his feet again. One poor fellow gave his note for $100 for six weeks until he got his first crop marketed, and he paid over received $76. And yet, notwithstanding all these difficulties, Manitoba is solid and developing well, for it was clearly demonstrated to my mind some miles from Minnedosa that necessity is the mother of invention, for I came across a farmer who had built a stable on the side of a bluff, covering it with small poplar trees and then placed square cut sods upon them that made a good warm roof, and as he had 10 acres of very fine turnips and a large quantity of frozen wheat and oats he had contracted to feed 50 eleven hundred pound steers for 190 days for $20 each, and guaranteed to make them fat fitted for export to Great Britain. I saw the cattle and took note of the man and his pile of feed, and I felt assured that a man of energy and pluck that he appeared to be, who could build such a stable, dig a well under the same roof over an eternal spring, would never say fail. It is such men as these that are moulding Manitoba, for they have no sympathy with cow-boys and cattle ranches, but believe in domestic farming.

I was engaged late one day in visiting several cattle breeders and was obliged to sleep in Manitou, therefore, I had to drive across a sea of prairie some 25 miles on Sunday morning to Pilot Mound, as I had promised to go with friends to hear a Rev. Dr. Lane preach some missionary sermons, for be it known that the little village of Pilot Mound is as full of churches as Toronto, comparatively speaking—the Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist, and the dear old Church of England, and a corporal's guard of the Salvation army. If I could write with the pen of Faith Fenton I would describe my lonely drive on that beautiful, sunny Sabbath morning across the solitude. But stay, I met fathers and mothers and children walking and driving, not from some place of worship, but they looked happy. I will close by quoting again from Bryant:

"From the ground
Comes up the laughing of children, the soft voice
Of maidens, and the sweet and solemn hymn
Of Sabbath worshippers. The low of herds
Blends with the rustling of the heavy grain
Over the dark brown furrows. All at once
A softer wind sweeps by, as one breaks my dream
And I am in the wilderness alone."

The crops were marvellously great, and God has bountifully blessed the farmers of this western part of our Dominion.—*Farmers' Advocate.*

Artesian Wells.

Very few people have an adequate conception of the character of the artesian wells of South Dakota. Just what the average artesian well is and for what purpose such wells are drilled, are matters of almost universal knowledge, but the fact that the artesian wells of South Dakota are to be separately classed among the wonders of the world, has had but little publicity.

The wells in that section are marvels, and the development of the artesian district promises to be really wonderful. The artesian wells of the James River Valley are not only to be estimated in gallons of water, but in tons of power. They are to be and now are, to that section, what the water power is at Minneapolis, at Sioux Falls, or at Great Falls, Mont. They are the great source of machine power that is to set the wheels of industry in motion in a hundred prairie towns and cities. These wells have supplanted steam in many places, and are proving to be a great and economical force.

The Risden well at Huron gives some idea of the enormous force of that vast body of water which underlies, so it is claimed, about 40,000 square miles of territory. The greatest development of the artesian field is in the James River Valley, embracing about 8,000 square miles of productive soil. The amount of water these wells supply is incredible. No such wells have been "struck" elsewhere. They are matchless for pressure as a motive power, and as a source of water supply for cities and as reservoirs for irrigation have no equal.

Take the city of Huron, S. D., as an example. The old Huron well was put down in 1886. It now takes the place of the Holly system of water works, and has been operated at great expense. This well is 862 feet deep, with a 5⅝ inch pipe at the bottom.

It cost about $4 per foot, and is now an automatic water supply, furnishing fire pressure and motive power for printing presses and other machinery in Huron.

The pressure at the well is 120 pounds per square inch, and is kept at seventy pounds in the mains, of which there are three miles, supplying twenty-two fire hydrants, six water mains, two miles in length, and the water consumers. The waste pipe at the well discharges 600 gallons per minute into the James River, so it will be seen that the capacity of this single well has not been overtaxed by the wants of over 3,000 people.

There are now more than 300 wells in South Dakota, and several are being drilled. The deeper the well the greater the flow and pressure. These wells are tapped in the sandstone at from 600 to 1,000 feet—that is, with the exception of the deep wells. Farm wells for individual use are often shallow and the pressure and flow limited, not being sufficient for power, but the water is obtained near the surface. Deep wells capable of furnishing motive power, furnishing cities with water, and supplying a vast irrigation system are bored into the sandstone. There are about 100 of these now flowing, and they are found in a belt comprising 200 miles north and south and 140 miles east and west in South Dakota, but most of them are in the James River Valley.

Huron has four deep wells. The Risden well belches forth 2,250 gallons of water per minute, has a pressure of 175 pounds per square inch, and when a photograph was taken was throwing a two-and-a-half-inch stream 128 feet skyward.—Chicago Times.

Toronto Industrial Exhibition will be held from the 5th to 17th of September.

The town of McCook, Nebraska, was devastated by a cyclone on Saturday. The Congregational church was wrecked to the foundation and about 60 children, who were rehearsing for an entertainment, were buried in the ruins. None were killed, but many had legs and arms broken and it is feared some will die. Nearly 200 other children had just gone home.

County and District Items.

Potatoes are offered in Belleville at 25c. per bag.

Bicycles are prohibited from running on the sidewalk in the city of Belleville.

The new hotel at Thousand Island Park will be called the Columbian hotel as this is the year of the World's Fair.

The village of Eganville has purchased a steam fire engine from the Waterous Co., of Brantford at a cost of $2,200.

Shovellers employed by the Kingston and Montreal Forwarding Company at Portsmouth made $125 each during the month of May.

Inspector Sweetnam has concluded his inspection of the Kingston post-office regarding the disappearance of a registered letter containing $100. One clerk is taxed $66.66 and another $33.34.

Mr. C. B. Macdonald, a prominent citizen of Campbellford, died suddenly on Sunday from heart failure. He was buried on Tuesday, the funeral services being in charge of the Oddfellows and Foresters, he having been a member of both of these societies.

John Maclaren, second son of the late millionaire Maclaren of Buckingham, Que., was married at Montreal on June 1st to Miss Emma Forin. The bridegroom settled $50,000 on the bride as a wedding present. They have gone to Europe for a three months wedding trip.

Mr. Gibson, son of the late Henry Gibson, of Pembroke, claims to have discovered placer gold in the Sudbury district. He claims that the nuggets are as fine sand weighing as high as $105 a ton. Mr. Gibson has purchased the land and intends forming a company to work it.

Messrs. D. W. Karn and R. W. Knight, of Woodstock, obtained judgment for $6,000 and $4,000 respectively at Osgoode Hall last week in their legal contest with the Grand Trunk over the Bronson St. George bridge accident. All the plaintiffs in the St. George case settled with the railway but the two gentlemen named. So far the case has cost $50,000.

The propeller Glengarry was partially destroyed by fire while lying at her dock in Kingston on the night of June 1st. The cook a Mrs. Lamb, of Georgetown, was severely burned, and jumped overboard and was drowned. The damage to propeller and cargo is estimated at $10,000. All her cargo of Manitoba wheat is damaged by water.

Rev. J. M. Hodson, who has been pastor of the Bridge Street Methodist Church, Belleville, for the past three years, was on Monday evening last waited on by members of his church and presented with an address and presented with an address and $120 in gold. The Bible class also presented an address and $10 in gold. Rev. Mr. Hodson and wife left on Tuesday for an extended trip in Great Britain and Europe.

The wife of C. P. R. Section Foreman Taylor of Mattawa, who was alone in the house with her two children observed a tramp coming in the direction of the house. She barricaded the door, and armed herself with her husband's revolver, and when the tramp appeared at the window fired at him with the pistol under his nose and frightened him away. After the tramp had left the woman decided to examine the revolver, when, as usual, it was discharged, the ball lodged in her sister's abdomen. Dr. Haentschel was summoned, but decided that probing would be danger. ous. The woman is very low.

SOLD AGAIN.—The Deseronto *Tribune* says:—Several business men are being unmercifully guyed by their friends for allowing themselves to be victimized by an itinerant pedlar who struck town the other day. He visited a shop and purchased some tweeds, which were old stock which the firm could not dispose of very easily. He then proceeded to carry out his scheme, which consisted in persuading his victims that the cloth was the genuine Scotch article, which he had smuggled in free of duty and which he would sell at a sacrifice. The bait took and the goods were purchased for three times what they were worth. It is surprising how people will be gulled by every adventurer who puts in an appearance.

An Immense Aerolite.

What is believed to be the largest aerolite ever known to have fallen is lying in the Caspian sea, a short distance from the peninsula of Apsheron. In falling the aerolite made a most fearful noise as it rushed through the air with incredible speed, and the white hot mass made a light that illuminated the country and sea round about for a great distance. Those who saw it were struck dumb with consternation. When it struck the water immense clouds of steam arose, and the hissing could be heard for a great distance. Huge masses of water were thrown upward, and the sight to those who were not frightened was a most beautiful one. So enormous is the aerolite that it projects 12 feet above the water, and, save for its fused black crust, which gives it the appearance of having been varnished, it has every appearance of being one of the usual rocky formation met with along the coast. Scientists are deeply interested in the phenomenon, and a number of them are making preparations to visit the peninsula to examine the aerolite.

Hon. Messrs. Bowell and Foster left last week on another mission to Washington.

A terrible mining accident took place last week at Birkenberg, Bohemia. It is believed that fully 400 men lost their lives.

The heavy rain of Thursday in Windsor, Ont., caused the flooding of the electric railway and cars were stopped. Many cellars were flooded.

The extension of several lines of the Canadian Pacific Railway will be continued vigorously during the present season in southwestern Manitoba, and into the Territories, which bodes well for that section of the province. The Souris branch, completed last season as far as Oakburn, is being rushed through to the coal fields in southern Assiniboia; the connection between the Deloraine branch and the Souris branch and south and east of Souris, and a further branch westward from Montreith to the well-settled Pipestone district is contemplated. It is also announced that the company will begin grading an important line from the southern Assiniboia coal fields, before mentioned, away to the main line at Regina or Moosejaw, and an opening up of large areas of fine farming country, another line from Fort McLeod to the Crow's Nest Pass.

The tide of emigration seems to be setting in strongly towards Manitoba and the Northwest this season. A Winnipeg despatch says:—Dominion Emigration Agent Campbell has just been advised that a large party of settlers have recently left South Dakota for this country and are driving across country, having in the aggregate 450 head of stock. This makes the third large party this season from that state. Besides this, settlers and their stock and effects are arriving daily from North Dakota, Minnesota and other states. A party of 25 settlers arrived from North Dakota on Thursday last, and they all left the city the following day for different parts of the province and the Northwest. Several people also arrived from Michigan on Thursday and are now on their way west to inspect the country. Mr. Campbell has just received a telegram advising him that another party left Michigan on Tuesday and will be here on Friday. In every state across the line where practical work was done last winter and spring most encouraging results have followed. The tide has certainly turned in this direction.

Village Council.

Minutes of a regular meeting of the Municipal Council held on Monday evening, the 6th inst.

Present, W. S. Martin, Reeve, F. B. Parker, Lyman Wright and Urial Wright.

The following accounts were presented and ordered to be paid:—

Jas. Wescott, drawing 3 loads plank from Anson..... 2 loads..... $2.25
John S. Brown..... 2 loads..... 1.50

Moved by F. B. Parker, seconded by Urial Wright, that Rina McKim's account for cedar amounting to $31.00 be paid as soon as due. Carried.

Mr. Wright gave notice that he would at the next meeting of this council introduce a By-law to repeal By-laws 43 and 88, relating to cattle running at large within the corporation.

On motion the council adjourned to meet again on Monday evening, the 13th inst.

Pursuant to adjournment, the Court of Revision resumed, the above members being present.

Moved by F. B. Parker, seconded by Urial Wright, that this Court of Revision adjourn until Monday evening, the 13th, inst. Carried.

JOHN S. BLACK, Clerk.

The damage by floods in Western Ontario has been widespread.

Crops are progressing remarkably well in the Northwest territories and farmers, especially new arrivals, are delighted with prospects.

While the west is suffering from floods the state of Maine is suffering from drought. Lake Sebago is eight feet and nine inches below its normal level at this season.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY FOR JUNE, 1892.

A hasty glance through the June number of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY shows many very attractive and interesting articles. Taken from a literary and pictorial standpoint it is fully up to the mark of previous issues. Rev. F. G. Scott—whose works, "The Soul's Quest," "Lyrics of Life," "Hazlewood," etc., have gained such favourable notice—contributes a short story called "The Bluff Marsie," dealing with a remarkable incident which occurred in the Eastern Townships many years. That ever-charming writer, "Seranis"—Mrs. S. Frances Harrison—gives an excellent paper on "Music and Musicians in Toronto," illustrated with portraits of the leaders in that art. Another prominent Toronto litterateur, Mr. Frank Yeigh, in "A Century Legislature," presents an admirable historical sketch of the men and events connected with the Parliaments of Upper Canada, from the initial Legislature summoned by Governor Simcoe in 1792 down to the present. The series of papers on Canadian amateur sport is continued, this month's subject being "Canoeing" the paper deals with the development of this health-giving pastime from the primitive "dug-out" to the trim and well-fitted canoe now in use; the illustrations to this article are exceptionally good. The science of fiction, so much talked about just now, is well treated by Mr. John Reade, F. R. S. C., in this paper. "Opportunities for the Study of Folk-Lore in Canada," is bound to awaken much interest in a country so rich in legend and tradition as this is. Miss McLaren's Kicking Bee" is an amusing story of country life in Ontario, and the quaint customs formerly in vogue there. Miss MacLeod writes this month of Winchester Cathedral and School, and gives a most entertaining description of a visit to these historic and beautiful places. "Jeanette" is concluded; another paper of "Scraps and Snaps," by F. Blake Crofton, appears; and two short poems—one by Sophie M. Almon Hensley, the other by the late Goodwin Gates Roberts—will be of interest to lovers of verse. Nearly all the articles are illustrated, adding much to their interest.

The extra supplement this month is a fine half-tone engraving of the late Hon. Alex. Mackenzie, which we are sure will be greatly appreciated; it is well worth framing.

Canadians of all classes should support this magazine; it is the first high-class illustrated monthly that has ever yet hailed from the Dominion. The price, $1.50 a year, is absurdly low. The Sabiston Lithographic and Publishing Company, of Montreal and Toronto, are the publishers.

HOUSEHOLD.

Keep up With the Children.

She was a woman of middle age, thin and plain, with no claim to comeliness except the eager, dark eyes shining starlike from a wistful, care-lined face. Twenty years ago she had slipped her trustful hand into that of another, and counting the world well lost for the sake of her love and faith, had entered upon a life of such toil, privation and heroic endurance as only women make in frontier settlements, amid primitive conditions, know.

"I have tried my best," she said simply, "to keep up with the children. Father and I resolved, when our first boy was a baby, that, stint and scrape and contrive as we might, we'd educate all that heaven sent us. And we have done what we could. . I wasn't willing that my children should get ahead of me; I've tried to study their interests with them and to enter into their feelings. I don't want them to outstrip me in the race."

This mother had been one of those to whom early rising and late retiring had been always essential, in order that the routine of the housework should not suffer. In that part of the country where she lived hired help for domestic purposes was almost unheard of; women did their own work, a neighbor's daughter sometimes lending a kind hand in an exigency, and the men of the family doing their share also. But in her determined effort to keep step with her children in their intellectual development, she had in another direction bitterly felt the want she knew for the children boys and girls, had early been pressed into her service, and had, as she explained, "taken hold of what ever was to be done. The boys could make beds and set tables as well as draw water and split wood. The girls were facile housekeepers, with a practical knowledge of cooking and laundry work—in American society as essential in the outfit for life to the richest as to the poorest. Though the living in the household was plain, it was abundant, and the ideal set before the family was something nobler than a mere strife for wealth. Everything was open and above board. Books were read and prized in common, and so much was going on to interest everybody that there was no temptation to devour poisonous tidbits in secret. So it came to pass that the keeping up with the children brought great good in its wake.

At last a day dawned when the mother felt as if the strain had been set in a wall of separation. Two of her brood had found their wings. A daughter was going to college. A man was entering upon a business career. The little wistful woman yearned to keep pace with them both, yearned perhaps to ordain the pathway of both, as she always had done. But it was inevitable that there should be some parting of the roads. Brave as she was, she kept down a heartache under her cheery show of courage.

"Have comfort, dear," said her husband, friend who had been through a similar experience. "The children will never outgrow you; you had a good years start of them. And you have so disciplined your mind, and trained your heart, and elevated your own thoughts above the daily rut, the frat, and the strife that you will live in a serene atmosphere, favorable to expansion of every faculty. They may acquire facts, but they will fly like honey-laden bees back to the hive. The mother nest is the rallying point for her children from babyhood to adolescence will never lose them.—Harper's Bazar.

Sensible Outfit for Baby.

The babies of to-day are more comfortably dressed than ten or even five years ago; then every garment was bristling with pins, where now one suffices for the entire wardrobe after the first two or three weeks or when the little flannel band is discarded.

In looking over a little one's outfit I found something which pleased me; it was the Gretchen flannel shirt made long with a box plait in front and back as far as waist line; this arrangement allowed letting out as baby grows. The sleeves are long and sleeves and buttons in the back. The Gretchen skirt similar to the shirt opens on the shoulder and is sleeveless. The waist part is better made of muslin, the skirt of flannel plaited on waist, then the comfortable Mother Hubbard dress and in winter a crocheted sack is added. With the flannel band, diaper and little knit sacks this comprises the day outfit. There should be a change of skirt and dress at night for the child's comfort, and I lift my voice to protest against the rocking, the bouncing and jolting some mothers and even nurses subject the innocent babies to. Far better for mother and child to teach the little one from the first to sleep without perpetual motion. Try it mothers and see.

To Get Rid of Wrinkles.

Wrinkles come first to the girl who laughs the heartiest, to the girl whose face, from chin to forehead, is one broad smile. To defer the coming wrinkles, girls should laugh only with the lips, and never extend the laugh to the corners of the eyes. Girls full of fun will find this difficult to do. Cold, dignified women, whose faces seldom brighten with smiles, rarely have the fewest wrinkles, and to them they come late.

Hints on Glove Mending.

Fine cotton is better than silk thread to mend kid gloves. Cotton soon soils, and, taking the colour of the glove, will not be observed; while silk has a gloss that protests it from harmonizing with the tone of its surrounding, and attention is constantly being called to the fact that your gloves are mended.

For the Table.

A QUICK LAYER CAKE.—Two eggs, one cup of sugar, two heaping cups of flour, two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a scant cup of milk, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Put all the ingredients into a mixing dish and beat vigorously together for five minutes. Bake in four or five sheets. For a raisin filling beat the whites of two eggs until stiff with four tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar then add a cup of seedless raisins chopped fine.

GRAHAM SHORT CAKE.—Two cups of graham flour, two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one half teaspoonful of salt, one and one-half cups of sweet cream. Roll out in two large cakes about half an inch thick. Lay one in a buttered tin, brush over the top with melted butter and lay the other cake upon it. Bake 10 minutes in a quick oven. When done lift off the upper cake and spread sugared strawberries, blackberries or apple sauce between and over the cakes.

CORN MEAL BANNOCKS.—Two cups of corn meal thoroughly wet with sufficient boiling milk to bring it to the consistency of stiff brush. Add two beaten eggs, one level teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of cream. Make into flat cakes and fry in butter or into balls and brown in hot lard.

SNOW BALLS.—One cup of sugar, one cup of flour, two tablespoonfuls of milk, one teaspoonful of baking powder, three eggs. Put one tablespoonful in a buttered cup and steam 20 minutes. Roll while hot in white sugar.

SNOW CAKE.—One and one-half cups of flour, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of milk, whites of four eggs, one cup of fine white sugar. Beat together the sugar and butter, add the milk and one cup of flour; then the half cup of flour into which two scant teaspoonfuls of baking powder have been mixed; lastly add the whites of the eggs beaten stiff and some citron cut fine. Flavor with lemon or almond.

RHUBARB AND BREAD AND BUTTER PUDDING.—Prepare the rhubarb as for a pie; cover the bottom of a pudding dish with slices of bread and butter; cover with a layer of rhubarb cut in short pieces; sprinkle thickly with sugar; put on another layer of bread and butter, and so on until the dish is full. Cover and steam for half an hour; then remove the lid and bake until nicely browned.

MUFFINS.—Scald and cool one cup of milk, add one-fourth cup of yeast, one teaspoonful of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one egg, then add flour to make a "drop" batter. Raise and when ready to bake stir in one tablespoonful of melted butter. Fill little tins two-thirds full and bake in a hot oven.

A DEED OF DARING.

The Gallantry of a Young English Officer in Burmah.

Few more gallant deeds have ever been done than the march on Feb. 9, of which Lieutenant G. F. MacMunn, R. A., an officer of three and a half years' service, sends the following short unofficial account, published by them in the London Times. It is a real pleasure to read his letter, simple as that of a boy, for it enables the reader to understand how the English won, and why they continue to hold, their position in Asia. Mr. MacMunn had been ordered to march with fourteen men, of whom, fortunately for him, twelve were Gookhas, to convey some stores, principally rum, from Myothiha, to Sadon, a small fortified post in Burmah, a distance of about fifty miles. The road was considered perfectly safe, and about twenty days previous to the march in question, when the young lieutenant—and he cannot be above twenty-two—received information which showed that a force of 1,500 Kachyen tribes intended to bar his path. This meant that he must either retreat, or force his way along a rough road continually crossed by streams, and lined with jungle on each side, through

DOWN INTO THE JUNGLE

which might number hundreds, and did number ten times the force with muskets, and sufficiently instructed in the military art to build stockades both of timber and stone. Lieutenant MacMunn, who had just ably served his country and fired in anger in his life, seems not to have doubted for a moment about his duty. The people in Sadon, the Deputy Commissioner, the stores, and he pushed on, to find the enemy holding a ford where the water was up to his shoulders. He plunged in with three Goorkhas, and forded the eighty yards of water, "getting volleyed at awfully," but was left unwounded, and rushed one side of the stockade, and then, bringing over the rest of his men, "rushed" the remaining works. The Kachyens fled, but four miles in advance towards Sadon halted again, constructed another stockade, and made the jungle on each side of the road with musketeers, who poured in, as the Goorkhas advanced, a deadly fire. The Jemadar was shot through the lungs, a Goorkha hit in the ankle, and Lieutenant MacMunn wounded in the wrist; but he went

DOWN INTO THE JUNGLE

with two men only, the remainder forming a rear-guard, and carried the stockade, the Kachyens firing from the trees, and the Englishman and his comrades, as he writes in schoolboy slang, "giving them beans." Sadon was now visible, and encouraged by the sight, Lieutenant MacMunn crossed the but the Kachyens were not tired of the fight, and had erected another stockade, this time of stone, across the road, with a pitch five feet deep and five feet broad in front of it, a proof in itself of their considerable numbers and skill. The lieutenant asked "the boys" if they would "follow straight," and they said they would, "quite mad with fighting, and understanding by this time quite clearly what manner of lad was leading them, "yelled" that they would, and did. Four men out of the ditch, and up to the stockade, and again the Kachyens fled, only to turn once more, and—but we must let Lieutenant MacMunn tell the rest of his story in his own words. Half an hour to repair the road and pull down the stockade; and on and on, wondering where our friends were. (The garrison of Sadon knew nothing of his advancing party or its danger.) One mile on they again fired at us from the jungle; but the stockade was clear, and we hurried on down the hill, where we had not come before, followed by our sappers. On the way down they

BANGED AWAY AT US,

and near the river they had stuck in any amount of pointed spikes in the road, and while we pulled these up they fired again and again, and we volleyed in return. We then hurried down to the bridge; to our dismay it was destroyed, so we had to cross the river by wading down, and very deep it was. It was quite dark, and took us quite half an hour to get everyone across and then the road was blocked with spikes and trees, and the Kachyens fired continually. At last we got to Sadon village, half a mile below the fort which our fellows had made. In the village from every house and corner they fired at us. My horse was shot in the hind leg, the bullet going through the muscle, and a driver was hit too. The Goorkha ponies broke loose and galloped about; the mules went in every direction, and the Goorkhas cursed and blazed away, and still no sign from our friends, and I begin to fear they must have been taken. I put the wounded driver on a pony, and we hurried on, collecting what ponies and mules we could. In ten minutes more we saw the fort, the flag staff, and a shed, and I started off a ringing cheer, followed by my men; bugles rang out, and they cheered in reply, and in another minute we were inside. I was

SURROUNDED BY MEN

on all sides, patting me on the back, holding me up, giving me water, and asking questions." That is to say, Lieutenant MacMunn, a youngster, almost yesterday from Woolwich, had led twelve Goorkhas on a march down a jungle road of twenty-five miles, hampered with mules and commissariat stores; had crossed two rivers by fording, and carried three stockades; doing the whole work under continuous fire from an enemy far superior in numbers, far swifter of foot, and, as far as constructing defences went, almost as clever. Is there any wonder that, after such a march, men in the fort" held the Lieutenant up," or that the Goorkhas knew what a man is admitted that had their leader been hard hit, they could never have got in. It was a small thing, the march, done with a small force and a small loss, but it was a genuine feat of "derring-do" of the old Saxon kind with this result, among others, that wherever that officer goes, or whatever deed he attempts, he may be sure of success (Goorkhas about, though they cannot understand one word in ten he says, he will follow him, who are as brave as he is, comrades who will follow him, if it be straight to inevitable death.

The Sabbath Chime.

As pant the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase;
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
O when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine!

Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God, who will employ
His aid for thee, and chance these sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.

God of my strength, how long shall I
Like one forlorn, mourn,
Forlorn, forsaken, and exposed
To my oppressor's scorn!

My heart is pierced, as with a sword,
While thus my foes upbraid:
"Vain boaster, where is now thy God!
And where his promised aid?"

Why restless, why cast down, my soul!
Hope still; and thou shalt sing
The praise of Him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

The secret of success is constancy of purpose.

The buttresses of "Trajan's Bridge," which are still to be seen on the Danube, are the remains of what was, in some respects, the most remarkable structure ever erected by man. It was not a mere floating bridge of large boats and massive timbers, but was a permanent structure carried on piers 150 feet high and 60 feet wide, comprising twenty arches, extending altogether 4,470 Roman feet.

Our Barley Trade With England.

Following is an extract from an English letter in the Toronto Globe of recent date that will be read with the greatest interest by farmers all over Canada, being, as it is—for a delightful change in these matters—entirely free from party bias:

The history of the attempts so far made to place Canadian two-rowed barley on the English market is well worth a little attention on the part of Canadian farmers and all who are interested in the Anglo-Canadian trade. For it is a history with a moral and a very practical moral, which really goes to the root of the whole business. This will be seen from the following notes, which are the result of some independent inquiries in practically all quarters whence thoroughly trustworthy information could be obtained on such a subject.

There is no room for doubt as to the excellence and suitability for malting purposes of the barley of Canadian two-rowed barley which reached this country in 1890 and 1891. The barley of the latter crop especially attained a high standard of excellence. The very favorable opinions pronounced upon them and circulated through the High Commissioner's office here have since been amply confirmed by the judgment of brewers and agricultural authorities, whose views I have sought and who occupy a wholly impartial and independent position in the matter. Further, it is equally true that barley of high character is assured of a good price on the English market. In this point the testimony I have obtained is unanimous. Country brewers agree with London experts in the trade on the point, for the demand for really high class barley for malting purposes is great, and our dependence upon the foreign supplies increases from year to year. As a matter of fact in 1891 the official returns show that we imported barley to the value of nearly £6,000,000 sterling, and any fresh source of supply outside the United Kingdom will be welcomed by all concerned, provided—and the proviso is all important—that the high uniform quality insisted upon by maltsters is scrupulously maintained.

It may be interesting here to explain how it is that the demand for foreign barley has so considerably increased of late, and and why English I am able to give a few lines from one of our best agricultural experts, Mr. Fream. "The truth is," he tells me, "during the past eight or ten years we have not been growing the kind and samples of malting barley equal in character to those previously grown. This is especially true of the districts most adapted to which so much land has been subjected in connection with sheep farming. In the old days it was not necessary to farm as high as it is now, for in connection with sheep farming there have been two very noteworthy developments of recent years. One is that most sheep breeders have aimed at early maturity, so as to be able to turn the mutton into the market two or three years earlier than used to be the case. The other is the attempt made to turn breeding to supply the foreign demand. The consequence has been that farmers have fed their sheep so well, in fact so much better than a decade ago, that the land has been much more highly manured, and the further consequence is that on the light lands of our typical sheep districts they now grow barley which is a good deal richer than the old barley, that is, it contains more nitrogen and less starch. This barley is a better malt, but it is less valuable for malting. In this way it has come about, as I have said, during the last eight or ten years that the number of first-class samples of malting barley from our best districts has grown so much more and more, for barley of this class continues as strong as ever, and as big price as ever it was. Looking at the question from a purely agricultural standpoint there is no prima facie reason why Canada should not get a fair share of the trade, and especially as we are (especially as she has now begun growing two-rowed barley in preference to six-rowed barley."

So much for the purely agricultural side of the question. Now, as to the commercial side, it will be seen, for the eulogistic statements which have been industriously circulated in some quarters with reference to Canadian barley are quite unknown on the English market. But there is all the difference in the world between theory and practice in this matter as in others, and the unreasonable and exaggerated hopes to be taken just as carefully into account as the facts I have summarized above.

Experimental shipments of Canadian barley made during the past six or seven months have very conclusively established the importance of this side of the matter. Many of these shipments have done this in a way which was not at all good. They have injured its prospects at a very critical stage. They have prejudiced buyers just when it was most necessary and desirable that their confidence should be won, for in every quarter in which I have made inquiry on the subject I hear the same tale. Many of the consignments sent over were not up to sample in color or quality. In some cases contracts as to delivery were not kept, and were indeed invalidated through the carrying of the shipments a considerable period behind time. Canadians interested in the matter cannot too quickly grasp the fact that there is no more sensitive grain market than that for malting barley. A very small quantity of bad barley is capable of deteriorating a large bulk to the extent of many shillings per quarter. Of all grain or perhaps barley is the most cosgnoscent care and thoroughness in preparation for the market. These considerations unfortunately seem in most cases to have been overlooked in Canada, as regards the barley in question hitherto sent, and the result has, as I have said, been extremely injurious to the prospects of the trade.

Even now, however, the field lies fairly open, despite this bad start. If Canadians like to throw themselves into the business in a proper way, and take care to improve it, they can undoubtedly ensure getting a top price in the English market for every consignment of really fine malting barley they can send, but it is absolutely essential that several conditions overlooked in the past should be borne in mind. In the first place it is not enough that the barley should be graded like wheat, so that thorough and undeviating uniformity of quality can be secured. In the second place, much more scrupulous attention must be paid to contracts. Thirdly, growers should invariably allow the grain to become fully ripe prior to cutting. They should not cut in six weeks a month or two to "sweat" before threshing, and they should be careful to use only the best varieties of seed and should look after the land well.

Oatmeal Bags For the Bath.

An authority tells how to make the oatmeal bags which, used in the bath, give a velvety softness and whiteness to the skin. Take five pounds of oatmeal, ground fine, a half pound of pure Castile soap reduced to powder and a pound of powdered Italian orris root. Cut a yard of thin cheese cloth into bags about four inches square, sewing them on the machine and taking care not to leave an open seam anywhere, for one tear may let the contents ooze out. Mix the soap, oatmeal and orris root thoroughly and fill the bags loosely. Few are quite generous in each and lay them away to use as required. They are used as a sponge, dipped in warm water, making a thick, velvety lather and wonderfully softening the skin, while the orris imparts a lasting fragrance.

It will be remembered that all soap applications, even the purest should be entirely rinsed from the skin. Hospital nurses are trained to wash patients first in soap and water, then in clear, very hot water to take off the soap. It is recognized that boiling water is one of the excellent mild disinfectants.

The applicants to inspect the birth-place of Shakespeare, in Stratford-upon-Avon, average about 20,000 yearly. No light is allowed in the house from year's end to year's end; even the hot water for the pipes warming the rooms in Winter is supplied from one of the houses in the vicinity.

HEALTH.

Sunstroke—How to Treat it.

It is the general impression that sunstroke prevails most at the very hottest season. Physicians say it depends rather upon the fact of one's being accustomed to the heat. A very hot spell in June may be worse in its effects than the hottest days of August, nor is the brain heating known as sunstroke confined to those exposed to the direct rays of the sun. It is the same thing when a man is overcome by heat in a close room or workshop. From an article by a physician of Philadelphia we take some important facts and hints as to treatment.

In fatal cases it is found that the brain and lungs are gorged with blood, and the blood itself is thickened as if its watery constituents had been dissipated by excessive heat. There have been several cases in the Pennsylvania Hospital, one in which the patient was brought in a state of collapse, and in which the blood was so thick that it would not run out and had to be squeezed out by pressure and friction.

For those who are obliged to be in the sun it is advisable to wear light clothing, a straw or felt hat, perforated to allow a free circulation of air, and to avoid the matter. Further, it is equally true that barley of high character is assured of a good price on the English market. In this point the testimony I have obtained is unanimous. Country brewers agree with London experts in the trade on the point, for the demand for really high class barley for malting purposes is great, and our dependence upon the foreign supplies increases from year to year. As a matter of fact in 1891 the official returns show that we imported barley to the value of nearly £6,000,000 sterling, and any fresh source of supply outside the United Kingdom will be welcomed by all concerned, provided—and the proviso is all important—that the high uniform quality insisted upon by maltsters is scrupulously maintained.

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Begin the Day Aright.

A good beginning is always desirable in a day of work or pleasure. A few cheerful words count for more now than at any other time, for they often serve as a keynote for the whole day. If anything "goes" upon the mother of a family whether home is a sunny resting-place or merely a habitation of complaint and contention. Unhappy indeed is the household that begins the morning with domestic clouds. There are some heads of families who seem to consider it due to their dignity that they should perpetually wear a severe aspect, and who never utter or do more unrelenting than at the breakfast-table. The family leave for their respective daily tasks with a sensation of gloominess that requires the most cheerful surroundings to overcome.

There are mothers who begin the new day with recounting all the minor vexations of the day before. The husband and sons who are hurrying off to business are compelled to listen to the grumbling of the servants and other petty afflictions which the mistress may choose to rehearse. It is hardly strange if they inwardly wonder if all the tales of household woes must due to bad management, so continual is the problem presented. The thoughtful mother sirs none of her domestic ills at the breakfast-table. Here is an atmosphere of serenity and sunshine.

A sunny word now goes far to lighten the day's tasks, to speed the parting members of the family and to help those who remain behind in the performance of their various duties. The hostess who goes to her kitchen and deftly straightens out with a few touches of her own the tangled skein of work which she may find there accomplishes more by a few well chosen words of encouragement than she will by a score of complaints. Consideration and kindness often do wonders with even the most stupid and obdurate of servants. It shows great selfishness for the family or for the mother to make other members of the household bear the burden of their individual trials and grievances at the breakfast table. Begin one has a right to a cheerful beginning of his day's work.

The Apple Trade.

Although a few small supplies from Nova Scotia arrived on the London market this week, the apple season for 1891 and 1892 is virtually at an end. That it has been an exceedingly prosperous one for those connected with the trade is well aware, but there are some points mentioned by Messrs. Woodall & Co. of Liverpool, in their last report, in which they briefly review the season, which are worth noticing. The receipts at Liverpool alone of American and Canadian apples amounted to nearly 1,000,000 barrels. In November 250,000 barrels came to hand during the month, and as many as 90,000 in a single week. The market was never glutted. There was, indeed, throughout the season a steady demand at very fair prices, and Canadian shippers ought to have done well. Messrs Woodall say that the average for Canadian Baldwins opened at 10s 6d; the lowest figure touched for No. 1 sound stock was 14s 6d, and the highest 18s 6d. They give the following as the ruling rates at the date of their last report for the season—Baldwins, 15s 6d; Greenings, 14s 6d; Russets, 24s 6d to 32s 6d; Ben Davies, 26s 6d to 34s, and Cooper's Market, 26s 6d to 36s. The score which was so quickly got up with regard to Adulteration has, I think, pretty nearly died out now. In the agricultural journals it is attributed to an attempt of the Government to discredit the work of the United States Department of Agriculture. One writer says:—"I believe if all the arsenic in a dressing were absorbed by the apples that a sufficient number of 600 bushels to take a fatal dose. This has never, I believe, been demonstrated by actual experience, but if the editor of The Horticultural Times does not sampler he might try the experiment in propria persona. If he dies before he has eaten the whole a post-mortem would tell us if he died from arsenical poisoning or from too much vegetarianism."

Already Punished.

Samuel Goldgrabber and Isaac Thalerdracker came to London to buy goods.

In making their purchases the first day, they became so engrossed in the selection of their stocks that they forgot to eat. Arrived the hour at which the noon-day hash was served at the cheap boarding-house at which they were staying. But the violent demand of the inner man could not be denied. So they turned to the merchant from whom they had purchased their stock, and asked to be directed to a near-by restaurant.

As our friends Samuel and Isaac had both displayed comfortable rolls of bank-notes, the merchant did not hesitate to direct them to the Blank Hotel, which was in the immediate neighbourhood.

The descendants of Abraham, with all the pomp imaginable, took their seats in the high-toned establishment, and ordered a regular dinner, but as the quality was excellent, the size of their bill was augmented by an occasional extra order.

When they had finished, they were told that their bill amounted to eighteen shillings each.

"Eighteen shillings!" they shrieked in chorus, and as Samuel groaned and held his head in both his hands, Mr. Thalerdracker explained, excitedly: "Vhy, vere ve comes from ve ged a good skeware meal for six pence."

"Man, you are crazy! This is the Blank Hotel!"

"The Blank Hotel!" shrieked Sammy. "Fader Abraham, ve vas in ter!"

With the utmost reluctance the two men paid their bills and silently left the restaurant. They walked slowly up the street for a few yards when Sammy broke the silence: "Say, Isaac, dot is a mean man."

There was no response, and the twain walked on in silence until the feelings of Mr. Samuel Goldgrabber overpowered him: "Isaac, dot man vill never brosper."

Even this did not break the ruminative silence of Mr. Isaac Thalerdracker, who was evidently calculating how much profit he would have to sell at an increased profit before he would get even with the cost of his feed. But Samuel's agitated feelings were not thus easily repressed, and turning to Mr. Thalerdracker, he exclaimed with increased vehemence: "I tell you, Isaac, der Lord vill punish dot man!"

"Sammy," said Mr. Thalerdracker, impressively breaking his long-continued silence, "The Lord has already punished him. I hef got six of his silber spoons"

Thou Art Not Near.

Thou art not near me but I see thine eyes
Glistening through the dark stars in Winter skies,
Pointing the way my longing steps would go,
To come to thee because I love thee so.

Thou art not near me but I feel thine arm
Soft folded round me, shielding me from harm,
Guiding me safely in the dark way of life
When life was dark and all the ways were cold.

Thou art not near me, but I hear thee speak,
Sweet as the breath of June to the sick weak
And as thou speakest I forget my fears,
And all the sorrows of the dreary years.

Oh, love, my love, whate'er my fate may be,
Close to thy side, or never more with thee,
Absent or present, near or far apart,
Thou hast my love and all my heart.

F. B. WEATHERLY.

The usual fortune of complaint is to excite contempt more than pity.

The legislative assembly of Styria in Austria has passed a law forbidding poor people to marry without a special license from the authorities.

First Passenger—"See that splendid mansion over there. It's a beautiful place, but it makes a man sad to look at it." Second Passenger—"Why?" "Because of its history, for it was built up of the groans, tears, wailings, and blood of widows, orphans, old men, and struggling women." "Indeed! Who erected it?" "It was erected by a fashionable and successful dentist."

Six stallions, the property of Maj. P. P. Johnson, of Lexington, Ky., were turned loose into the lot of a farmer near Paris, recently and they were thrown in the morning in a horrible condition having fought like tigers. Fortunately none of them were killed, but they all bear the marks of the battle royal for life. As Major Johnson is president of the National Trotting Association, it is thought that this act was done in revenge for some of the penalties inflicted by the Association.

The custom of placing crape on the door of a house where there has been a recent death had its origin in the ancient Druidic heraldic customs and dates as far back at least as the year 1100 A. D. At that period hatchments or armorial ensigns were placed in front of houses where the nobility and gentry died. These hatchments were of diamond shape and contained the family arms quartered and colored with ashes in such a manner that the spectator at a glance could tell what branch of the family was dead, whether the the deceased was young or old, married or single, or widower.

The Picton, Ont., Gazette of last week contains this article: "We have it upon authority we feel we can safely depend upon that no less than 20 cases have been being used in the vicinity of the upper gap, and so out into the lake, which are being operated, it is alleged, from the last May Fly. It is said cases 6 1-2 inches in length and 7 inches around—from one-quarter to half an inch larger than those usually used—have been substituted for smaller ones, so as to keep the nets in position throughout the season. These nets are thrown across fish runways, and, at stated times, are taken in at one side of the tug, the fish being removed, and the nets passed through the vessel and thrown into the water on the opposite

ANNIE LAURIE.

The Truth About the Heroine of the Old and Popular Ballad.

Maxwelltown's braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew,
And 'twas there that Annie Laurie
Gied me her promise true;
Gied me her promise true;
That never forgot wad be,
And for Annie Ann s Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee!

(William Douglas.

Imagine Annie Laurie, of the immortal song, old and wrinkled, taking snuff from a Sèvres "anesin mull" with a miniature of Prince Charlie painted on its porcelain lid: Or fancy Douglas of England, grizzled and gouty, laughing over the youthful folly that impelled a hard-drinking Jacobite laird to write love lyrics on the girl of his fancy.

Yet, promise as these pictures may appear, history proves it true. The Annie Laurie of romance was a commonplace gentlewoman in real life; and so far from keeping her "promise true," she faithlessly jilted the rhyming wooer to wed a wiser and wealthier man.

Beyond the confines of her own quiet corner of Scotland, the true story of Annie Laurie has seldom traveled.

"Burst Star-Spangled Scotchman," even, Mr. Andrew Lang, in his "Poetics, Hand in Britain," expresses considerable surprise at discovering a descendant of Annie Laurie actually alive. "While we were at the mansion of Friars' Carse," he says, "a great great-granddaughter of Annie Laurie actually came in. I know of no young lady whose ancestress is so widely and favorably known. We were all startled to be brought so near the Annie Laurie of romance. It only shows that the course of true love never ran smooth, as we said, when we heard that she did not marry the poetic lover. Well, maybe she was happier with a dull country squire. Poets are not proverbially model husbands; the better poet, the worse husband, and the first Earl of Dalkeith had the poetic temperament pretty well developed."

In order to settle definitely the question of the Nithsdale heroine's identity, the writer requested two of her immediate descendants—Capt. Robert Douglas, of Queensberry, and Miss Stuart-Menteith to relate the particulars of her life.

In reply, Capt. Cutlar Fergusson, the present laird of Craigdarroch, Dumfriesshire, Scotland, and a grandson of the Fergusson made famous by Robert Burns' poem "The Whistle," wrote as follows:

CRAIGDARROCH, MONIAIVE,
DUMFRIESSHIRE, N. B.
April 28, 1892.

DEAR SIR.—My ancestress, Annie Laurie, was unmarried when the heroine of the famous ballad. She was born on December 16, 1682, at 6 a. m., in the manor house of Maxwelltown, and baptized a few days later in Glencairn Kirk. Her father was Sir Robert Laurie, Bart., of Maxwelltown, and her mother Annie Dalzell, granddaughter of the "iller." It was still a fortified house, but transformed into Mrs. Fergusson, the gossiping, match-making mistress of Craigdarroch. Her husband was completely routed when a snuff-box was shown from which Annie's white fingers had taken many a titillating pinch. It was explained that Mrs. Fergusson had taught Annie to take snuff until late in life, but the bare idea of her practicing the habit all seemed too terrible to contemplate.

The writer adds that the ancient mansion in which he had expected to find so many tender memories of Annie Laurie's gracious life. He did not longer in "Annie's walk" by the winding Nith, or under the walls of Maxwelltown, where Douglas had wooed and lost. On the contrary, he hastened to Craigdarroch, where Annie Laurie, unlike most cherished heroines of romance, is most charming when admired from a distance.

BUTLER C. WANDESFORD.

"German Syrup"

Martinsville, N.J., Methodist Parsonage. "My acquaintance with your remedy, Boschee's German Syrup, was made about fourteen years ago, when I was detected a Cold which resulted in a Hoarseness and a Cough which disabled me from filling my pulpit for a number of Sabbaths. After trying a Physician, without obtaining relief—I cannot say now what remedy he prescribed—I saw the advertisement of your remedy obtained a bottle. I received such quick and permanent help from it that ever since I have had Throat or Bronchial troubles since in our family, Boschee's German Syrup has been our favorite remedy and always with favorable results. I have never hesitated to report my experience of its use to others when I have found them troubled in like manner." REV. W. H. HAGGARTY, Late of Newburgh, Conference, April 25, '90.

A Safe Remedy.

C. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.

The Text.

The congregation sat expectant. The minister had just been married, and his bride had promised to come to the church to hear her husband preach.

When they made their appearance there was a hush, followed by whispered comments.

The gallant clergyman escorted his young wife towards a front pew, and then proudly ascended the pulpit-steps.

The text was taken from a totally good, and the prayers were repeated with much fervency; but the minister himself altered the happy condition of affairs by taking for his discourse the text, "Blessed are the meek, for they have proved the fool and have erred exceedingly."

A story does not record if the newly-married couple walked home together.

A Big Trouble.

The great sciatic nerve, when disturbed, can give more pain than any nerve of the human body. Fortunately it is easily subdued by the right remedy at the right time. On this subject Mr. William Blagden of Edensor, Bakewell, Derbyshire, Eng., writes: "I was a sufferer from sciatica for two years. St. Jacobs Oil completely cured me when all other remedies had failed."

"That remains to be seen," as the boy said when he split the ink on the tablecloth.

Scrofula

Is the most ancient and most general of all diseases. Scarcely a family is entirely free from it, while thousands everywhere are its suffering slaves. Hood's Sarsaparilla has remarkable success in curing every form of scrofula. The most severe and painful running sores, swellings in the neck, or goitre, humor in the eyes, causing partial or total blindness, and every other form of blood disease yield to the powerful effects of this medicine. Try it.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists, $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

THE BATTLE OF LUNDY'S LANE.

BY EARNEST CRUIKSHANK.

The easy triumph of the Americans was mainly due to the excellent practice of their artillery, although their great superiority in numbers was no doubt an important factor in their success. Judging from its loss, Ripley's brigade was scarcely engaged and Porter's as we have seen, was beaten entirely out of action at a very early period. Their loss was variously stated, but probably did not exceed four hundred of all ranks. On the other hand, General Riall lost upwards of five hundred, of whom two fifths were killed or missing. Of nineteen officers of the 100th who went into the action, fourteen were killed or disabled, with one hundred and ninety non-commissioned officers and men. The seven companies of the Royals suffered still more severely, eleven officers and two hundred and seven rank and file being returned as killed, wounded and missing. Altogether these two battalions lost four hundred and twenty-two officers and men out of a total of only nine hundred and fifty; and on the whole, Riall's force was reduced by more than one-third.

Two days later the British general was compelled to destroy his works and abandon his position upon the left bank of the Chippawa in consequence of a turning moment directed against his right flank. The redoubt at Queenston was likewise evacuated, and he leisurely retired upon Fort George. He had already been deserted by nearly the whole of his Indians, and by many of the militia, who were alarmed for safety of their families. The invading forces advanced to the summit of Queenston Heights, whence they menaced the British position. Here they remained perfectly inactive for several days. On the night of the 12th Major Evans advanced with Sadleir's company of the 8th, numbering only thirty-four rank and file, to reconnoitre their outposts, in the hope of taking a few prisoners. His retreat was intercepted by General Swift, of New York Militia, with one hundred and twenty volunteers, who was also upon a scouting expedition, and a sharp skirmish took place, in which Evans lost six men and the American leader was killed. The movements of his opponent next morning led Riall to believe that an attempt would be made upon the depot at Burlington, and having increased the garrison of the three forts at the mouth of the river to 1,554 effectives, he resumed his retreat towards the head of the lake with only 836 officers and men of all arms, while the Americans at Queenston were firing minute guns for their dead general. The same day Colonel Henry Scott advanced from Burlington with six hundred of the 103rd, leaving the two boy-companies and some invalids and militia in garrison there, and joined Riall at the Twenty Mile Creek, where the united force encamped upon the heights.

The prospect of a successful defence of the forts if resolutely attacked was not great. Fort George possessed no means of resisting an assault beyond a single bad row of pickets, and certainly could not have repelled the force under General Brown's command had he ventured to attack it. The others could then be easily reduced in succession by bombardment.

For more than a week Brown lingered upon the brow of Queenston "mountain," gazing anxiously out upon the blue waters of the lake below in the vain hope of catching a glimpse of Chauncey's squadron speeding to his assistance. From time to time his columns wound down into the plain and crept within distant cannon-shot of the batteries of Fort George, and as often retired to their tents again without accomplishing anything. During all this time they did not even succeed in establishing an effective blockade of the British works. Upon one occasion two British field-guns galloped out of Fort George and shelled their rear-guard, and the same day five of their cavalry videttes were surprised and carried off by militia lurking in the woods along their line of march. The women and children in the farm houses and fields by the wayside conspired to mislead and baffle the detachments sent in pursuit.

Meanwhile a levy *en masse* of the militia from Long Point to the Bay of Quinte had been proclaimed, and in a few days Riall was joined by upwards of a thousand men of different battalions, "many of them fine serviceable fellows," but badly armed and undisciplined. A goodly number of these marched in from the London district. Those who had temporarily deserted him rapidly recovered from their panic, and a considerable number of stragglers was cut off by them in the vicinity of Queenston and St. Davids, and many deserters were brought into the British lines. On the other hand, the course of the American militia and Indians was marked by pillage and rapine. "The whole population is against us," wrote Major McFarland of the 23rd U. S. Infantry. "Not a foraging party goes out but is fired on, and frequently returns with diminished numbers. This state was to have been anticipated. The militia and Indians have plundered and burnt everything." Willcocks' battalion of Canadian refugees seized the opportunity of wreaking summary vengeance upon their loyalist enemies. Old men and boys were sent as prisoners to the United States, and women maltreated.

Before crossing the river, Gen. Brown had intimated that he expected to be in a position to invest Forts George and Missassauga on the 10th of July. This engagement he might have fulfilled to an hour had the American fleet been in sight. Contrary to the advice of his engineer officers, he deemed it necessary to wait for siege-guns, and wrote an urgent despatch to hasten their arrival. But his letter found Commodore Chauncey sick in bed, and that prudent commander positively refused the next senior officer to take his ships to sea.

The partizan warfare daily grew keener. On the 15th an American wagon train was attacked at Queenston, and the greater part of it destroyed. On the following night an outpost at Fort Erie was cut off to a man. Next day the militia surprised and took a cavalry picket in St. Davids, Willcocks himself having a narrow escape, and another party nearly captured Mallory at Beaver Dams. On the 18th, when the main body of the American army was reconnoitring Fort George, they again dashed into St. Davids and Queenston, making more prisoners. These incidents so exasperated the invaders that upon the 19th they burnt the entire village of St. Davids, containing some thirty or forty houses, alleging, probably with truth, that the inhabitants had participated in the attack on their wagons and had killed an officer of dragoons. This was followed up by the destruction of every dwelling between Queenston and Niagara Falls. These proceedings were attended by such revolting conduct on the part of their militia under Colonel Stone, that Major McFarland, who was sent to cover their retreat, declared that he would have resigned his commission if the commanding officer had not been dismissed from the service.

Having been joined by several companies of the Glengarry Light Infantry from York under the over-active Fitzgibbon, Riall advanced the same day to Ten Mile Creek with his left wing, composed of militia and Indians, extending as far as DeCew's Falls, and menacing the rear of the American position by way of Lundy's Lane. The entire male population immediately flew to arms, and joined him, actuated by a spirit of intense hostility towards the invaders. His scouts found their way into St. Davids, Queenston, and even Chippawa, harassing the enemy's pickets, and picking up stragglers. His apprehensions were, however, at the same time, aroused by mysterious negotiations on the part of his Indians with their kinsmen in the American service, and a raid from Detroit upon the defenceless settlement at Port Talbot, which was ruthlessly destroyed, compelled him to detach the Oxford battalion of militia and some Indians in that direction, as a precautionary measure. On the 20th, leaving about 300 men in possession of the abandoned redoubt on Queenston Heights, Brown advanced with the remainder of his army within two miles of Fort George, where he encamped and began to collect materials for siege batteries. He appears to have entertained the hope that by this movement, the British commander might be induced to hazard another engagement with inferior numbers, to relieve the garrison. Two days later, Riall succeeded in concentrating in advance of Twelve Mile Creek, 1,700 regular troops, including the Glengarry Light Infantry and incorporated Militia, 700 Lincoln Militia and an equal number of Indians, in readiness to pounce upon the flank and rear of his adversary should he attempt the actual investment of the forts. Fort George was at the same time garrisoned by 400 of the Royal Scots and 260 of the 100th, Fort Missassuaga by 290 of the 8th, a company of negro volunteers, and a few artillerymen and artificers, making an aggregate of 400 persons, while Fort Niagara was occupied by 550 men of the 41st, and fifty artillerymen. Nearly one-fourth of the garrison were, however, upon the sick list, and many others too young to be of much service.

It was ascertained that General Brown had been joined by considerable reinforcements since the action at Chippawa, and that he brought over nearly the whole of his supplies from Lewiston, where he had collected many boats, thus avoiding the necessity of preserving an uninterrupted line of communications with Fort Erie. Reconnoitring the same afternoon with thirty picked men, Captain Fitzgibbon obtained an excellent view of his entire army spread out in the plain below, from the summit of Queenston Heights. As he watched their movements, their tents were struck, and their retiring columns filled the roads, extending from De Puisaye's hous' within cannon-shot of Fort Georgee without a break to the village of Queenston, a distance of more than five miles. Lingering too long in his covert, he was discovered by their light troops, and hotly pursued almost to the the British outposts upon the Ten Mile Creek. That night the American army again encamped at Queenston and the British advance-guard was pushed forward to Four Mile Creek.

The next morning General Brown received a despatch from Sackett's Harbor, informing him that the American squadron was still closely blockaded there, and he immediately retired behind the Chippawa. Relinquishing all hopes of co-operation on the part of the fleet, he describes his intentions to have been to disencumber his army of all unnecessary baggage, and having lulled his antagonist's suspicions by his retrograde movement, to make a rapid march upon Burlington. He entertained no doubt of his ability to cope with the British army in the field and to march in any direction through the country, but based his hopes of reducing the forts entirely on the arrival of Chauncey's squadron with heavy artillery. Unfortunately for the success of his plan, Sir Gordon Drummond arrived the same day at York, bringing with him from Kingston 400 of the second battalion of the 89th, under that sturdy soldier, Colonel Joseph Warton Morrison, who had won the hard-fought battle at Chrystler's Farm the autumn before. The two flank companies of the 104th, completed by volunteers to the number of sixty rank and file each, had already been sent forward to strengthen Riall, under the command of their fiery-hearted Lieutenant-Colonel, his nephew, William Drummond. Further reinforcements, consisting of the Regiment De Watteville and detachments of other corps were likewise on the way from Kingston, leaving that important post almost without a garrison.

One of Drummond's first acts was to order the discharge of all the very young, as well as the old and weakly militiamen, with the double object of relieving the strain upon his supply of provisions, and setting them at liberty to gather their hay. Learning that the Americans had established their base of supplies at Lewiston, he immediately embarked the 89th in the two armed vessels, Star and Charwell, leaving York garrisoned by only a few invalids, with instructions to proceed directly to the mouth of the Niagara. Upon its arrival, Lieut-Col. Tucker was instructed to draft two-thirds of the garrisons from the different forts, making with the 89th and flank companies of the 104th a body of about 1,500 men, and at daybreak on the 25th to assail the batteries the Americans were said to have begun near Youngstown, while General Riall was directed at the same time to advance towards St. Davids for the purpose of distracting the attention of their force in Canada and preventing them from sending reinforcements across the river. A bold and successful stroke at their depot of supplies, he argued, would seriously jeopardize the position of the invaders, while he explicitly stated that he did not wish to risk an engagement upon the left bank of the river until the remainder of his reinforcements already came up, when he confidently expected to finish the campaign at a blow.

Riall, too, admonished by the check he had received at Chippawa, pronounced strongly against meeting the enemy again in the field until the reinforcements already on the march, consisting of three strong battalions of regular troops had arrived, which he hoped would "create such a force as to render the enemy's discomfiture and annihilation complete." But the merest accident compelled them to fight at a disadvantage in defiance of their cooler judgment,

Late on the afternoon of the 24th, Drummond himself went on board the schooner Netley, and set sail for Niagara with the intention of assuming the command of the forces in the field. He was then in his forty-third year, an active, brave, resolute, and skilful soldier, who had seen war in Egypt, Holland, and the West Indies, during a quarter of a century of military life.

When he arrived in the mouth of the river at daybreak next morning, he learned that the situation had materially changed. General Brown had retired to Chippawa, and Riall had taken advantage of this fact to push forward this brigade of light troops the night before, to seize the important strategic position near Niagara Falls commanding the junction of Lundy's Lane with the Portage Road, with the intention of supporting it that morning with the whole of his division. At nightfall on the 24th, the disposition of the British forces was the following:—The First Brigade, Colonel Henry Scott commanding, composed of a detachment of the 19th Light Dragoons, half a battalion of the 8th, and seven companies of the 103rd, with two 6-pound field-guns, lay at Twelve Mile Creek; the Second Brigade, Lieut.-Colonel Tucker, consisting of half a battalion of the Royal Scots, half a battalion of the 8th, the second battalion of the 41st, and a wing of the 100th, with a detachment of Royal Artillery in charge of two 24-pound and two 6-pound field-pieces, occupied the mouth of the river, and had just been joined by Colonel Morrison with his detachment of the 89th; the Third, or Light Brigade, Lieut.-Col. Pearson, was made up of a troop of the 19th, Major Lisle, the light companies of the 8th and 103rd, the Glengarry Light Infantry, and the incorporated Militia, encamped at Four Mile Creek; the Fourth Brigade, Lieut. Col. Parry, consisting of three battalions of embodied militia, and a body of Indians, formed the right wing of the British line, stretching along the Twelve Mile Creek as far as DeCew's Falls, while the flank and four battalion companies of the Royal Scots, and four battalions of embodied militia, with three 6-pounders and a howitzer were held in reserve under Lieut.-Col. John Gordon. This seems a formidable force on paper, but the Royals, 8th, and 100th, were mere skeleton battalions. The latter could muster but one captain, three subalterns and 250 effective men, while the others were very little stronger. The militia regiments were weak in numbers, and miserably armed and equipped.

On the evening of the 23rd the whole of General Brown's army once more encamped in the plain between Street's Creek and the Chippawa, but a battalion of riflemen and a regiment of militia were still posted on Lewiston Heights, having their pickets advanced as far as Youngstown. Their principal magazine of supplies had however, been removed to Schlosser.

At midnight Colonel Pearson received orders to advance with his brigade, numbering about 800 of all ranks, and by seven o'clock on the morning of the 25th he had taken possession of the high ground at Lundy's Lane without encountering the slightest opposition. At the same time instructions had been issued to Colonel Scott to move upon the same point from Twelve Mile Creek at three in the morning, but these orders were subsequently countermanded, and his brigade remained in their quarters until afternoon. In the course of the morning Riall rode forward, accompanied only by Lieut.-Col. Drummond and a small escort, and joined Pearson.

These movements induced an immediate change in Drummond's plan of operations. Colonel Morrison, with the 89th, a detachment of the Royals, Lieut. Hemphill, and one of the 8th, Captain Campbell, with two 24-pound brass field-pieces, Lieut. Tomkins, was directed to march by way of Queenston to the support of General Riall at Lundy's Lane, while Lieut.-Col. Tucker, with 500 men of the Royals and 41st, and some Indians, advanced along the other bank upon Lewiston, accompanied upon the river by a number of boats manned by seamen under Captain Alexander Dobbs. Tucker's column arrived at Lewiston about noon, and drove out the garrison after a trifling skirmish, capturing a hundred tents and a small quantity of other stores. The light company of the 41st and the detachment of the Royals were then brought over to Queenston and added to Morrison's column, increasing it to about 800 officers and men.

After a brief halt, the march was resumed, and towards six o'clock a dragoon rode up in haste to meet General Drummond, who was near the rear of the column, and still several miles from his destination, bearing a message from Riall, stating that the enemy was advancing in great force against his position. Upon receiving this alarming intelligence, the general rode rapidly forward, and on reaching Lundy's Lane, to his intense surprise and disappointment, instead of finding the ground occupied by General Riall's entire division, as he expected, he discovered the light brigade alone retiring in the face of the enemy, the head of whose columns was already within a few hundred yards of the crest of the hill, and the woods on either side of the road swarming with their riflemen. The narrow road in the rear leading to Queenston was choked by Morrison's advancing column, which had just come into view, and retreat was in a manner impossible without hazarding disaster. Drummond's resolution was promptly taken. He at once countermanded the movement, and ordered up Lieut. Tomkins with his twenty-four pounders to hold the Americans in check until the remainder of the troops could come up and form.

Shortly after his arrival at Lundy's Lane, Pearson had despatched Captain W. H. Merritt with a few Provincial dragoons to reconnoitre, and the entire American army was discovered quietly encamped beyond the Chippawa. When General Riall came up, he sent off an orderly with a message, directing the advance of Colonel Scott's brigade and a portion of the reserve, leaving the main body of the militia and Indians still encamped near the Twelve Mile Creek.

In the course of the afternoon, General Brown learned that the British had advanced in considerable force along the right bank of the river, and had taken possession of Lewiston, and were then supposed to be advancing upon Schlosser. He had sent most of his baggage away, reserving only one tent to every ten men, and obtained a good supply of provisions from beyond the Niagara. His men had been refreshed by two day's rest, the British force was divided, and he believed the favorable moment for executing his movement towards Burlington had arrived. The force that had appeared at Lundy's Lane was reported by his scouts to consist entirely of light troops and militia, sent forward, it was conjectured, for the purpose of watching his movements and picking up stragglers. His entire division was immediately placed under arms, and General Scott, with his own brigade, accompanied by Towson's company of artillery with three guns and the whole body of cavalry and mounted riflemen, was directed to march upon Queenston, and if he encountered the enemy in force, to report the fact at once, when he would be supported by the entire division.

Near Table Rock there stood a small tavern kept by a Mrs. Wilson, which had escaped the general devastation of the frontier. As the head of Scott's column approached this house, several British officers were observed to come out and mount their horses. Some of them instantly galloped off and disappeared behind the belt of woods beyond, but one elderly man halted in the middle of the road, and coolly surveyed their movements until they came within musket-shot, when he saluted a party of American officers riding in front, and rode rapidly after his companions. They found the landlady nervous, but communicative. She expressed her regret that they had not advanced with greater speed, as they might have easily captured the whole of her late guests, and estimated General Riall's force, which she described very circumstantially, at double its actual strength. The sound of many bugles was heard in and beyond the woods, and Scott at once despatched a staff-officer to demand reinforcements. The remainder of the American army being already under arms, it was immediately put in motion.

The exact strength of Brown's division at that date is difficult to ascertain. He admitted the loss of 320 officers and men in the action at Chippawa, but it has been stated to have been considerably greater by a friendly writer. Forty or fifty more had been killed or taken in skirmishes since; a small garrison had been left as Fort Erie, and a detachment sent to Schlosser. He had been three weeks in Canada, and his force must have been somewhat reduced by the disease and fatigue incident to a campaign in the field. His regular regiments had been considerably diminished by desertion, no less than six deserters having come into the British lines in a single day, while the militia had probably suffered in a still larger degree from the same cause. He distinctly stated that the whole of his Indians had left him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Carpenter Spoke.

Thackeray tells an amusing story respecting Sir Richard Steele, the celebrated English humorist.

Sir Richard, at a time when he was much occupied with theatrical affairs, built himself a pretty private theatre, and before it was opened to his friends and guests, was anxious to try whether the hall was well adapted for hearing. Accordingly he placed himself in the most remote part of the gallery, and begged the carpenter who had built the house to speak up from the stage.

The man at first said that he was unaccustomed to public speaking, and did not know what to say to his honour: but the good-natured knight called out to him to say whatever was uppermost; and after a moment the carpenter began, in a voice perfectly audible:

"Sir Richard Steele!" he said, "for three months past, me and my men has been a-working in this theatre, and we've never seen the colour of your honour's money. We will be very much obliged if you'll pay it directly, for until you do we won't drive in another nail."

Sir Richard said that his friend's elocution was perfect, but that he didn't like his subject much.

Lady (to Tommy, aged six, who is home for his first holidays)—"I suppose you never cry over your lessons now?" Tommy (bashfully)—"Sometimes." Lady—"Why; do you find that it helps you?" Tommy—"No; but it brings somebody else to help me."

THE SAILOR'S SECRET.

How it Was Discovered and the Luck it Brought.

We had come down to the port of Sydney, Australia, from a trading voyage to the Solomon Islands, and were breaking out cargo when I met with an accident that sent me to the hospital. I had been there four or five days, when a sailorman, who was in the last stages of consumption, was admitted. During the following week he and I became pretty well acquainted, and I learned that he had spent most of his days among the islands to the west of Australia. He had brought with him to the hospital as baggage a bundle wrapped in an old oilskin coat. As far as any of us could determine, the contents consisted of an old suit of clothes, and the precautions he took that no one should rob him seemed very absurd. He insisted that the bundle should remain in his charge, and he carried it about with him by day and used it for a pillow at night. His name was recorded as Robinson Andrews and his age as 50.

When Andrews was told, three or four days after entering the hospital, that he had not long to live, he was very abusive of the doctors, declaring that he had only taken a severe cold and would soon be out, and that they were

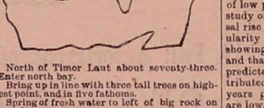
A LOT OF INCOMPETENTS

who didn't know what they were talking about. However, after a bit he calmed down and seemed to realize that his end was near, and one afternoon, had we not been interrupted, he would have unburdened himself of some secret which seemed to be preying on his mind. Before we came together again he died. It was the rule at that time, and perhaps is yet, to sell the effects of a dead sailor by auction as soon as he was buried—that is of course, if it could not be ascertained that he had friends near at hand. Robinson had said that he had no friends. There were about a dozen of us in hospital at the time, and there was considerable merriment over the sale. The bundle was not even undone.

"Gentlemen," said the steward, who acted as auctioneer," here are a shirt, vest, and a pair of trousers which have sailed the high seas, and met with wonderful adventures. It's a case of unsight and unseen. They may be patched with five-pound notes or they may be fit to go to church in next Sunday. How much?"

He continued in this strain for ten or fifteen minutes, crying one bid after another, and the bundle was finally knocked down to me for an English sixpence. Everybody had a laugh at my expense, and I handed my "bargain" over to an attendant to be laid away untill called for. Four weeks later, when I left the hospital, I should have forgotten it but for the good-natured ridicule of some of my fellow-patients.

The trading schooner of which I was mate and owned a half interest had made a short run and returned, and on leaving the hospital I went directly aboard of her. Capt. Hicks would have had me throw the bundle over-board at once, fearing some contagious disease, but I decided to examine it first. There was, as the auctioneer had said, a shirt, vest, and a pair of trousers, all well worn and of no value to any one except the ragman. The Captain was guying me about the purchase, when I took a tin tobacco box from one of the pockets of the trousers. It appeared to be empty, but when I sprung up the lid I found a folded paper as large as a sheet of foolscap. It wasn't writing paper, but a square piece cut from paper which had been used to wrap up goods. It was, as we instantly saw a rude chart or drawing, and the writing below was in pencil and displayed a very poor hand. Here is a reproduction of the drawing:



North of Timor Laut about seventy-three. Enter north bay.

Bring up in line with three tall trees on highest point, and in five fathoms.

Spring of fresh water to left of big rock on port bow.

The articles of clothing were tossed aside, and we at once sat down to carefully study the chart. The drawing was probably meant for an island. We got out our chart of the Banda Sea, found the island of Timor Laut, and then measured off

SEVENTY-THREE MILES

to the north. This brought us among the thirty islands lying off the west coast of New Guinea. We inspected each in turn and compared it with the rude drawing, and finally settled on the one called Pope Island as the one meant by the drawer of the chart. Neither of us had ever landed there, but understood that the island was not inhabited.

We satisfied ourselves in a few minutes that we had found the island, but as to the writing we could come to no conclusion. The instructions were to enter the north bay and bring up at a certain spot. What for? The existence of a spring was mentioned, but why should we go ashore? Unless there was something of value on or about the island, why had it been chartered and the chart carried around by a sailor? Why hadn't the writer filled out the memoranda and given some point to start from, or was his reference to the spring a hint in this direction?

The Captain and I talked the matter over and over, but could make it no plainer. It was natural under the circumstances that our minds should run to buried treasure. Indeed, we couldn't get rid of the feeling that the sailor who had died in the hospital had planted something of value on Pope Island, and that being the case we decided to have a try for it. What hastened our decision was a conversation overheard between two sailors who had been at the hospital inquiring about Andrews and his effects. They knew he had a chart of an island, and had been trying to get his secret before he entered the hospital.

Finding him dead, they were trying to discover the buyer of his old clothes. They believed in the existence of a treasure, and a third party was ready to back them in a search as soon as the chart was found. We cleared from Sydney for the Spice Islands, carrying three Malay seamen and a cook, and so far as we knew no one had any suspicion of us. It was a matter of

MAKE OR BREAK

with the Captain and myself. While we owned the schooner in partnership, we had but little cash on hand, and here was a voyage of 3,000 miles out and back. It took every shilling we had and run us into debt considerably to fit out, and we were in ballast at that. We had scarcely left port when both of us were ready to throw up the whole affair, and but for the coming of a gale which hurried us to the north we might have put about and returned to our legitimate trading.

I think it was on the twenty-third day out of Sydney that we entered the bay on the north side of Pope Island. It is about three miles long, and at the spot where we dropped anchor, according to directions, it was not over 600 feet across. We got in about midforenoon, and the Captain and I at once went ashore. The Malays were told that we were looking for what they call a "dream stone." They have legends of such a stone and believe that whoever sleeps with it under his pillow will dream of a way to become very wealthy. On reaching the shore we found the spring but, as we stood beside it we looked at each other and asked what should be the next move. The island was thickly wooded, and we soon realized that we had better hunted for a needle in a haystack at home. The chart mentioned three tall trees in a group and the spring. We found the trees standing back a quarter of a mile from the beach, with never a mark of any sort on the trunks to furnish us a hint. The spring was about 200 feet above high tide, but nothing around it furnished the clue we were after.

For a week after our arrival we had every man ashore on the hunt. We paced off so many paces from the spring in every direction and then dug into the roots of the

THREE TALL TREES,

and then at ten, twenty, and thirty paces. When the tide was out we dug up the beach in a dozen places. The island was finally explored in every direction, but we had our toilsome work as a reward. On the afternoon of the eight day we gave it up. We did not doubt the existence of a treasure there, but we were satisfied that we couldn't lay hands on it. We pulled off to the schooner about three o'clock in the afternoon, and had there been any breeze we should have weighed anchor and put to sea at once. It had fallen dead calm, and the day was hot.

On getting aboard the Captain and I sat down to luncheon while the Malays went overboard for a bath and a frolic in the water. We heard them shouting and splashing, but we were very glum. We'd made a failure of it and were financially busted. Under such circumstances some one must be held blamable. The Captain suddenly began to blame me for the biggest fool that ever lived, and in the course of a couple of minutes our conversation was a great deal hotter than the weather. We'd been "pards" a long time without a word, but were now on the point of walking into each other tooth and toe nail when a wild yell from the Malays called a halt.

"Nipped by a shark, just as I expected!" growled the Captain as he made a dash for the deck. I followed, of course, and as I reached the quarter deck and looked over, the four Malays were in the yawl and one of them was holding up something for the Captain's inspection. We both knew what it was before it was passed up to us. It was a monstrous pearl oyster.

"Where did you find it?" asked the captain.

"On the bottom," was the answer. "There is one great bed of him down there!"

Five minutes later we had half a dozen more, and inside of an hour we had surveyed the bed and found our treasure—the treasure of Andrews's rude chart. In bringing up in five fathoms and on line with the trees we had anchored on the centre of the bed. Why he had mentioned the spring we could not make out, unless it might be to save time hunting for it if in want of water. You may have seen something in print in reference to "The Great Pope Island Find," as it was called. It was not the largest pearl oyster bed ever found among the Western islands, but it was by long odds the richest. No hand had ever disturbed it, and the heaviest and largest shells ever seen by fishermen or traders came out of the bed. At that depth of water it was no trick at all to bring up the shells, and the first dozen we opened more than paid all our expenses.

From an oyster in this bed, which weighed eight pounds, was taken what was afterward call the Blood Pearl. It was one of the largest and finest ever placed on the market. We sold it in Sydney to a Government official; he resold it to an English lord, his lordship was robbed of it in Paris, and the thief probably lost it, as it was never heard of again.

We remained in the bay five weeks before exhausting the bed, and when ready to weigh anchor we had the schooner fairly loaded with the mother-of-pearl shells. I doubt if ever so small a craft, outside of a Spanish galleon of the olden days, ever entered the harbor of Sydney with a more valvable cargo. No craft entered the bay while we were there, but, as was afterward discovered, we had only left it one day when three schooners, the crews of which had somehow got a hint of the treasure, made their appearance, to find that nothing remained for them,

Low Prices and Hard Times.

Although with the advent of spring indications are plentiful that business is looking up, farmers and others are still complaining of low prices and hard times. A careful study of commercial history shows a universal rise and fall occurring with so much regularity that books have been published showing that these changes occur in cycles and that within certain limits they can be predicted. Rural philosophers have even attributed them to sun spots. For several years past prices ruled high. Now they are low. In Great Britain, and indeed, all over Europe, this depression in prices is far more severe than in the United States and Canada. British journals trace the trouble in that country to the Baring failure and the Argentine bankruptcy, which have largely prevented foreigners from buying British goods, and to the McKinley notion in the States, which encourages manufactures there, and by so much lessens the demand for foreign goods. Like the general Canadian view that this country is suffering more than others, this is too narrow, although there is no doubt that these causes must have had some effect. The general failure of crops in Europe last year was a much more potent factor in the case, as the people generally had less to spend for other things, being obliged to save in order to buy bread. The London *Economist* shows, in a recent issue, that of thirty of the most common articles of necessity, two thirds fell in price during the first quarter of the present year, and prices of produce and manufactured articles fell at the same rate. The net decline in prices of all products in the three months was 3 per cent. The "range of prices," says the Economist on April 1st, was "within a little more than 2 per cent. of the lowest ever recorded." Italy, France, Germany and Russia are steadily adding to their overburdening debts, because political conditions are so critical and dangerous that large standing armies, and war supplies, must be kept ready for probable emergencies. England ostensibly has free trade in foreign products, but the burden of taxation there is in excess of what we have to pay, even when the indirect taxes and tariff duties are reckoned. The new cycle will soon come around, and prices of farm produce will relatively improve, but the farmer must not be surprised to find that other products will be on a parity with what he has to sell, and that the net results will be about the same as now.

Little Tommy.

But a few days ago he was with us,——
A bright, healthy, promising lad,——
But now he is missed in the schoolroom,
And yet more in the home made sad.

God said to his angels one morning,
"Little Tommy is sick unto death,
Go down to his home by the valley,
And carefully watch his last breath."

"Take charge of that pure young immortal,
And tenderly bring him to me,
Here never shall sickness attack him,
From danger and death he is free."

"Give comforting thoughts to his parents;
Tell Mary, and Harry, and Roy,
He'll watch on the banks of the river
When they come to partake of his joy."

"Get the teacher to marshall his schoolmates
On the day that your mission is done,
Let them sing as they march to the Graveyard,
For then his new life is begun."

"His love for the beautiful flowers,
Which early in life he disclosed,
Will here be enlarged and exalted,
To all forms of beauty disposed."

"In the Garden allotted to Tommy
The lily will alway be found,
White roses and sweet-scented tulips,
And flowers of the woodland abound."

While the children were singing so sweetly,
And the body was sunk in the grave,
Little Tommy was borne by the angels
Back again to the father who gave.

When they came to the beautiful portals,
They had not a moment to wait,
For the chorus had gone up before them,
And the Angels had opened the gate.

UNCLE GEORGE.

She Let Him Off That Time.

"Now, this is a nice time to come home," she said, gathering her brows like unto a coming storm.

"I'm sorry," he said, humbly and hiccoughingly.

"I haven't said anything before," she continued, "but I'm going to put my foot down."

"You'll have to put it down pretty hard, then," he said, "for it is a mighty small foot!"

She put off scolding him till a future time.

YOUNG FOLKS.

Tommy's School.

"Geography's a nuisance, and arithmetic's a bore."
Said Tommy, with a frown upon his face.
"I hate the sight of grammar, and my Latin makes me roar;
It's always sure to get me in disgrace.
When I'm a man," he added, as he threw his school books down,
"I'll have a school that boys will think is fine!
They need not know an adjective or adverb from a noun,
Nor whether Cæsar bridged the Po or Rhine.

"I don't care if they think that George the third was King of Spain.
When these old fogies lived so long ago,
Or if they all should answer that the Volga is in Maine,
What difference would it make, I'd like to know?
But instead of useless things, I'll teach 'em how to coast and skate;
They all shall learn to row and sail a boat,
And how to fire a pistol, and to shoot a rifle straight,
And how to swim, and how to dive and float.

"We'll play at tennis and at cricket all the live-long day;
And then there's polo, and—Oh, yes, foot ball;
And base ball they shall every single one learn how to play,
For that's the most important thing of all.
I tell you," finished Thomas, "I'll have one of just that kind;
Then all the boys, you see, will want to go,
They will not run away and say my school's an 'awful grind,'
Or call the lessons dull and hard, I know."

ST. NICHOLAS.

A Night in the Woods.

"Perhaps the teacher would like to go with you to-night, Joe."

"Yes, I should," I said. "A night in the woods will be a new experience for me."

I was then a young man, teaching in a newly settled part of Northern Ontario. The farms in that section were only partly cleared and most of them had what they called a "sugar bush," that is a number of maple trees from which sap is obtained for making maple syrup and sugar.

It was the early part of the spring and most of the farmers were engaged in the above mentioned business. The process is as follows: First, the trees are tapped by cutting a notch in them and the sap which oozes out is made to run into wooden troughs, one of which is placed at the foot of each tree. When the troughs are full the sap, which tastes like sweet water, is gathered in pails and poured into a large iron kettle, suspended from poles. Under this a fire is then made. The sap must be carefully watched, so that it will not boil over. If syrup is wanted, the liquor is only allowed to come to a certain thickness; if sugar is to be made, it is allowed to boil down until it becomes quite thick. It is strained when hot, to remove little pieces of wood and other impurities.

Several of the farmers had had their syrup stolen at night, as they had left it unguarded. Mr. Norton, with whom I was boarding, was far too cautious a man to allow such a calamity to befall him. He and his son had erected a temporary dwelling in the woods. It was supported by poles, like a tent, but instead of canvas they used boards and branches, which they covered with quilts. Here some of the family slept every night, watching by turns and literally "keeping the pot boiling."

I gladly accepted the offer to accompany Joe and spend a night with him in sweet communion. It was after supper when we left the house. We had to cross several fields before entering the woods. The air was mild and pleasant, the ground was covered with the winter's snow, and as we walked through the bush we inhaled the fragrant breath of the pine trees. Although it is many years since then, the smell of pine always reminds me of those woods and that night. We had to walk in Indian file on the narrow path and Joe strode on in front of me while his brother brought up the rear. A tall broad-shouldered young fellow was Joe, with any amount of courage and endurance. He was very sociable and although not educated, possessed a fund of practical common sense and originality which always made his conversation interesting. Having dismissed his brother, we threw ourselves down on the couches of pine branches inside the tent and Joe entertained me with many anecdotes of his experience as a lumberman, going out every now and then to replenish the fire.

We had arranged that he was to watch the first part of the night and to call me about 2 o'clock. As I said before, the sap needed constant watching to see that it did not boil over. Joe went in and out and I lay on my back gazing up at the sky through a little rift in the tent. All sorts of curious thoughts, occasioned by my novel surroundings, ran through my mind. The stars looked like curious eyes peering at me. I imagined myself a soldier sleeping in his tent, and thought how many great generals must have fought their battles beforehand, while lying sleepless at night.

I was just dropping off to sleep when I was aroused by a strange noise which seemed to come from some distance. "Joe," I called, "what on earth is that?"

"It is a wild cat," he answered, coming to the door and looking in.

"Are you afraid?" I asked.

"No, they seldom attack anyone unless they are provoked. They have never bothered us here in the woods. The fire frightens them off."

I noticed, however, that Joe took his gun out of the tent, loaded it and leaned it up against the top of a tree.

I listened for a long time, but heard nothing but the crackling of the fire, the lonely "hoo hoo" of the owls and the distant barking of dogs. Presently I dozed off.

I had been asleep about two hours when I was awakened by a sharp, prolonged yell, so loud, I think it could have been heard a mile away. My heart beat violently; I lay motionless for about a minute and then got up and ran to the door. The kettle was swinging two and fro, spilling the boiling sap from it on all sides. Joe stood there, his face as pale as death.

"What was it Joe?" I asked breathlessly looking from him to the swaying kettle.

"The wild cat," he answered, and then laughed as he added, "But I do not think it will trouble us any more."

I seems that Joe had gone round to the side of the fire furthest from the door of the tent and had stopped to pull a stick out from under the kettle. Happening to look up as he rose, he saw two fiery eyes glaring at him from the branch of a tree on his right. They belonged to a wildcat. The animal evidently thought that Joe intended to strike it. After remaining for a moment motionless it prepared to spring. Joe did not lose his presence of mind. He knew that the wildcat would be upon him before he could get his gun, which was on the other side of the fire. He watched it intently, and just as it sprang into the air he stopped back and it fell into the kettle of boiling sap. Giving vent to the yell which I have described, the animal leaped out and dashed madly away. We found its dead body in the woods the next day.

Of course none of us cared to eat syrup flavored with wildcat, so we were forced to throw that kettleful away. The next year the syrup was allowed to stand its chance of being stolen, and the wildcats were deprived of the chance of taking a hot bath.

Obeying the Rules.

Mr. Hayseed: "What's this extra charge for?"

Hotel Clerk: "We charge extra for gas burned all night."

Mr. Hayseed: "Why, confound your impudence, you've got a sign there plain as kin be, 'Don't blow out the gas.'"

Editorial Item.

"Friend: "So they sent your poem back?"

Rhymer: "Yes, but the editor gave me a very favourable criticism."

"What did he say?"

"He said he was glad to see that I had at last learned to write only on one side of the paper."

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

"Well, what is it now?" asked Mr. Bowser as he came home one evening last winter and began sniffing and snuffing and smelling around the sitting room.

"N-nothing," replied Mrs. Bowser, trying hard to smile and look happy.

"But I smell camphor."

"Yes, I have a little toothache—just a trifle, you know."

"H'm! Toothache! Well, don't look for any sympathy from me. If people will be careless they must expect to suffer for it."

"But you—you——"

"Never, Mrs. Bowser! Never had the toothache in my life, and never expect to have while I keep my senses. If a woman don't know any more than to go barefoot around the house in winter time let her suffer for it."

"But you know I haven't been so silly as that!" she protested.

"Then it was something else just as foolish. Don't expect me to pity you. It's a wonder to me that you haven't got forty different ailments instead of one. If it wasn't for the constant vigilance of the husbands of this land the wives would die off like flies."

"You may have toothache some day."

"It is barely possible, but if I do you won't know it, and I shan't want any of your sympathy. There may be a few husbands in the world who upset the house when they happen to have a pain or an ache, but I'm not one of them. If that tooth isn't all right to-morrow morning you'll go down and have it yanked out."

The other evening as Mr. Bowser sat reading his paper he gave a sudden start, and as Mrs. Bowser looked at him he was wobbling his tongue around as if trying to bite it.

"What's the matter?" she queried.

"Nothing."

"But you look worried."

"Bosh!"

It wasn't two minutes before Mr. Bowser let go of his paper and half rose up, and something like a groan escaped his lips.

"Something certainly ails!" exclaimed Mrs. Bowser, as she laid aside her book, "I haven't seen you look so pale since you fell downstairs with the bedstead."

"Nonsense! I'd like to know—why I should look pale. I was never in better health than I am at this minute. I was just thinking that I'd go downstairs and overhaul our medicine chest. I expected it needs replenishing."

He got up and walked around and finally disappeared downstairs. A few minutes later Mrs. Bowser heard the rattling of bottles and boxes, and as she went to the head of the stairs Mr. Bowser was saying to himself:

"It's mighty funny—mighty funny! Regular old jumping toothache, and a double tooth at that! Jewhitta-ker-to-gee! but how I suffer!"

"Mr. Bowser, have you found the chest?" called Mrs. Bowser.

"Yes, of course."

"Shall I come down?"

"If I need you I will let you know."

He got the vial of peppermint essence and dosed his aching tooth. The pain ceased almost instantly, and Mr. Bowser sat down and smiled in a bland way and said to himself:

"Egad! but I thought I was a goner! It would have tickled Mrs. Bowser half to death if the thing had kept on. Nothing like having your wits about——"

"Mr. Bowser, what on earth is the matter down there!" called Mrs. Bowser, as a chair was upset and something seemed to go hopping around the room.

"I upset a chair."

As soon as he heard her moving away he tried paregoric, turpentine, laudanum, and wintergreen essence. The wholesale influx of remedies astonished the tooth and quieted the pain.

"She'll never know a word about it—not a word!" whispered Mr. Bowser, as he began replacing the bottles. "I don't suppose it was the regular toothache, but she'd have declared it was and made capital out of it. When Mrs. Bowser gets the start of me it will be a cold——"

Something uttered a war whoop. Something kicked over two chairs and banged a footstool against a door. Before Mrs. Bowser could get out of her chair something came flying upstairs and made two circles of the sitting room and fell into a chair.

"Mr. Bowser, what on earth is the meaning of this?"

He groaned dismally and pressed both hands on his jaw.

"You've got the toothache!"

He groaned a groan which strung out ten feet long and shut his eyes.

What a golden opportunity for Mrs. Bowser! She should have given him due notice not to expect any sympathy from her and added that any man who would go and sit in anicehouse in his shirt sleeves must expect to suffer for it. When his tooth jumped him out of his chair over the divan and around the fire screen she should have observed that it was a wonder he hadn't died twenty years before, and that a visit to a dentist followed by a "yank" would be the proper caper early in the morning. Then, as Mr. Bowser stood in the center of the room, his eyes hanging out and the fringe of hair around his bald pate trying to stand up as he waited for the next "jump," she could have finished him off by asserting that but for the constant and unwearying vigilance of the wives of this land not a husband would live over five years at the very longest.

But she didn't. She got him into bed at once, put a flatiron to his feet, made a poultice for his jaw, stuffed his ears with cotton and was still working on him when he fell asleep at 3 o'clock in the morning. And five hours later, when Mr. Bowser got out of bed feeling all right, he cheerfully remarked:

"There was a case, Mrs. Bowser, where you could plainly see the difference. You'd have probably been dosing and doping and groaning all night, while I was simply annoyed for half an hour or so and then flung it off by the exercise of will power."

"But I thought you never had toothache," she replied.

"And I never do, Mrs. Bowser—never. If this had been a case of toothache I could have sat there and laughed over it."

"But what was it?"

"A case of Asiatic sciatic neuralgia, Mrs. Bowser—something just 400 times worse than as if all your teeth ached at once. Women are never afflicted with it, as it comes from too much brain work. Run along now and see if breakfast is ready. It was a simple incident—a mere trifle—not worth talking about."

Weeds Indicating Soil.

The fact that some kinds of weeds only grow on rich soil, and their presence indicates fertility, is well understood by farmers. The common bull thistle cannot be grown successfully on thin, cold soil. Possibly its seed might germinate on such land, but it could not amount to much. Plantain and catnip are weeds that have similar preference, the latter especially thriving in the neighborhood of old buildings, and always when plowed under making a fertile spot. The common mallows, growing in gardens and often a great nuisance there, will not grow in fields of only ordinary fertility. On the other hand, mullein and ragweed grow better on poor soil than on any other, probably because other plants run them out if the land is rich. An English story is told of a blind man who was very wealthy, and who has made much of his money buying and selling land. Driving one day with his servant to a piece that had been commended highly he asked, "Can you find a thistle here to hitch the horse to while I walk about the land?"

"No," was the response, "but here is a mullein that will do as well." "Drive on," said the blind man; "a soil that grows muleins rather than thistles never does for my buying."

In Japan, it is said, there are apple trees growing four inches in height, which bear fruit freely about the size of currants.

Black rust has appeared in many Illinois wheat fields.

Canadian cavalry school corps are to be known hereafter as Canadian Dragoons, and infantry school corps as Canadian Regiment of Infantry.

The wall paper manufacturers of the United States have formed a combine, with a capital of $14,000,000. The head office will be in New York city.

Traffic has been delayed in Oregon by millions of large crickets, which cling to the rails and make it utterly impossible for trains to move over them.

Three factories in the United States consume nearly 2,000,000 eggs a year in making the peculiar kind of paper used by photographers known as albumen paper.

The locusts are reappearing in Algeria in greater numbers than ever, in spite of the efforts that were made by the French administration last year to annihilate the pests.

The fine salmon that used to tempt the angler in New England streams have entirely disappeared, and there are but two or three rivers in Maine where they may still be found.

The most highly valued gift at the Queen of Denmark's golden wedding last week was a crown of golden wheat ears and clover bought with the pennies of 100,000 school children.

At a meeting of the Mackenzie Memorial Committee it was decided to devote the funds collected towards the establishment of scholarships in political science at Toronto University.

There are in Great Britain and Ireland no fewer than 2,788,000 acres of woodland. Notwithstanding this fact, timber to the value of £16,000,000 is annually imported into the country.

The Supreme Chief Ranger calls upon all lodges of the Order of Independent Foresters to observe Sunday, June 19th, as a day of thanksgiving for the many mercies to the order during the past year.

"I have known some very good people" says the Rev. Dr. Hunter who object to the whole system of life assurance because they say, it implies want of faith in God's providence. They might as well object to the employment of a physician, or to taking medicine under any circumstances. God requires man in every department of life to do what he can for himself, and having done that honestly and honorably, he may reasonably expect the blessing of God upon his endeavors. There are a great many people in the world who look upon a life insurance agent as a perfect nuisance; but next to the man who stands in the pulpit and pleads with you in the interests of your soul, the man who pleads with you in the interest of your family is really your friend, and that is the life insurance agent.

HOME MATTERS.

A wet May makes the hay; a leaky June brings grain in tune.

Mr. J. R. Orr, of the Madoc *Review* gave us a call on Tuesday last.

A lodge of the Canadian Order of Oddfellows has been started at Halloway.

Mr. A. G. Scott, formerly proprietor of the Scott House here, is now in Brighton.

The County Council meets on the 14th of June, and not Tuesday the 7th as stated in our last issue.

Miss Lena Caldwell, of Chicago, daughter of Mr. Jacob Caldwell is here on a visit to relatives and friends.

A new roof has been put on the lower shed of the Scott House. The roof broke down with the weight of snow last winter.

E. P. Hannaford of the Montreal Grand Trunk division has been transferred to the superintendency of the Midland division.

The Directors of the Agricultural Society of Rawdon will meet at the Town Hall, Harold, on Saturday next, at 6 o'clock p. m.

Mr. Jas Empey has a hydrange, measuring 27½ inches in circumference. The plant has been in bloom for a fortnight, and is very beautiful.

Geo. W. Hammond, who has been with John Shaw for some time learning the bakery business, is about to start for himself in Brighton.

An exchange says at this time of the year men have a wild yearning to work in their gardens that they don't have when the weeds begin to grow.

Mr. James Parker arrived here from Chicago on Wednesday last, accompanied by two of his children. He expects to remain here during the summer visiting relatives and friends.

Pencil tracings cannot be effected by acids. There is no solution or agent known to science which can dissolve pine carbon or its equivalent, plumbago, of which lead pencils are composed.

We hear that a Cricket League is being organized, called "The Bay of Quinte Cricket League," composed of Belleville, Stirling, Trenton, Picton, Campbellford and Napanee Clubs.

At the Bay of Quinte Conference held at Port Hope, Rev. E. Roberts was elected President for the ensuing year, and Rev. E. N. Baker, B. A., Secretary. Rev. J. A. McCamus was elected journal secretary.

Campbellford and Stirling will cross sticks in a game of Lacrosse at Campbellford, on June 24th, at the big Masonic demonstration to be held there on that date. The boys will require to practice hard, so as to get into shape.

Mr. A. Glass, who has been spending the past few days in Stirling, is making arrangements to remove to Buffalo, N. Y., where he will reside with his daughter, Mrs. Derry. Mr. Derry is a prominent carriage builder in that city.

The Masons of Campbellford will have a demonstration on St. John's day, 24th of June. There will be a street parade, games and speaking on the grounds, and concert in the evening. Excursion trains will run from Belleville and Peterboro.

Physician—"Patrick, don't you know better than to have your pigsty so close to the house?" "An' why should Oi not, sor?" answered Pat. "It's unhealthy." "Be away with your nonsense! Sure the pig has never been sick a day in his life."

Mrs. John E. Paddy and daughter intend leaving here for Granite, Montana, on the 28th of June. We wish them a safe and prosperous journey. Mr. Paddy has been in Montana for some years, and we are pleased to learn has been quite successful.

The results of the examination of the College of Pharmacy were published last week and we are pleased to notice that Mr. Chas. E. Parker was among the successful candidates, passing in all the subjects. There were 114 candidates, of whom 56 passed in all the subjects.

The coroner's jury investigating the cause of death in the case of Brakeman Purdy caused by the late accident near Campbellford, on May 31, found that the accident was due to the placing of an obstruction on the track by unknown parties. The railway company is exonerated from all blame.

Medical journals are discussing the probability of a cholera outbreak the coming summer, and some of our oldest physicians think there is a possibility of such taking place. It is well to take every precaution by cleaning up all premises, as filth is one of the predisposing causes of such epidemics.

The railway track a short distance west of Campbellford, is being shifted. All the section men along the line were ordered to work on Sunday last. A few persons took advantage of the opportunity of going on the ballast train to view the scene of the late accident and spending a couple of hours in Campbellford.

The first features that nine out of ten women turn to in a newspaper is the birth, marriage and death department. Next they turn to the dry goods advertisements, and and after that the city gossip, then to the gossip of other places, and afterward, if they have time, the sweet creature will gloat over the telegraphic horrors.

While the Rev. Mr. Roughly and his daughter were driving to the Hubble Hill Baptist church, a few days since, the horse became frightened at another horse lying on the side of the road. Mr. Roughly's horse shied into the ditch, throwing both out. Miss Roughly was somewhat bruised, though we believe not seriously injured.

On Tuesday last while Thos. A. Eggleton and Wm. Winsor were driving along the Belleville road, the horse they were driving took fright at another grazing by the roadside, and ran away, throwing them both out of the buggy. Mr. Eggleton was severely injured about the head and face, and Mr. Winsor was so badly shaken up that he has been confined to the house since.

"Well, what do you think of the donkey show?" said a young lady to a companion of her own sex, as they passed out of church, after listening to a tedious sermon. The companion did not understand, and the lady proceeded to elucidate. "You observe those young men who stand before the church door ogling the ladies? Well, they are the donkeys, and every Sunday exhibit themselves. You are a stranger in Stirling but you will soon be deeply interested in our Sunday menagerie."

We note with pleasure the success of two young men, Messrs. Charles M. and George A. Kingston, sons of Mr. Charles Kingston, of Rawdon Township. The former has passed the primary examination in Toronto at the Ontario College of Physicians and Surgeons, and the latter, who has been in attendance at the Osgoode Law School for the past three years, has succeeded in passing his final examination, which was held last month. Mr. G. A. Kingston is now engaged in the office of Messrs. Bigelow & Smyth, Barristers, etc., Toronto, and Mr. Charles M. Kingston is in attendance at the summer session at Trinity Medical College.

He has hard work who has nothing to do.

The Cheese Market.

At the Belleville Cheese board on Tuesday last 4492 boxes were offered—3166 white and 1328 colored.

The prices offered were considerably below last week. Sales were made at white at from 8½c. to 8 13 16c., and of colored at 8½c. to 8¾c.

The Liverpool cable quoted white at 52s. 6d., and colored at 49s. 6d.

Bay of Quinte Conference.

Conference closed its sessions at Port Hope on Wednesday. We give below a list of stations in this vicinity:—

BELLEVILLE DISTRICT.

Belleville Centre—Edward N. Baker, M. A., B. D.; Wellington Jeffers, D.D., Garrett J. Bingham, Wm. Bird, Superannuated.
Belleville (Tabernacle), Daniel G. Crossley.
Thurlow—Geo. H. D. Ketchum, D. D., General Superintendent; William P. Dyer, M.A., President of Albert College; W. Benjamin Tucker, B. A. Professor; Eli Woodcock, A. C. Maybee, Superannuated, Hannan W. Louis, Superannuated, who has permission to reside in the United States. George Rollo, Supernumerary.
Belleville West—T. J. Edmison, B.A., B.D.
Belleville North—Amos Campbell.
Sidney—James Paul (Wallbridge).
Ameliasburgh—Samuel A. Duprau (Belleville).
Foxboro—Samuel Sing.
Plainfield—T. Myers.
Camlton—William J. Young, James Ballstone; John Ferguson, Superannuated, who has permission to reside in the United States.
Shannonville—Alex. L. Adam.
Lonsdale—Thomas H. McDonald.

CAMPBELLFORD DISTRICT.

Campbellford—Caleb Parker; R. B. Denike, Superannuated.
Norwood—William Buchanan.
Stirling—Andrew Wilson, M.A.
Rawdon—James MacFarlane (Stirling).
Seymour—Daniel Williams (Campbellford), A. J. H. Strike.
Havelock—R. J. Edwards.
Warkworth—John C. Wilson.
Norham—Matthew E. Wilson, Ph. B.
Hastings—Samuel B. Phillips; Alex. Wright Superannuated.
Flinton—John C. Ash.
Keene—James Curts.

MADOC DISTRICT.

Madoc—James P. Wilson, B.A.
Tweed—William Johnson.
Thomasburg—Samuel McCauley.
Ivanhoe—Richard Duke.
West Huntington—T. P. Steele.
Marmora—John A. McCamus.
Eldorado—W. Y. Sexsmith.
Queensboro'—Alexander Martin.
Bridgewater—Edward A. Sanderson.
Malone—Charles Hearing.
St. Ola—C. Hiram Fusco.
Coe Hill—Samuel Ferguson (Coe Hill Mines)
Bancroft—J. J. Ashton, B.A.B.D.
Maynooth and Carlow—John O. Connell, under Superintendent of Bancroft.
Cavan—William H. Cook.
Frankford—Robert Taylor, Enos Farnsworth.
Wooler—R. W. Marsh.
Colborne—R. M. Pope.
Wellington—O. R. Lambly, M.A.
Deseronto—J. J. Rice.

Foot Ball.

D. & D. INSTITUTE VS. STIRLING.

A Foot Ball match was announced to be played here on Saturday of last week, but owing to the unfavorable weather, the match was postponed until Tuesday of this week.

Tuesday was an ideal day for this popular sport, a slight breeze blowing during the progress of the game, but not enough to favor either team, the shining rays of old "Sol" making the atmosphere warm and pleasant.

At 3:30 the game was commenced by Referee, J. H. Bush, and the most interesting, most scientific and the best combination game of Foot Ball ever played in Stirling was then witnessed by about 500 spectators.

During the first half the mutes repeatedly rushed the sphere over the field, but it was each time met with a cold reception by our backs, Green and Cummings, and a good heavy kick sent it away to either wing, where shot after shot was rained on the opponent's flags. Within ten minutes of half time, a high drop was made, falling directly even with the tape line of Stirling's citadel. An effort was made to keep it out, but of no avail, and the mutes scored their first goal. Time, 35 minutes.

Barlow now set the ball rolling, and soon the mute backs had all the work they wished for. The ball travelled with the rapidity of thought from one wing to the other, then to centre and back to left wing again. Some good shots were being made, but they had, it seemed, a tendency, to go high. Finally it was passed to centre, crossed to left wing, where Hammill, by a quick side shot, gave Stirling their first point. Time 10 minutes. This ended the first half time.

After five minutes rest, play was again resumed, amid intense excitement, as honors were even, although the visitors were beginning to play a trifle on the defensive. The last goal seemed to nerve the home team, and some sharp scrimmages took place, Fraser and Hendren playing a great combination on the Right. The ball passed over to the Left, came back to Centre, hovering there for a few minutes. Soon it was again sent to the Left Wing from where a drop was made. The forward line then fell in, and Barlow, with a nice, slow, easy touch, scored another point for the home club. Time, 12 minutes.

Still, the excitement increased, as the rubber was again sent twirling to our defense, from whence it went flying back. In this game the visitors played nearly an entire defense, the home backs having but very little to do. Fresh after rush, check following check was made, the visiting defense and the home forward line working with all the earnestness imaginable. After 29 minutes in the mutes centre forward secured the ball and made a run up the field, where a shot was made, striking the goal pole. The ball came directly back to the mute, who made a good shot, scoring. During the time of the last goal scored, and the remaining 4 minutes, the ball came by centre field but twice. Some very close shots were made by the home forwards, two or three going high, and several corners being made, play ending with two goals apiece.

Mr. Bush, who officiated, gave a heavy body check during the last half, and was obliged to retire, a spare man taking his place.

Crosby, on Half Back, worked hard, always keeping his opponent in place.

Milne, between the flags gives promise of being an expert goal man.

McCann, on Right Half Back, Gray, at Centre, Doe of the mutes, and McTavish, on Left Wing, worked like trojans, playing the ball quickly.

As was seen, each man on the home club did his best. Our boys should feel proud over the result of this match, as the mutes are supposed to be one of the best clubs in Eastern Ontario. This match ends the season, until Fall, when the return match will be played on the D. & D. Grounds.

Mr. J. H. Bush, as Referee, acted in a very impartial manner. Mr. Jas. Empey filled the position of Umpire for Stirling.

The merchants and business men of the village closed their places of business during the time of the match so as to allow all a chance to witness the game. The Foot Ball Club duly appreciate this courtesy.

Springbrook.

From Our Own Correspondent.

A taste of a Kansas cyclone passed through Rawdon last week along the 9th concession. It completely demolished Mr. Jas. Mumby's barn in the west part of the township. I did not hear of any other damage in its course, until I reached the gravel road, just south of here, where it crossed the farms of J. A. Green and T. J. Thompson, tearing down the former's icehouse and carried away his milk can and pails, and scattered a lot of fence for the latter. Some hail fell, but not enough to do any damage.

From Another Correspondent.

The Select Knights of Canada had their regular meeting here on Tuesday night. The society is still growing. The charter is still open for another month. Next meeting on the 1st Monday in July, at 8 o'clock p. m, sharp.

A net gain of 3,012 for the month of April in the Independent Order of Foresters is an advance of which the order is now boasting. The Order now numbers 10,000 more than it did this time last year.

Stockdale Notes.

From Our Own Correspondent.

The case against Sheldon Osterhout came up in the Police Court again at Belleville on Saturday. After summing up the evidence, (some of which did not amount to the snap of a finger,) Police Magistrate Flint reserved judgment until next Saturday.

The remains of Charles Walt, Jr., of Trenton, were interred in the cemetery here on Thursday last. Deceased had been ailing for the last seven months. Death relieved him of his sufferings on Wednesday morning.

Plenty of rain is making the farmers look up both in pocket and in spirits. As an example of this it was surprising to see the manner in which they bid on old cutters, barrows, mowers, harness, robes, &c., at Geo. Benedict's sale on Friday.

Some of our boys are already beginning to think of the good times they will have at the Brigade Camp, Belleville, this summer.

Mr. Chas. Walt, of Consecon, spent a few days under the parental roof last week.

Stockdale can boast of another Vet. This time it is C. M. Rowe.

Mr. A. Walt is extracting stumps for Mr. Wm. Connor, of Marsh Hill, Sidney.

Mr. Ambrose Johnson is very ill.

Mrs Nicholas Bates is visiting relatives in Rochester.

Mrs. Dorland, *nee* Miss Minnie Rowe, of Bloomfield, spent a few days last week visiting her brother, C. M. Rowe.

Mrs. W. H. Bates returned home on Sunday, after spending a few days visiting at her daughter's Mrs. W. J. Kingston, of Rawdon.

Mr. C. W. Wright occupied the pulpit in the Methodist Church here on Sunday evening.

Picton.

(From our Correspondent.)

Apple trees in this vicinity make a wonderfully large display of blossoms this season.

Ed. McManus received a severe cut on the forehead while playing Football the other night.

The recent rains have flooded low land, but the grain on the high land could not look better.

The North King, running from Montreal to Rochester, calls here every Sunday morning at 6 o'clock going east, and 9 p.m. going west. She is a very fine boat.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Shaw are this week visiting relatives in Hastings Co.

Main street is undergoing great improvements.

The remains of the late Thomas Faughman were buried with military honors on Friday. The funeral was very large.

Considerable damage has been caused at London, Ont., by a rapid rise in the river.

The total loss by the recent great flood on the Mississippi River and its branches is estimated by reliable authority to be $29,300,000.

Stirling School Report.

THIRD DEPARTMENT.

JR. 2ND CLASS:—Charlie Shetlor, 429; Percy Macfarlane, 364; Delia Descont, 342; Arthur Reynolds, 328.

SR. PT. 2ND. CLASS:—Arthur Scott, 349; Charlie Wescott, 335; Gertie Utman, 302; Carrie Rodgers, 284.

N. MCDOUGALL, Teacher.

There have been over 3,000 deaths from cholera at Seringapatam, Cashmere.

On account of the prevalence of intemperance among the men in Holland, women have been employed at railroad switches with great success. Not an accident has occurred since the women were installed in their unique office. If the precedent becomes established that a sober woman is a more valuable servant than a tipsy man, there will be a great revolution in the industrial world.

AN OBJECT LESSON.—"Papa, how do nations go to war with each other?" asked Tommy Seasonby. "Sometimes one way, sometimes another," said the father. "Now, there are Germany and Spain—they came near getting to war because a Spanish mob took down the German flag." "No, my dear," put in Mrs. Seasonby, "that wasn't the reason." "But, my dearie," said Mr. Seasonby, "don't you suppose I know? You are mistaken. That was the reason." "No dear, you are mistaken. It was because the Germans—" "Mrs. Seasonby, I say it was because—" "James, you know better. You are only trying to——" "Madam, I don't understand that your opinion was asked in this matter." "Well, I don't want my boy instructed by an old ignoramus." "Look here, you impudent—" "Put down your cane, you old brute. Don't you dare bristle up to me, or I'll send this rolling pin at your head, you old—" "Never mind," interrupted Tommy, "I think I can see how wars begin now."

Oh, What a Cough!

Will you heed the warning. The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease Consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of saving 50c., to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will cure your cough. It never fails.

The Best in the World.

The oil of the Norwegian Cod Liver is nature's grand restorative, and is only found in its entirety and purity in Miller's Emulsion. It is the most palatable and wholesome preparation of Cod Liver Oil in the world, and is now being taken by invalids, particularly those afflicted with consumption, with the most astonishing success. It is the greatest blood and flesh maker in existence, and is a life saver to consumptives. In big bottles, 50c. and $1, at Dr. Parker's drug store.

Deaths.

In Sidney, on June 8th, JAMES DICKENS, aged 75 yrs. 2 mths. and 22 dys.

STIRLING MARKETS.

Wheat, No. 2, 87c.
Barley, 40 to 47c.
Two-rowed Barley, 35c. to 40c.
Rye, 50 to 60c.
Oats, 30c. to 32c.
Peas, large, 80c. to 90c.
Peas, small, 85c. to 90c.
Buckwheat, 45 to 50c.
Butter, 16 to 18c.
Eggs, 8c. to 10c.
Potatoes, per bag, 25 to 35c.
Hams, 11 to 8c.
Smoked Ham, 8 to 9c.
Pork, 6½c. to 6½c.
Barrel Pork, 8 to 10c.
Bacon, rolled, 10c. to 11c.
Lard, 10c. to 12c.
Chickens, per pair, 40c. to 50c.
Apples, per bag, 50 to 60c.
Dried Apples, $5.00 per bushel

The Stirling News-Argus.

$1·00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE; $1.25 IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

STIRLING, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT., FRIDAY, JUNE 17, 1892.

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THE

Stirling News-Argus

is published every Friday morning at the office of publication, North street, Stirling, first door north of Parker's drug store, by

JAMES CURRIE.

Subscription Price, $1.00 per year, if paid in advance. If not so paid, $1.25 will be charged.

Correspondence is invited on all legitimate subjects, the real name of the writer to be furnished the editor in every case. This rule can have no exception.

ADVERTISING RATES.

For ordinary business advertisements: Charge PER INCH per week when inserted for

	1 year.	6 mos.	3 mos
Whole col. down to half col.	7c.	8c.	9c.
Half col. down to quarter col.	8	9	10
Quarter col. down to 2 inches	9	10	11

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These rates to be confined to the ordinary business of the commercial houses, and for such they will not be held to include Auction Sales, Removals, Co-partnership Notices, Private Advertisements of individuals, Sales of farms, property to let or for sale, etc.

Two inches, $10 per year; $6 for six months; $4 for three months; $3 for two months; $2 for one month. One inch, $6 per year. Professional cards, limited to six lines, $4 per year. A column measures twenty-two inches

Advertisements may be changed at the option of advertisers without extra charge.

Transient advertisements, 8c. per line first insertion, 5c. per line each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements without specific instructions inserted till forbidden and charged accordingly.

Births, Marriages and Deaths inserted free.

JOB PRINTING of every description executed in neat and fashionable style, and on short notice.

The News-Argus to Jan. 1, 50c.

STILL HERE!

And not away off in Nebraska, as reported in the Stirling items of the Belleville *Intelligencer*, and would intimate to our customers that we are filling their orders as fast as we can consistent with GOOD WORKMANSHIP.

—:o:—

We are adding NEW and NOBBY GOODS to our already fine stock of

Tweeds, Fine Venetian Coatings, Black Trouserings.

We have some very fine Summer Suitings at $10, $12, $13, $14 and $15.

NEW STYLES IN STRAW HATS

and the warm days of late has given them the start out. See our Boys' Hats, only 25c.

Neglige Shirts 50c., the best value in the market, at

FRED. WARD'S,

THE PEOPLE'S TAILOR AND FURNISHER.

LEATHER HAS TUMBLED!

SO HAS THE PRICE OF BOOTS! CALL AND SEE FOR YOURSELVES.

Our own make of Men's Fine and Coarse Boots have been reduced. 5 per cent. Discount for SPOT CASH.

HIGHEST PRICE ALLOWED FOR EGGS.

W. S. MARTIN & CO.

ECONOMY, EQUITY, STABILITY, PROGRESS.

The Ontario Mutual Life

HEAD OFFICE, WATERLOO, ONT.

Established - 1870.

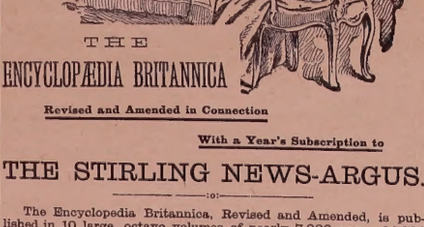
DOMINION DEPOSIT, — $100,000.

Assurances in force, Jan. 1st, 1892	$14,934,807
Increase over previous year	1,224,007
New Assurances written in 1891	2,694,950
Increase over 1890	346,800
Cash Income for 1891	547,620
Increase over 1890	57,762
Cash Paid to Policy-Holders in 1891	211,607
Increase over 1890	35,456
Assets, December 31st, 1891	1,959,031
Increase over 1890	247,345
Reserve for Security of Policy-Holders December 31st, 1891	1,780,775
Increase over 1890	221,816
Surplus over all Liabilities, December 31st, 1891	155,559
Increase over 1890	21,493

J. G. DAVISON, Auctioneer, S. ROUGHTON, } Special Agents.

S. BURROWS, GENERAL AGENT.

Office Front Street, Belleville.



THE

ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA

Revised and Amended in Connection

With a Year's Subscription to

THE STIRLING NEWS-ARGUS.

—:o:—

The Encyclopedia Britannica, Revised and Amended, is published in 10 large, octavo volumes of nearly 7,000 pages, 14,000 columns, and over 8,500,000 words.

—:o:—

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This great proposition will not last always, and you should take advantage of it at once.

CALL AND SEE THE BOOKS AT THE "NEWS-ARGUS" OFFICE.

The Presidential Contest.

The Republican Convention at Minneapolis concluded its session on Friday last, the balloting for a candidate having been a much less protracted affair than was anticipated. The total number of votes cast in the convention was 904, and thus 453 votes were necessary to a choice. On the first ballot the vote stood—Harrison 535, Blaine and McKinley 182 each, Reid 4, and Lincoln 1. Thus on the first ballot Harrison was the choice, and by subsequent motion his nomination was made unanimous. The Blaine boom fell flat, though all the noise and enthusiasm apparently was for Blaine, yet when votes were counted, as the phrase is, "he wasn't in it." This is the third time Blaine has appeared as a presidential candidate, and it is likely the last.

For Vice-president, Mr. Whitelaw Reid, one of the editors of the New York *Tribune* was chosen without opposition. Thus the Republican standard bearers are Harrison and Reid.

Opposed to Harrison the most likely candidate on the Democratic side is Cleveland, but this will be known definitely in a week or so, as the Democratic Convention will meet in Chicago on the 21st of this month.

Sale of Mining Property.

A big deal in gold mining property has just been consumated at Marmora, namely the sale of the Lingham & Co's. property and mills to a syndicate of American capitalists. The price paid is $100,000, of which $5,000 is put up as forfeit. The works at mill and mines, and also the railroad from mines to Marmora village, have been stopped until the new owners make a thorough examination, and if this is satisfactory work will be resumed on a gigantic scale.

A New York despatch dated June 11th, says:—Two mining experts, Mr. Foster, of Colorado and Mr. Gillen of Montana, are now investigating Canada gold mines at Marmora, Ont., with the intention of proceeding to Nova Scotia from there. They represent Mr. J. G. Haggin & Tevis bankers of San Francisco, and perhaps the most successful miners in the United States, owning the Anaconda Mine of Montana which yields $1,000 per day profit. The attraction which Canadian gold ores now afford arises from the successful treatment of ores at Marmora and elsewhere by the new process of gold extraction by the Crawford Mill, the North American control of which is in the hands of Erastus Wiman.

Money in Butter.

It is an unfortunate fact that, while cheese-making has been making the most wonderful strides forward in Canada, the kindred industry of butter-making has been going backward.

The extent of this retrogression was pointed out by the Deputy Minister of Agriculture for Ontario in a speech recently delivered. Mr. James showed that in 1866 before Confederation, Canada exported ten and a-half million pounds of butter, as against only three and three-quarter million pounds last year. High water mark was touched in 1880, when eighteen and a-half millions were sent abroad, and from that on there was a falling off until in 1888 only only one and three-quarter million pounds were exported. Since then, however, there has been a decided tendency again, and, in 1891, as above stated, three and three-quarter million pounds of Canadian butter were shipped to outside markets.

The falling off which was observable from 1880 to 1889 is attributed by Mr. James to the fact that practically nothing was done during those years to improve the product of the Dominion, while within the same period great advancement was made by France and Denmark, particularly by the latter (in which the establishment of creameries was encouraged by the Government), the result being that the products of these two countries, three years ago, practically shut that of Canada out of the English market. Since 1889, however, the travelling dairy has been at work, and to its influence is due the picking up that has been observed in the last two years.

This diary is at best, however, a mere make shift. What is required is the establishment of creameries that will give a uniformity in quality such as can never be secured while each farmer's wife makes her own butter. In this respect Quebec is away ahead of Ontario, the former having one hundred and twelve creameries against only forty five in this province.

Herein is another opportunity for the adoption of a progressive policy by the Government of Ontario. The operation of creameries should be encouraged' official inspectors provided for and the quality of the product certified to by a Provincial stamp. The possibilities of this are more than sufficient to warrant any expenditure necessary, as is shown by the fact that Denmark, with a population less than that of Ontario, exports $16,000,000 worth of butter annually, while the highest figure ever reached for the whole of Canada was only a little over $3,000,000. There is money in butter, and the trifling outlay required to place Ontario in the van in bringing it out should be cheerfully borne by the Government of this Province.—*Toronto News.*

Rev. Ephraim Evans, D.D., one of the oldest Methodist ministers in Canada, died at London, Ont., on Tuesday night last, aged 89 years.

The Mackenzie memorial fund for Toronto alone amounts to the sum of $10,000. Several Conservatives are among the subscribers.

The Department of Agriculture at Washington has issued a report as to the state of the crops, showing there is every prospect of a good crop in the States the present year.

A cyclone struck the Templeton district, north of Ottawa, on Tuesday, and caused great destruction to property, wrecking several dwellings and farm buildings, killing one man, and severely injuring many others.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada met in Montreal last week, when Principal Caven, of Knox College, Toronto, was chosen Moderator. The Election about to be held in Great Britain. The invitation comes from the leaders of the Irish Home Rule party. Mr. Blake is considering the matter, and it would not be a matter of surprise should he accept.

There was a regular tornado at Ste. Rose, St. Johns and other places in the Province of Quebec, on Tuesday last. At the former place a school house was blown down, the schoolmistress fatally injured, and from six to ten children killed. At other places great damage was done and several others are reported to have lost their lives. The storm is the worst that has ever visited Canada.

The mortality from cholera at Meshed, Persia, has reached 400 daily. Business is completely suspended. The Persian Government has ordered that a military cordon be placed around Teheran. The Russian Government is taking vigorous and extensive measures to prevent the entry of cholera into Russia, and has persuaded the Ameer of Bokhara to cleanse his capital and put it in sanitary condition. The sanitary operations nearly caused a native revolt, and the Ameer had to threaten beheading as the penalty for non-compliance with the new regulations.

Rawdon Council.

Town Hall, June 6th, 1892.

Council met according to adjournment. Members all present. Minutes of former meeting read and confirmed.

Mr. Munroe Presley applied for leave to do the road work between the lots No. 12 and 13 in the 13th concession. Mr. McComb moved, seconded by Mr. Connor, that the application be granted. Carried.

Samuel Mack applied for a grant on the County road leading from the 8th line north. Mr. Williams moved, seconded by Mr. McComb, that the sum of $15 be granted. Carried.

Mr. Duncan Nerrie applied for leave to have his ten shillings allowed to remain on the road allowance on the 10th con. line, in the Village of Springbrook. Mr. James Montgomery gave notice that he would at the next meeting of Rawdon Council move a By-law granting D. Nerrie the privilege asked for.

Henry Jefferies applied to have his property detached from s.s. No. 1 and have the same attached to Huntingdon union. On motion the application was laid over.

Mrs Margaret A. Mumby applied for a grant. Mr. McComb moved, seconded by Mr. Bateman, that the sum of $10.00 be granted to be laid out on the 13th con. line, under the supervision of the Reeve. Grantedd.

Mr. John Green applied for a grant to be laid out on the 5th con., west of the Marmora gravel road. Mr. Williams moved, seconded by Mr. Bateman, that the sum of $15 be granted. Carried.

Mr. Williams reported on the bridge on the old Marmora road near Seymour Fox's in the 3rd con., stating that the bridge was 12 ft. long, also that it should be raised and planked and perhaps need 4 new stringers.

Mr. James McComb paid over to the Treasurer the sum of $23.00, being amount received from Rathbun Co. for timber on road allowance between lots No. 18 and 19 in 14th con.

Mr. Geo. Fletcher applied for a grant on the 8th con., west of the Marmora gravel road Moved by Mr. Bateman, seconded by Mr. Connor, that the sum of $10 be granted. Carried.

The Clerk handed in his account of Court of Revision, amounting to $30.

Mr. Bateman moved, seconded by Mr. Williams, that the account be paid. Carried.

The following accounts were then paid:—

John McGee, culvert	$ 5 00
Cooper, for support Bill Rodgers	5 00
Calvin Williams, burial expenses the late Mrs. Young	11 00
G. H Wiggins, expenses Court of Revision	30 00
Paid on 30th May:	
Bill Rodgers, support	5 00
C. F. Aylesworth, expense Radford and Rupert	6 00
R. Bailey, support Bill Wallace	10 00

On motion the council adjourned until he first Mon day in July next.

G. D. WIGGINS, Clerk.

Eighteen cases of heat prostration were reported in New York City Monday, four of which were fatal.

Mr. Balfour announced in the British House of Commons Monday that Parliament will be dissolved between June 19 and June 25.

The first account of taking granulated butter from the churn instead of gathering it into a solid mass, was first published in 1873. It has now become the standard process in all the best dairy establishments, and the superiority of the product is everywhere recognized. This fact affords a good example of the aid rendered the farmer through the agricultural press.

Glass is rapidly coming to the front as a building material. It is now proposed to cast it in the form of blocks, colored according to fancy, and use it both for outer walls and for interior decoration. Roughly cast glass, it is said, can be made as cheaply as concrete or artificial stone and is completely impervious to moisture and practically indestructible. For interior work the colored glass would be polished and made to glow like a mirror while all kinds of decorative effects could be obtained as easily as in the ordinary plaster, by moulding it in a plastic state.

Calgary, Alberta, N.W.T., is a great and growing place and is going extensively into the dead meat trade. The Northwest Trading Company have just built there, at the junction of the C.P.R. with the Calgary and Edmonton Railway, a cooling store capable of holding 260 carcasses of beef and 1,000 of mutton, with slaughter houses, corrals, pig geries, etc. They are shipping in refrigerator cars. One car load has been sent to Vancouver, B. C., every five days from February 10 to end of May to fill a contract. Each car takes twenty-five carcases of beef and 100 of mutton. Later on they intend establishing a pork packing house and also a tannery.

The Province of Manitoba is soon to take a vote on the question of prohibition. It is to be managed in this way:—At the same time as the general elections each elector will be handed a ballot marked in one place "For Prohibition," and in another place "Against Prohibition." Those who vote will mark a cross for their choice, and thus the mind of the people will be recorded. As to the result? Well, the country districts are so strongly in favor of temperance that it is believed they will give a large majority for prohibition. Some even expect to carry the cities by small majorities. After the plebiscite, if it has been given for prohibition, will become a prohibitory act in the province as the power—and many lawyers believe it has—to pass it. At all events, the moral effect will be greatly on the side of temperance and the cause must exert an influence in the right direction.

A unique, simple, and useful device is a self closing gas burner invented by Charles H. Kinney, of Milwaukee. On the inside of the burner is a small spring of silver wire, which protrudes about one-third of an inch above the burner. In order to light the gas all that is necessary is to bring the match in contact with the silver wire; this expands and opens the valve by which the gas is admitted into the burner. Silver is one of the conductors of heat, and it does not take more than five seconds to light a jet, and a reporter blew out the flame, but ten seconds later there was no odor of escaping gas perceptible at the self closing burner. This device, the inventor claims, will not only prevent the escape of gas after the flame has been blown out, but will also act in the same manner where the gas has been turned off and then accidentally turned on again.

The presence of large numbers of Chinese in San Francisco is likely to give considerable trouble to the authorities there. A recent despatch says:—The Chinese Highbinders have offered a reward of $500 to any Highbinder who will kill Christian Chinamen, and they have also sent warning letters to missionaries in the city declaring that if they continue to rescue female slaves from Chinese brothels their lives will pay the penalty. Such a letter has been received by Miss Margaret Culbertson, Superintendent of the Presbyterian Mission Home, and by several other people active in this work. The letter also demands that Miss Culbertson release forty women and girls now in the Home. Copies of the same warning letter were sent to Mr. Worley, commercial editor of the *Chronicle*, and his sister, who have been engaged in Chinese mission work for years.

County and District Items.

Tamworth will have a big orange celebration on the 12th July.

The I.O.O.F. Grand Lodge of Ontario, will meet in August at the city of Windsor.

Ald. Anderson and Ald. Skinner have resigned their positions in the Belleville City Council.

A young man named Edward Huddleston was drowned in the river at Belleville on Friday last.

An unprecedented number of bears have been killed in the northern portion of Hastings this spring.

Thomas Cross, of Ottawa, chief clerk of the Department of Railways, was drowned in the Rideau River last week.

E. K. Ostrom, a resident of Peterboro' for 16 years, died on Tuesday. He was born in Sidney, Hastings county in 1829.

The Cousins bridge at Tweed broke down on Wednesday, as a heavy load was being drawn across it. One horse belonging to the team was drowned.

A few nights ago a Mrs. Corkey, of Barrfield, near Kingston, had $30 in the store, fearing burglars. In the morning the $30 helped to light the fire for breakfast.

Penitentiary Guard Atkins, of Kingston, threatens to shoot burglar Charles McGee under arrest for robbery and assaulting Mrs. Atkins, as soon as he gets his eyes on him.

Mr. H. A. Calvin, Conservative, was elected by acclamation in the county of Frontenac on Friday last, to fill the seat lately occupied by Lieut-Governor Kirkpatrick.

A Sunday School association has been formed for the township of Seymour with Mr. A. Barnam, president; Rev. J. Moore and J. P. Beel, vice-presidents, and T. S. Porte, secretary-treasurer.

The Tweed *News* says:—The Oragemen of District No. 2, South Hastings, will celebrate the coming 12th of July with their brethren of District No. 3, N. Hastings, at White Lake in Huntingdon.

On Sunday last a son of Mr. Lancaster Reeve of Faraday township, was killed by a runaway horse. Owing to this affliction, Mr. Lancaster is unable to attend the present session of the County Council.

At an Indian dance on the Mohawk reserve on the evening of May 24th Margaret Lorens stabbed a white man named Wm. Miller inflicting a deep gash in his hand three inches long. Both of the parties were drunk.

The trial at Fort Arthur of Mrs. Carruthers, charged with murdering her husband in the Rainy River district, resulted in the acquittal of the prisoner. The jury were out five hours. The judge charged strongly against her.

An investigation has been proceeding for some time in the town of Trenton to enquire into the cause of the fire which destroyed the Dominion Paper Mills, as a result of the investigation Charles Ostrom, a man about 50 years of age, has been committed for trial, charged with arson.

Two young people were drowned in the Bay at Toronto on Saturday evening last. Their names were Fred Wing, aged 20, and Miss Eva Berkinshaw, aged 18. The latter was the only daughter of Mr. J. C. Berkinshaw of the Mail. Both were boarders. It is not known how the accident occurred.

The dwelling and store of Mrs. Hill, Eldorado was destroyed by fire on Tuesday afternoon. The flames spread so rapidly that only a few articles were saved. The loss will be a severe one for Mrs. Hill, as there was but a small insurance on the stock. Some of the adjoining buildings caught fire, but were put out before much damage was done.

While George Storms, foreman of the G.T.R. section at Marysville, was walking along the track on Thursday, 9th inst., a train came upon him unawares, striking and throwing him 30 feet, inflicting a scalp wound seven inches long and raising the scalp off the skull for a like distance, also fracturing the shoulder blade. It is feared that he is internally hurt as well.

The Madoc *Review* says:—We are informed that a big deal in gold mining property has been consumated at Marmora, namely the sale of Lingham & Co's. property and mills to a syndicate of American capitalists. The price is fixed at over $100,000, of which $5,000 is put up as forfeit. It is said that the works at mill and mines, and also the railroad from the mines to Marmora village, have been stopped until the new owners make a thorough examination, and if this is satisfactory work will be resumed on a gigantic scale. We trust the reports are well founded.

Fire broke out in the Rathbun Company's carshop, Deseronto on Tuesday evening. Owing to the rapid progress of the fire the south end where the fire originated, together with the valuable machinery, car castings and lumber which had been prepared and ready for the construction of new cars was completely destroyed. A new B. of Q. Railway coach about complete barely escaped the roaring flames which spread so rapidly. By hard work the able men of the fire brigade managed to save nearly the whole northwest end. The wind being favorable the fire was got under control and confined to the south end, and no more damage is expected. The loss as yet is not known, but is estimated between $15,000 and $17,000.

John B. Gough's Prayer.

Rev. Dr. D. O. Mears, of Worcester, Mass., the intimate friend and pastor of the late John B. Gough, at a recent no-license meeting in Worcester, read the following prayer from the diary of Mr. Gough, written in 1843, which he said had never appeared in print:—

"Almighty God, if it be Thy will that man should suffer, whatever seemeth good in Thy sight, impose upon me. Let the bread of sorrow be given me to eat. Take from me the fountain of my confidence. Let the cold hut of poverty be my dwelling-place and the scourging hand of disease inflict its painful moments. Let me sow in the whirlwind and reap in the storm. Let the passing away of my welfare be like the fleeting of a cloud, and the shouts of my enemies like the rushing of waters. When I anticipate good, let evil annoy me. When I look for light, let darkness be upon me. Let the terrors of death be set before me. Nothing shall save me, merciful God, save me from the fate of a drunkard.—John B. Gough.

Little Things.

It is curious to note that many things which have turned out most useful discoveries for man, having a great influence upon the lives and destinies of mankind, owe their beginning to some slight accident.

It is said that the art of printing took its origin from some rude impressions taken (for the amusement of children) from letters carved on the bark of a beechtree.

The stupendous results of the steam-engine may all be traced to the boy who sat watching the steam which came from the nose of the tea-kettle.

Electricity was discovered by a person observing that a piece of rubbed glass attracted small bits of paper.

Gunpowder was discovered from the falling of a spark on some materials in a mortar.

Boasters are cousins to liars.
Denying a fault doubles it.
Confession of a fault makes half amends.
Envy shooteth at others and woundeth herself.

Truth in a Nutshell.

Judge Johnson, of California, in passing sentence of death on a criminal, made use of the following language:

"Nor shall this place be forgotten in which occurred the shedding of blood. It was one of those ante-chambers of hell, which mar like plague-spots the fair face of our State. You need not be told that I mean a tippling-shop—the meeting place of Satan's minions, and the foul cesspool which, by spontaneous generation, breeds and nurtures all that is loathsome and disgusting in profanity, and babbling, and vulgarity, and Sabbath-breaking. I would not be the owner of a groggery for the price of this globe converted into ore. For the pitiful sum of a dime he furnished the poison which made the deceased a fool, and this trembling culprit a demon. How paltry a sum for two human lives! This traffic is tolerated by law, and therefore the vendor has committed an act not cognizable by earthly tribunals; but in the sight of Him who is unerring in wisdom, he who deliberately furnishes the intoxicating draught which inflames men into violence and anger and bloodshed, is pronounced by the moral turpitude of the deed. Is it not high time that all these sinks of vice and crime should be held rigidly accountable to the laws of the land, and placed under the ban of an enlightened and virtuous public opinion?"

The Presbyterian General Assembly will meet next year at Brandon.

Official reports as to the harvest prospects show that the general outlook in Russia is much worse than it was in the early summer of 1891.

A very severe storm visited Chicago Monday night. Two persons were killed and five or six fatally injured. Great damage was done to property.

The ship Leo sailed on Saturday from Brooklyn with 1,500 tons of flour, besides meats and breadstuffs for the starving Russian peasants. The ship was loaded under the auspices of the King's Daughters and the Red Cross Society.

Voting on the Ontario local option law has been held in thirty-five municipalities, twenty-four of which have adopted the law. This law prohibits the retail sale of intoxicating liquor, and has behind its enforcement all the machinery of the license law of the Province.

As a result of the Sunday-rest agitation in Germany for the last seven years, the second delivery of letters on Sunday has been suppressed throughout the empire, and shops are now largely closed in Berlin and other cities and towns, and none may remain open over five hours.

Ex-Judge A. W. Tourgee, who has studied life in the Southern States for many years says, if there is not a marked change in the attitude of the United States toward the colored race there will within ten years be a massacre unparalleled in the history of revolution. He is amazed that the negro has been so patient so long under the persecution he has had to endure.

The Crown Lands Department of Ontario has issued an illustrated and well compiled description of the Rainy River district in Algoma. Mr. Frank Yeigh, who is the author, has furnished in this pamphlet a very useful report upon the soil, climate, products, area, resources, free grant, forest and mining laws of a region hitherto little known. Yet it comprises 22,000 square miles and is an exceedingly desirable agricultural and mineral location. Both for stock raising and sheep farming it seems to be well fitted, as well as for other branches of farm, mine, and forest work. The district afford one more instance of the mineral riches contained and hidden throughout our vast domain.

AGRICULTURAL.

The Marching of the Grass.

O the marching of the Grass!
O the joy that comes to pass
When the mighty silent army with green banners over blows
Drags the winter from his throne!
Conquerors all his shining valiants, climbs the rampart of the hill,
Steals by homely wayside hedges, fords the river broad and still,
Undermines the fortress forest, overtops the castle wall,
Swift in yielding wins, the cities, and the hamlets brown and small,
Till the whole wide world is captured,
And the soul of man enraptured,
Thrills with passion of delight
Sunny morn and dewy night.
And the joyous rhythmic pulsing marketh time in fad and tune.
To the marching,
Marching,
Marching,
Of the Grass.

O the marching of the Grass!
Fairer things may come to pass
In the golden days of summer; roses drunk with wine of June;
Flitting wild birds all atune
With the odorous breathed dawning; wondrous tapestry of flowers
Halm of incense; rest of shadow; tangled veil of jewelled showers;
Hymning choirs of happy music backward tossed from earth to sky;
The full beauty of completeness in the cloven lifted high!
But what means its regal splendor
To the love beat sky and tender
With white hope, the hot sun's fervid chime,
To man's pulses marking time
To the haunting spell of gladness that doth come—and go, alas!
With the marching,
Marching,
Marching,
Of the Grass.

—[Mary E. Blake.

A Remedy for Parasites.

BY PROFESSOR A. J. COOK.

As I have often urged, there is no substance so excellent to kill injurious sucktorial insects as kerosene emulsion. It is quick death to lice on cattle, hogs and horses, and to sheep-ticks. It is very much and very cheap. Many a stockman is thankful for having learned of this insecticide for stable and sheepfold. This same kerosene emulsion is very valuable also against plant-lice and other insects; last year we actually killed the terrible rose chafer by its use. My formula for the manufacture is as follows: Dissolve half a pt. (1 pt. will do very well) of soft-soap, 1-4 lb. of hard-soap, in boiling water; then remove from the fire and add, at once, half a pint of kerosene, and stir violently by pumping the mixture back into itself with a force pump; I know of no good way to stir hard enough except by use of pump or syringe; stirring with a stick will not do. After about three minutes stirring it looks like rich cream and will then remain permanently mixed; I fear any dilution will now spoil it, so separation of the oil. This formula gives a perfect emulsion with any water, and even if the oil is ice-cold. For treating stock this may be used with little or no dilution. For plants it should be diluted so that only one-fifteenth of the whole is kerosene. If the emulsion is not diluted enough, a gelatinous mass is formed which does not break up easily with cold water. It is easy to dilute the first day with cold water, after that the dilution should be hot.

Early Lambs for Income.

February 23, two lambs were sold in market, one for $9.50, the other for $8. The higher priced was sold to a Jew who would "lambed about Christmas day. Now allowing its mother's womb to have cost $1.50, it is evident that the lamb paid $1 a week for its keep from the time of its birth. Profitable enough, this rearing of spring lambs, if properly looked after. Not a job easily overdone, either. It requires too much nicety in feeding and ventilation to be very popular. The sheds must be kept clean and sweet, air must be let in freely, cold must be kept out. All the old "house-lamb" breeders of my day, even as long ago as the "thirties," used to have at least one thermometer in the shed, even in the mild climate of southeast England. The best food for early lambs is half linseed-cake and half white peas; the former fattens, the latter firms the flesh. We generally used to kill at ten to twelve weeks old, by which time with plenty of the food mentioned, a lamb of the Hampshiredown breed ought to weigh 38 lb. the carcass.—(Canada Journal of Agriculture.

Sheep and Dogs.

The question of "best breed of sheep" hinges largely upon locality and purpose. If fine mutton be the special object, the Downs are doubtless best, especially the Southdowns. If near a town, close to railroad transportation, production of early lambs will probably be more profitable, and it is not always the finest mutton sheep which lest fill this bill. Good, early lamb, early in the season, will bring a big price, no matter what the breed. Years ago, I was very much interested in Cotswolds, and still think highly of them; but the breed does not usually bring so much per pound as some others, but it will make up in quantity any deficiency in price. They are large sheep, and the lambs are remarkably thrifty and fast. But of late years, a breed, the Dorset horned, is coming to the front, nearly equal to Cotswold in size, and reputed as breeding twice a year.

The Dorsets are said also to be courageous, and willing and able to fight dogs, using their big horns very effectively against the murderous invaders. This would be a great advantage to farmers who hesitate to poison dogs on their places—a thing I never hesitated about at all. I used to put strychnine in my estimation, worth all the dog laws on the books. I never could understand why sheepraisers should hesitate to protect their farms from dogs, without bothering the Legislature, about the matter at all. I was once very much troubled by dogs, being near a village. I gave notice in the town papers that, after a certain day, my premises would be unhealthy for dogs. I soon had a pile of thirty dogs, and then the public realized that my place was private property, and not a hunting ground for worthless curs. Finely bred animals of the Dorset breed can probably be had for $25 to $50 each.—[Home and Farm.

Horses in Hot Weather.

A farmer who keeps several teams for summer work writes as follows: Corn is not as good feed in hot weather as oats. In fact some horses cannot be fed on corn when warm weather comes. In winter three parts of corn and one of oats, ground, makes a good feed. The quantity of corn can be diminished and oats increased as spring approaches. We make it about two parts of oats and one of corn for spring work. Horses fed on ground feed often refuse to eat it when at hard labor in warm spring weather; then whole grain should be given for a few days, when it will again be relished. An occasional bran mash is relished; and is very beneficial if given after a cold, stormy drive.

One great luxury to most horses is the roll after the day's work is done. If you have never tried to give your team free liberty for a few minutes after their day's work is over, do so some warm evening, and, if possible, give them access to a strawy manure heap, or any place that has plenty of litter, and watch them for a few moments, and I assure you, you will be repaid for your troubles. A few nips of grass will lay thankfully upon the stomach. Some say that if they should give their horses liberty they could never be caught again. If these relations exist between you and your horses your treatment is not kind to them and you are not worthy to be lord over that noble animal. I have worked a young and spirited team and gave them their liberty many times, and they would have the most tempting morsel (fresh green grass in the spring) to come at my call.

The legs and shoulders should be bathed occasionally with cold water (with a handful of salt added to a half pail of water). Much hay and grain is wasted during the winter months. It is not necessary that a horse should eat all day long when not at work. The system does not require as much nourishment when standing idle. A variety of feed is best; such as wheat-straw, cut corn-fodder and a little hay. With these and three quarts ground corn and corn twice a day, a 1,200-pound horse will keep in good condition. Our 1,200-pound team did not consume over three-fourths of a ton of hay in three months this winter. The general impression is that hay for horses must be a little hard and that clover hay is injurious. This is a very mistaken idea. It has again and again been preached in these columns by such men as Mr. Terry, that June grass dried is the most relished, and most beneficial to all animals. I am not ready to admit that hay alone is sufficient for a horse to perform hard labor on, but it goes for good ways. The trouble in feeding hay alone is, it is too bulky and would be burdensome to a horse when performing hard labor. Oats contain the most muscle and bone-forming qualities. Corn is best in winter; makes the most heat. To consume hay enough to supply the demands of the system would require at least 24 hours at noon, which most farm teams do not have in the rush of work.

Raising Turkeys.

The *Poultry World* gives the following good advice for making turkeys profitable.

There are some good and showy varieties of fancy turkeys, but the only breed that is profitable on the farm is the Bronze turkey. The Bronze is a cross between the old common black or Virginia wild turkey and the wild turkey. The wild bird is the finest specimen of this fowl in existence, but it cannot be domesticated. The gobbler of the wild turkey is sometimes captured weighing 40 pounds. The Bronze gobbler attains even a larger growth, reaching occasionally more by 50 pounds. But for breeding purposes the male bird should not weigh over 30 pounds, or the female over 18 or less than 14 pounds.

Old birds make the best breeders. Their value in this field is greatest from two years old up to 12. The bronze turkey retains the wild instinct of roosting in trees to a much mania for stealing its nest out and hiding it. Mr. I. K. Felch directs the poultry raiser to humor this fancy of the hen turkey so far as to allow her to select that she is hiding her nest. He lays a barrel upon its side on the ground and then buries it in the soil to one third of its depth. The hen will then go into it up even with the ground of the outside and covers it with sod. This he presses down in the center into the shape of an egg-cup and places a nest egg in it. The outside of the barrel is hidden by piling green brush upon it and sticking green boughs into the earth about it. A cluster of nests may be produced in this way and a low fence put about them, such a one as the turkey can easily climb over. Mr. Felch says this plan is so successful that when it is adopted not a turkey hen will roam off to nest.

Turkey hens indicate the proper time to raise their young by beginning to lay eggs when they are ready. They generally produce 26 to 30 eggs. If any more are laid they are not apt to be fertile. Not more than 17 should be put under the turkey hen to hatch. The rest may be set under a common hen and given to the mother turkey when hatched. Change the young turkey coop from the place of hatching every fifth day, as turkeys must not roost in the same spot like chickens. If made to do so the young ones will die. In their food Felch says this: "Do not feed sweet screenings, for often a wild seed in it will produce diarrhea, which is a very prevalent ailment with them."

Dwellers in the Arctic.

In 1813 Sir John Ross discovered an isolated race of human beings, numbering about 200 souls, living on the inhospitable shores of North Greenland. To this community he gave the romantic name of *Arctic Highlanders*, a name that is unfortunately, is misleading, for they are littoral people and cannot inhabit the arctic highland, as it is an everlasting ice-gap, and moreover they will not even visit, for this inland ice is to them a region of terror, a land where abide their demons and evil spirits.

At the present day they number, as near as can be estimated, about the same as when the knowledge of them came to the civilized world; nor have they increased their territory, but have kept the narrow strip of mountainous coast, which is left bare during the summer months by the retreat of the winter snows. They could not be more cut off from their summer hunting did they live on some small oceanic island. Practically they do live on an island, for they are surrounded by water; by great expanses of solid water; for to the south is an ice barrier of the great Humboldt Glacier, with its sea face of sixty miles; they never ascend to the summer foot of the "icebink," some 2000 feet, and dare not even attempt to wander south over the vast ice-floes of Melville Bay, 100 miles in extent. At 70 degrees north latitude, near the southern end of the great Humboldt Glacier, is a collection of huts known as Etah, their most northern settlement, while at Cape York, in latitude 75 degrees 55 minutes North, probably their largest encampment, is their southern limit and which, as near as we could determine by the sign language, they call Pitanito. Their country may be said to be about one hundred and eighty-five miles long, and from three to five miles in breadth.

The Oldest Man.

The oldest man in the world is Jesus Campeche, who lives in the outskirts of Mexico. He says he was born in Spain in 1738, which would make him now 164 years old. He has the appearance of being about ninety years old, and is fairly active for an old man. He shows papers to back up his assertion as to his age and birth. He says he remembers coming to this country when he was twenty-five years old as a soldier, and that was just before the war of the revolution in the United States.

The old man's memory is good and he tells of things he has took place the last century as if they had occurred last year instead of over 100 years ago. In fact he remembers things 75 and 100 years ago better than he remembers those of recent occurrence. The papers which he carries to prove his assertions are copies of a church register in Valdolid, Spain, showing his baptism and his marriage to Josepha. The papers are undoubtedly genuine, but they may not belong to him.

Killed by a Stone From Heaven.

To the writer's certain knowledge there is but one case on record where a human being has been killed by an aerolite or ball of meteoric stone. The fatality mentioned occurred in Whetstone township, Crawford county, Ohio, in 1871, and is recorded in the Bucyrus Journal as follows:

"As David Misenthaler, the famous stockman of Whetstone township, was driving his cows to his barn about daylight this morning he was struck by an aerolite and instantly killed. It appears as if the stone had come down from a direction a little west of south, striking the man just under or on the right shoulder, passing obliquely through him from the right shoulder to a point above the left hip, burying the greater portion of his body under itself in the soft earth. The stone is about the size of a common wooden water bucket and appears to be composed of pyrites of iron."

The Length of Vision.

How far can you see under favorable conditions? is an interesting question, and one on which there has been much speculation. Mr. Emile Metzger asserts that he once saw Kelcerspeck, in Sumatra, when 110 miles from it, and that at another time he saw Guy Mennpi when 186 miles away. The whole range of the Swiss Alps were once visible to Sir J. Hippisley at a distance of 220 miles and Sir William Jones declares that he has seen the Himalayas range from a spot fully 224 miles from the peak he saw.

THE DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION.

It was a happy group that had assembled in the society room. The Hour had come earlier than usual and accompanying her was Mrs. Helen Burnham, a native of Brompton, and an old friend of nearly every member. She had come to town only the night before on the semi-weekly steamer and the exclamations of surprise from the ladies were profuse.

She was slightly above the average height and a certain air of youthfulness about her made every woman in the room experience a pang akin to envy, though Mrs. Burnham had such delightfully cordial manners that it was impossible for anyone to dislike her. Her large brown eyes were fringed with lashes still velvety, although she was considerably "out of her teens."

But at last the members had all come and Mrs. Burnham had a chance to see how the friends of her girlhood had developed. There was Emily Forest, Mrs. Simmons, the Katie Dodge of former days, a comely matron of forty-five, who were spectales and like all of "manage things," but carried out her plans in such a diplomatic manner that her subordinates actually believed they were having their own way.

Young Arabella Finch was a lady of uncertain age filling the honorable position of secretary. She was tall with black eyes and black hair which she wore under a pair of gold-rimmed glasses. Arabella had no income save the rental of part of her house. Helen pitied her as she noticed her faded cheeks and deep lines in her forehead; she had been pretty once. Mrs. Howe looked unchanged except her hair, which was almost white, and Laura King

"Helen," exclaimed Emily Brown, "What have you done to keep yourself so youthful? Here are most of us grey haired and women, while every hair on your head is brown."

"You must have discovered the fabled fountain of youth," suggested Miss Finch.

"Oh, no, I have done nothing," answered Mrs. Burnham, laughing, "but I was not aware that I was among such remarkable people. I haven't stayed in one place long enough to grow in one way; I have so longed to settle down for a while in a cosy home of my own, as you do here, where one is not continually meeting strangers that one doesn't care about."

"Why Helen," said Mrs. Brown, "you are as cosmopolitan as Jacob Greenlow, you remember how it used to annoy his wife that he went to live with his son in Providence, but he couldn't stay because he didn't know what he would do without his daily paper. Why, he said he couldn't live in a place where he didn't know everybody."

Before the laughter had subsided a pretty young lady came in who was introduced as Miss McDonald, the high-school assistant.

"Tell me about our distinguished visitor," she whispered to Mrs. Brown. "Come into the kitchen while I am getting supper, and I will," she answered, delighted with the opportunity.

"You know the Dunn house," she began. "Well, Mrs. Burnham's husband's aunt, lived there and brought up her niece who was an orphan. She was a beautiful girl, and every young man in the town was in love with her. It was said that she was engaged to Fred Robbins, the doctor, you know, but I don't think she really was, though he was desperately in love with her and has never married. His Mrs. Dunn was careful that she should make no alliance with penniless Brompton lovers, and engaged her to a New Yorker much older than Helen. Of course she was young, attracted by the wealth and thought she loved him, but I guess the poor thing would have given all her money to have been single again. Well, it was a sad, sad story, though people said her husband was cruel to her. She never had any children and he wouldn't let her adopt a child, but she's given a great deal to the poor. Mrs. Burnham was insane for the time, the last years of his life, and when he had those spells she was the only person who could manage him; yet when he was sane he managed her."

"But why didn't she get divorced?" asked Miss McDonald.

"Oh, that wasn't her style; it was her way to stick to anything she had attempted. I remember when she was a girl she always had such a contempt for divorced people."

"And has she lived in New York?"

"Only a short time. They lived in Europe most ever since the marriage. She must have been relieved when he died, the monster!

"Yes, I should think so," said the listener warmly. "How long has her husband been dead?"

"A year last month she said."

"Do you suppose the doctor will be here to supper?" asked Miss McDonald.

"I hope so; though he is busy and of course cannot know anything of Helen's being here, for Mrs. Howe kept it secret until this afternoon on purpose to surprise him."

"Thank you for telling the story, its quite romantic," and she thought to herself that it might be still more so. Miss McDonald wrote something on a bit of paper and gave it to a boy who was passing. Mrs. Brown happened to glance out of the window and saw that the boy stopped at the doctor's office.

"By the way did you know that we generally had company at the society supper?" said Miss French to Mrs. Burnham.

"No, I did not" she replied. "Then why were you so surprised to see me?"

"Oh, I mean gentlemen, the husbands and brothers and friends of the members. It's near 6 o'clock now, and there are several coming down the street; yes, they are society gentlemen; see if you know them."

"Ah! the one ahead is Jonas Tompson, and is that Mr. French—Why can that be Fred Robbins?"

Miss McDonald, saw a change pass over her companion's countenance as the last name, not a blush but a soft light came into her eyes and the slight shadow disappeared from the brow, which until it was passing had not been quite free from care. You could first to enter the room. He was a tall man, rather too slender for his height, and had an open, pleasant face. Miss French immediately recovered the listener, saying, "Here is an old acquaintance of mine."

"Helen!" he exclaimed, looking as though he had seen a ghost.

"Beg pardon, Mrs. —"

"Burnham," suggested Miss French.

"Mrs. Burnham, this is indeed a surprise! I did not know you were on our side of the globe."

"What an unsocial creature, to know so little about your old friends," she returned.

"Yes, my friends seem to have not seen for twenty years," he answered. "If it were not for a spirit of the past that seems to haunt this old place I might say twenty days instead."

"Ah! That "spirit of the past' means me, I perceive; how delightfully antidelavian you have grown, I think I should have recognized you by your delicate way of complimenting, if by nothing else."

"I thought he had forgotten how to compliment," broke in Miss French, as they sat down to the supper table.

"O, then, it is a lost art!" inquired Mrs. Burnham; "if so, allow me to congratulate you on its revival."

A sudden light came into the doctor's eyes; he sat as one in a dream—a dream from which all his fellow-creatures were as completely left out as though they had never existed—all except the restored friend at his side. It was in a dim wood half light, and the setting sun's rays had filled with the beautiful fragrance of June; the birds were calling to each other from the tree tops and warbling their good-night songs; and there was the spasmodic tinkle of cow bells and the far away voices of children coming across the hay field. He was seated on the "Great Rock' and by his side was a lovely girl with sweet brown eyes and pale golden hair looking like a wooden nymph against the green background. He had availed himself of the chance and was pouring forth his love in quick, glowing words. He scarcely understood that the dream of his young life was over, but as they parted she repeated the lines:

"All discord, harmony not understood:
All partial evil, universal good.

And what had his life been, not wholly discordant he hoped, and here

Her voice recalled him from his reverie—the same musical voice which he had so loved in her girlish days; yet it was not quite the same; he had thought it unchanged at first, but now he detected a subtle difference, perhaps unlikely it was in himself, or it might have been the words, they were so foreign to his thoughts and the scene was so different from the one which he had recalled.

"Really, Mr. Robbins, I think you have been dreaming."

"Beg pardon, I am sure," he answered. "I believe my thoughts had gone wool gathering. Can I serve you to anything? Some of this nice brown bread," he continued, passing the plate.

"Bread indeed!" exclaimed the maker in a tone of disgust! "That's angel cake! Doctor, I think your eyesight is failing."

"Well," he returned laughing. "I ought to have expected to find angel's food here."

As they chatted after supper some one asked Mrs. Burnham to sing, so she sat down to the organ though protesting that she "had hung her harp on a willow."

Young Arabella Finch was gifted with a sweet and she sang with much expression one of Moore's melodies.

"And dost not a meeting like this make amends for all the long years I've been wandering away,
To see from around me my youth's early friends
As smiling and kind as in that happy day!
Time has not o'er some of your brows as o'er mine,
The snowfall of time may be stealing, what then?
Like the Alps in the sunlight or smooth flowing Rhine,
We'll wear the gay tinge of youth's roses again."

She next sang a pretty German song and then rose to leave the instrument amid the delighted applause.

"Oh, do not go," they cried.

"Very well," she said, gaily, "you must all sing and we will have a musicale and I will be director!"

Then followed such a varied program—school songs they had learned with the alphabet and ballads which brought with them the sweet memories of long summer evenings and of friends with whom they had sung their last songs. There was a trembling in some of the voices, and while the tears were yet in the eyes of Mrs. Howe, at recollection, the "director" would break into a strain like "John Brown had a little Indian."

No one seemed to take any more thought of time than if that valuable commodity had entirely dropped out of existence. Finally the lamp on the organ went out and Mrs. Jones awoke to the fact that the fire which had not been replenished for the last two hours had also departed this life. On inquiry she "knew not what time it was, he answered in a guilty voice. "Only five minutes after eleven, Mirandy."

"Goodness! exclaimed his spouse in the midst of a pathetic refrain, "You don't mean to insinuate that I have to go home to tell me before? and its my night to sweep too," she continued in a sufficiently audible voice to arouse the others.

"Do you suppose, Mrs. Jones," pleaded Helen, "the old 'Good Night' in the 'Glee Singer;' I think you must know it." And so the musicale ended as informally as it had begun.

"We have had a delightful evening haven't we?" she said to the doctor, and he answered, smiling.

"The nicest musicale in 20 years."

Nearly a week later he made his first call upon her. They had met every day, but there had been time only for a few hurried words at each meeting.

She was looking quite ill, and he remarked it. "Only a little headache," she said with rather a pitiful smile.

"And much of being weak," he added.

"How discerning you are! but I am better now and shall be very glad to see you if you do not talk about health."

They were both in a very different mood from that in which the society had seen them, and each felt that the other had undergone a change since that time.

"Helen," he said suddenly, "do you remember our last walk?"

"Oh, yes," she replied, "I have thought of it many times in my wanderings, and have never seen a sunset which I preferred to that."

There was a pause. Both were living over again the scenes which had so stirred them.

"Yet you never came back," he said at last.

"No; this place seemed a part of my life which had gone out with my girlhood—a sweet dream of the past I tried to forget; and could not recall. There are some things which belong to the past so entirely that, could we bring them back, they would not satisfy; they would seem only a mockery of what had been."

"Do you mean that you can not come to me now when all your ties are sundered? I am alone, too."

There was a thrill in his voice which sent a little shock through her, as he continued:

"Helen, I have been waiting for this 22 years. Your memory has always haunted me, though I tried to forget it; and yesterday when I heard that you were free, it seemed as though I had escaped from a long imprisonment and were breathing June air instead of the stifling air of a poisonous atmosphere. When I met you the other night it seemed a fulfilment of my cherished dream, although I did not know you were in this state of freedom. You could not expect to return thinking I would care for this of you."

His manner and words were far different from the boy's passionate confession in the wood, but she felt that the feeling which prompted them was as strong and tender in the man as in the boy. With this knowledge she had the courage to conceal her tenderness as she said: "How could I know that you had not changed like all—" then correcting herself, "I like your old friends, rest of us? I would not willingly give you pain, you who have been so faithful to the friend of your boyhood through all her fickleness."

"Do you mean that I have been imposed, "do not say that, rather your self-sacrificing obedience; no one could censure you ever."

"Please do not interrupt me," she said, "nor think me self-sacrificing. I was speaking of your loyalty. How it strengthens my faith in human nature and human love; it is so rare that one's friends unchanged in all these years. I did not know there was one in all the world like you. But I know you are like that to me."

She had also risen and was pacing the floor, as she went on in a hurried, suppressed voice

"You would not want me for your wife," raising her hand when he would have spoken. "I am not the girl you knew 20 years ago. I frighten me when I think what I might be. Hel on Time, and if any one had told me that I should be the woman I am, I should have shuddered, but not believe! You can not know what I feel at the thoughts that have sometimes possessed me, and I could not escape, I had to go on." Her voice had sunk to a passionate whisper. "Once I actually bought poison; no, no, not for him," she exclaimed, as she saw his look of horror, "for myself."

"My poor Helen!"

"But in some way my hand was stayed," she continued, "my good angel, in whom I had lost faith, appeared to me, and I could not thank God, enough. . . . After he died I seemed neither to think or feel for a while; simply to exist. But kind friends came to me, and gradually my life became, in another direction I found a beautiful little girl whom I have adopted; she, like me, was alone; we shall be a comfort to each other."

They were both silent awhile, busy with their own thoughts.

"I do not know why I should tell you this—except—that I have been so miserable; I have never told any one before,—never."

"Why should you not? have I not a right to share your joys and sorrows after all these years of waiting?" he asked in a pleading tone.

"I think perhaps I am not quite well, or it may be seeing you—I used always to feel as though I must tell you my wrongdoings, because I could not bear that you should think ill of me—and now what have I done; what will you think of me?"

"I shall never cease to think of you as the dearest woman in the world, even though you cannot give yourself to me," he said in a low voice, taking her hand.

"It is hard for me to fully believe such love," she answered, "I have been so long in the shadow; you must know me better before you say that again."

"I will wait patiently for you to-morrow and you would rather I would go away now?"

"Yes, but please come soon again. I do not often have such considerate callers and I need you and—thank you."

The doctor thought he detected a new expression in the beautiful eyes which looked so appealingly into his.

Their lips met by a common impulse and he was gone.

The next morning little Maude H. We brought a package to Helen's room, say, s the doctor has "been some mell" ne." On opening it two roses, a faded one and a fresh one fell out, and a slip of paper on which was written, "Here is the prescription which I spoke of last night, if you have seen, although it was written for you 22 years ago before I had begun to write them for other people. It is for heart disease and the other one is for headache. Follow the directions to the very letter I feel assured that you will wear the gay tinge of youth's roses again the next time I call. Please say when that shall be."

There it was—the love letter—written so long ago, and Helen read it with happy tears falling on the faded roses, and then beginning to "wear the tinge of youth's roses."

One other "prescription" was a proposal of marriage in set terms, and Helen smiled as she wrote the following reply. "Thank you for sending the 'prescriptions;' they have worked magically and my headache has entirely ceased. My heart is much improved though it beats strangely fast and I would like you to call this evening. I will wear the roses, and will give the one which the 'snowfall of time' has ruthlessly stolen I shall keep as an emblem; it may prevent an attack of the disease when—when I am Mrs. Robbins!"

DIED JUST IN TIM I

How a Man Escaped Being Eaten by a Monarch of the Forest.

There is always something awe-inspiring in a lion, even when viewed behind the iron bars of a cage, but to be suddenly confronted by one on a desert plain with only a pack of scared-to-death natives at your heels is startling, to say the least of it. I was a young fellow of 22 when this happened to me, says a London correspondent, and was doing Asia, or such parts of it as the prejudiced government would permit me to enter. When I proposed to cross the Lybian desert, I fancied that the twinkle in the eye of the official that called on me to learn my business was a knowing one. At any rate, his permission for me to go was suspiciously warm in its manner of delivery. I left the squalid little town that stuck to the edge of the desert with a feeling of loosening bands had a fascination for it, although it was afraid to venture nearer, with ten natives, to whom I had to promise the most ridiculous wages before they would even hear of accompanying me.

All along I had been wondering why the traditional lion did not appear, and until it actually did come unexpectedly out from that clump of stunted palms had really believed that I wanted to see him. But as I eyed the beast it dawned on me that such adventures make the reputation for knowing than enacting. He was a fine fellow with a splendid head and a mane that swept the ground, but one of his flanks bore a long, jagged wound, which gave a hideous expression struck, and the tawny skin was flecked with blood. I was not only facing a lion, but a wounded one at that. True, I was armed with something more than a boy lions, but I might miss the first shot and arouse the lion's wrath, and then where would I be? This was a question that I felt would require some consideration, but the sight of all those blessed natives behind me looking to the foreign gentleman to sustain his nation's reputation for valor, nerved me to go forward with a firm shoulder, and aiming as carefully as I could for the heart of the beast, which stood watching me with bloodshot eyes that never wavered. Bang! I looked for the lion to leap, but instead it gave a roar that seemed to your humble servant to shake the earth, and the next moment the horse I rode had thrown me over his head and was running at a good speed path we had just come over, but the natives were ahead of him. I had read that a lion would not touch any meat that it had not killed itself, so I threw myself down on my weapons, I lay down on the sand and closed my eyes. The monarch of the desert walked leisurely up to me and placed its big black paw on my left shoulder, and I felt its moaning softly. When it had investigated me to its satisfaction it withdrew to the shadow of the palms and lay down. I watched it through my lashes, and presently saw that what I had suspected from the first was correct. The lion was dying from that fearful wound it had received in a jungle unknown hand. I saw the grand head fall to one side, the yellow mane sweep the sand, and the powerful limbs give a quiver and lie still. I had escaped, I said, and rising, walked up to him.

The majesty of that death scene impressed me greatly, and I stooped to gaze into the face of a single creature, which, like a thunderbolt, the supposed defunct lion threw himself upon me. I fell with his whole weight on me, and I breathed a fervent to Jehovah, for I felt the grasp of his powerful jaws closed on my shoulder, but this had been but the expiring effort of nature, and even as the teeth caught my coat the lion was dead. I was very dead this time, though it was nearly an hour before I would venture near him. I walked back to the little town where the natives had told a thrilling story of how our party had been set upon by two enormous lions that had killed me, and, though they had fought valiantly, had been obliged to fly in short a distance of the town. These fireeaters felt that their devotion, if wasted, had constituted them my natural heirs, and were in little mood to be pretty quiet when I walked in and settled the question as to the division of my effects.

"And where is the lion?" was the chorus when I had convinced them that I was neither my own ghost nor, as some pretended to believe, an impostor. "Dead," I answered with all the nonchalance in the world, and tried to hire them to return with me to secure the game, but not a man would go. I finally succeeded in getting a fresh crowd to accompany me to the scene of the conflict and when we returned to the town carrying the noble carcass the populace came out in a body to welcome it and do honor to the hero that single-handed had met a lion and slain it.

There have been others that have also viewed me in this romantic light, looking up from their inspection of the magnificent lion skin that adorns my library with tears of admiration in their eyes, but I have eyes but to you I have to-day told the truth, concerning my first and only lion hunt.

To the Point.

We say our remedy is a permanent cure and then prove it thus: Toronto, Ont., April 17, 1887. "I tried St. Jacobs Oil, St. Jacobs Oil cured me effectually of rheumatism, with which I suffered in 1880. I have never had any return since of the pain which I endured for months previous. It affords me great pleasure to say I have recommended it to a number of friends. Too much praise cannot be devoted to its healing qualities." J. ABRAHAMS, Passenger Agent, 51 York St. A seven year's test.

YOUNG FOLKS.

Questions Asked at Breakfast Time.

Why does milk and waterpail?
Why does knives cut chicken up?
Why does good things make us fat?
Why does cracks come in my cup?

What's inside of lima beans?
Why does little boys have jackets?
Why ain't Papas ever Queens?
Why does fire come in flames?
Why does apples fall in fall?
What's the use of hired men?
Why do little boys have sisters?
Why don't sik come after ten?

BT. NICHOLAS.

BOB TRICKMAN.

BY MRS. A. E. THOMAS.

"What are you reading, Joe?" said Will to his big brother, as they all sat under the gaslight one pleasant evening in May.

"Will," said Joe looked up from his paper, "it's quite a story; would you like to hear it?

"Yes, yes," said Will and Bess. "Do read it to us."

"No, I think I will tell it, as I have just finished, and you will enjoy it as well."

"Yes, do tell it."

"It is about Bob Trickman. There is a place called Mouse Creek, somewhere out west, and no morning teacher and scholars were all fighting. Now, what do you think they were fighting? Indians? Oh, no they were fighting fire, prairie fire. Now, some boys there are very headstrong. I know one here too," and Le looked at Will.

"Go on, go on."

"Bob thought that if the long prairie grass spoils the smoothness of their play grounds they devise some means to get rid of it. Bob Trickman was a truthful boy, comparatively speaking, and he could be trusted largely, if he were not tempted. Neither was that the only thing remarkable about him, for he was also a boy that kept his pockets buttoned and his hands tied. He had tight little calves, like balls of blue worsted, and nankin breeches, which, when he kept them straight, made any headache has entirely ceased. My heart is much improved though it beats strangely fast and would like you to call this evening. I will wear the roses, and will give the one which the 'snowfall of time' has ruthlessly stolen I shall keep as an emblem; it may prevent an attack of the disease when—when I am Mrs. Robbins!"

WHOLESALE POISONING

Three Women Prosecuted for Murdering Relatives.

Some sensational revelations were made during the trial in Hungary of the three peasant women named Pionieski, Kurjakow, and Kernacz, who were charged with having committed a series of murders by means of arsenic poisoning at Neusatz Ujvidek. Pionieski is accused of poisoning her husband and her father, Kurjakow of poisoning her lover, and Kernacz of murdering in the same manner her husband. The first part of Friday's proceedings was devoted to the examination of the women Kernacz and Kurjakow. In the questions of the judge, the accused declared that her late husband was suddenly seized with violent vomiting and died on the fifth day after being thus attacked. She admitted that she had a lover whose name was Csirits, and that serious quarrels had occurred between the deceased and herself on account of her relations with this man. She was unable to offer any explanation as to the presence of arsenic in the body of her husband. The mother and daughter of the prisoner, however, and several witnesses who were called, stated positively that the husband of the accused had had very suddenly, and that the symptoms of his illness seemed to point to foul play. The report drawn up by the doctors who made the post-mortem examination of the bodies, and the analysis made by the District Sanitary Council were then read to the Court. It was stated that distinct traces of arsenical poisoning had been found in the bodies of the husbands of the prisoners Pionieski and Kernacz, but that on the other hand, the quantity of arsenic discovered in the body of Stojaits, Kurjakow's lover, was comparatively small. During the public prosecutor's speech the woman Pionieski, who is accused of two murders, fainted. Her husband and her father, looked extremely dejected. At one point she was overcome by faintness, and commenced to weep and groan. The prisoner Kernacz sat with their eyes cast to the ground, and they presented a crestfallen appearance. Sentence was pronounced on Saturday. Pionieski was found guilty, and was sentenced to penal servitude for life. Kurjakow and Kernacz were acquitted on the ground that there was not sufficient evidence against them, and were immediately set at liberty.

THE BATTLE OF LUNDY'S LANE.

On the other hand, he had received considerable reinforcements. As soon as it was known that he had passed the Niagara troops were put in motion, both from Detroit and Sackett's Harbor, to support him. A letter in the *Baltimore Patriot*, dated July 12th, relates that upon the day after the action at Chippawa, he was joined by about one thousand men from Buffalo, regulars, volunteers, and Indians, among them Captain Stone's mounted riflemen, 160 strong. On July 16th, deserters who arrived in the British camp, reported that 700 men had just crossed over from Lewiston. This reinforcement was composed of detachments of the 11th, 22nd and 23rd regiments. Rumors of disaster having become current before intelligence of the battle had been actually received, the editor of Niles' Register, published in Baltimore, took occasion to observe in the issue of July 30th: "General Brown has received some handsome reinforcements from Buffalo, and there is no reason to believe he cannot maintain his ground for some time." The most authoritative evidence on the subject is to be found in a pamphlet published by General Ripley in 1815, vindicating his conduct, which is now very rare. It contains an official return, showing the effective strength of the two brigades of infantry upon the 23rd July to have been 136 officers and 2,620 non-commissioned officers and privates. Upon the 24th we are informed that 190 of the 22nd Infantry, under Lieut. Guy, and 220 of the 1st, under Colonel Nicholas, who were not included in this return, arrived from Fort Erie. Then he supplies a second return, showing the effective strength of Porter's brigade upon the 30th July, five days after the action, to have been sixty-one officers, and 538 rank and file, and that of the artillery on the same date, twelve officers and 200 rank and file. The loss of these corps in the action, according to the official published return, was 112 of all ranks, but this certainly does not include loss from desertion and straggling, which in a militia force especially, is commonly very considerable after a reverse. This, however, gives a grand total of 4,059 officers and men. The general staff, dragoons, mounted infantry and a detachment of engineers, still remained unincluded, but of these no returns are available. Making due allowance for these and the probable understatement of the loss of the militia brigade, it is safe to say that Brown had under arms on the evening of the 25th July at least 4,500 of all ranks, of whom upwards of 3,500 were regulars. A certain proportion probably were detailed for camp service but after making a reasonable deduction for this, he still must have been able to bring more than 4,000 men into action, with nine pieces of field-artillery, three of which were 18-pounders, and one a 5½-inch howitzer. In fact a letter dated at Buffalo next day, giving a very accurate account of the battle, states his force engaged at precisely that number. In artillery he possessed a decided preponderance from the beginning of the action, an advantage which was only partially counterbalanced by the excellence of the position occupied by the British guns.

Leaving the Queenston road at nearly a right angle, Lundy's Lane followed a course almost due west for about half a mile, then trending gradually northward, crossed the Twelve Mile Creek at DeCew's Falls. About a hundred yards west of the junction of the roads, on the south Side of Lundy's Lane, stood a Presbyterian church, a low frame building, painted red. It occupied the highest point of the rise, which slopes gently southward and westward, but dips more abruptly to the east and north. On the right of the church lay a small enclosure, in which a few weatherbeaten wooden slabs and rude brown headstones, with sometimes a brief inscription roughly carved upon them by the village blacksmith's chisel, but more often nameless, marked the graves of the fathers of the settlement. Hither, too, brave young Cecil Bisshop was borne by mourning comrades upon their return from that daring raid in which he met his death, and there he still reposes. Southward, a thriving young orchard covered the slope below the graveyard, extending quite to the edge of the Portage Road and encircling a small dwelling and farmyard. Meadows and cultivated fields lay beyond, bounded by thick woods less than half a mile away on both sides of the road, stretching down to the river near Table Rock, and skirting the brink of the chasm for a long distance.

Dreading an ambush, Scott carefully reconnoitred these woods with his cavalry, and his delay enabled the British light troops to regain the position they had just abandoned. Then, as now, Lundy's Lane was bordered by many apple, cherry, and peach trees, thrusting their projecting boughs over the highway. In these orchards the Glengarry Light Infantry took up their ground, forming the right wing of the British line of battle. Tomkins' two feld-guns were planted among the graves on the very summit of the knoll beside the church, so as to sweep the road. The detachment of the 8th and the Incorporated Militia were posted lower down, behind the fences, and in the fields on the left of the main road extending towards the river, but leaving an interval of more than two hundred yards unoccupied next the bank, which was overgrown with scrub-pine and brushwood. The extremities of both wings were inclined slightly forward. The remainder of Morrison's column was formed in rear of the guns, under shelter of the ridge, as fast as it came up, and the troop of the 19th Dragoons was posted on the high road some distance further away. The entire number of all ranks in the field when this was accomplished was 1,637, of whom about one-half were Provincial troops.

It has become the fashion among American writers to describe Drummond's force as being composed of Wellington's veterans. With the exception of Colonel Henry Scott and possibly a few other officers, who may have exchanged from other regiments, it is safe to assert that not a man in the entire division had ever served under that illustrious commander, and very few of them had seen active service of any kind outside of Canada.

As the Americans emerged from the woods, the 9th, 11th, and 22nd regiments deployed in the fields on the left and the 25th on the right of the road, while their field-guns came to the front and unlimbered upon the highway. The brigade of infantry numbered 1,506 of all ranks, and the artillery dragoons and other mounted corps consisting of two troops of U. S. dragoons and the New York commands of Boughton and Stone, probably mustered 300 more, making a total force of 1,800 fighting men.

Retiring leisurely before the advancing enemy, the British skirmishers frequently halted and formed as if with the intention of making a stand, then dispersed again as soon as their position was seriously threatened. Much valuable time was gained by these manœuvers, which were continued until the vanguard of the American army had approached within half musket-shot to their fighting line when they finally ran in.

The sun was about half an hour high, or, in other words, it was between six and seven o'clock in the afternoon, when Scott began the engagement by a general attack of light troops along the entire front of the British position. On the right, the Glengarries easily maintained their ground, but a section of the Royal Scots which had just come up, startled by the sudden apparition among the trees in their front of a body of men in green uniforms, resembling those of the American riflemen they had encountered that morning at Lewiston, hastily fired a volley upon them, which injured several and produced some confusion.

Having felt the force opposed to him in this manner for a few minutes, and satisfied himself that it was there to fight where it stood, he formed the 11th and 22nd United States Infantry for a direct frontal attack, and detailed the 9th and 25th to turn both flanks simultaneously.

The centre attack was not pushed with vigor, and was easily repelled by the artillery fire alone. But upon the left of the line, the Americans soon obtained a decided advantage. Observing the belt of unoccupied ground next the river, Scott ordered Colonel T. S. Jesup, with the 25th U. S. Infantry, to make a wide circuit through the undergrowth in that direction, and, by turning Drummond's flanks attempt to gain possession of the Queenston Road in the rear. Favored by the approach of night, and concealed from view by thickets, that regiment made its way unperceived into the interval, and suddenly attacking the battalion of Incorporated Militia in flank at the moment it was attempting to take ground further to the left, threw it into confusion, and took four officers and nearly a hundred men prisoners. Following up his advantage, Jesup advanced rapidly as far as the road, which he occupied in force, and the troop of the 19th, finding a strong body of infantry firing upon them from the enclosures on their flank, retired as far as Muddy Run. Nor was this the full measure of his success. First, Captain Loring, A. D. C., to General Drummond, riding to the rear to bring up the cavalry, was captured, then General Riall, himself bleeding from a wound, which subsequently caused the amputation of his arm, fell into his power in the same manner. The prisoners were promptly hurried from the field, and when their rank was announced to the remainder of the brigade, it became the signal for loud and prolonged cheering along the entire line, caught up and repeated by Ripley's and Porter's advancing columns.

Scarcely had these sounds died awayn when a shell from the British battery struck, one of Towson's ammunition wagons, which instantly blew up with a great explosion. This incident was hailed in turn by exulting shouts from the successful gunners, who redoubled their efforts in consequence, and the American pieces were speedily overpowered by their fire, and almost, if not quite, silenced. The remnant of the Incorporated Militia quickly recovered from its confusion, and re-formed in rear of the 89th, fronting the Queenston road, and covering the flank and rear of the troops in Lundy's Lane. Their musketry soon compelled Jesup to relinquish the position he had secured, and communication with the rear was re-opened. Lieut.-Col. Robinson being dangerously wounded, the command of this corps devolved on Major James Kerby.

A general advance of the 9th, 11th and 22nd Infantry converging upon the British guns, forced the 89th and the detachments of the 8th and Royal Scots to advance to their support, and was not repelled without a sharp struggle, in which both parties suffered heavily. Lieut. Hemphill, leading the Royals was killed, and the command of his party, the remnant of three companies, devolved on another young subaltern, Lieut. Fraser. Colonel Morrison was so severely wounded that he was carried from the field, and Major Clifford assumed command of the 89th, while Captain Campbell, commanding the 8th, had his horse killed beneath him. Their assailants finally retired, leaving the slope strewed with their dead and wounded, and were rallied with difficulty under cover of their artillery. The 22nd in particular broke in great confusion, running athwart the front of the 11th when in the act of wheeling, and carrying away several platoons of that regiment in its flight. Their officers failed to check the fugitives until they had gained the shelter of the woods, and only a part of them could then be induced to return to the scene of action.

Biddle's, William's, and Ritchie's batteries, containing in all six guns, advanced to Towson's assistance, and the artillery-duel was resumed. Notwithstanding the disparity in numbers, the British guns still maintained a decided superiority. Captains Biddle and Ritchie were both wounded, the latter mortally, and Towson is said to have lost twenty-seven out of thirty-six men serving his three guns.

Colonel McRee, an engineer officer, who was acting as General Brown's chief of staff, finally assured the American commander that he need not hope for ultimate success unless the hill was taken and the guns silenced. By this time the entire available force of his division had arrived. Scott's brigade was much exhausted and diminished in numbers. Accordingly Ripley's brigade, consisting of the 1st, 21st, and 23rd Infantry, besides detachments of the 2nd Rifles, 17th and 19th Infantry, was formed from the main attack, having Porter's brigade, composed of Dobbin's and Swift's New York regiments, Fenton's Pennsylvania battalion, and Willcock's Canadian Volunteers, upon their left, while the 25th U. S. I. still maintained its position in the thickets on the right.

For a few minutes firing almost ceased, and this interval was employed by the American artillerymen in bringing forward fresh supplies of ammunition, and a daring officer Captain Brooke, stealthily crept up the hillside until within a few yards of the British battery, with a dark lantern, which he suspended in a thicket, as a guide for his gunners to sight their pieces, for although the moon had risen, its light was rendered faint and uncertain by drifting clouds of smoke and dust, and the position of either line of battle was simply indicated at intervals by the flash of their guns.

The action had now continued for nearly three hours, and the British force had been reduced by casualties, to less than twelve hundred officers and men, and its situation seemed perilous in the extreme. It could no longer be a matter of doubt that they had to contend with the entire American army. But relief, though long delayed, was now close at hand. After the original order of march had been countermanded, the troops encamped at Twelve Mile Creek and remained quietly in their quarters until afternoon. Then the order was received from General Riall, directing a portion of the force to advance immediately to his support by way of DeCew's Falls and Lundy's Lane. This meant a march of fourteen miles under a burning sun. Col. Scott instantly obeyed, taking with him seven companies of his own regiment, (the 103rd,) seven companies of the Royal Scots, Lieutenant Colonel John Gordon, five companies of the 104th, Capt. R. Leonard, and a few picked men selected from some of the Militia battalions in camp, under Lieut.-Col. Hamilton, yet owing to the weak state of the companies, his entire column did not muster more than 1,200 of all ranks. This force was accompanied by three 6-pounders and a 5½-inch howitzer, under Captain Mackonochie. The advance-guard was already within three miles of the field of battle when they were met by an orderly bearing a second despatch from General Riall, announcing that he was about to retire upon Queenston, and directing them to retreat at once. They had retraced their steps for nearly four miles, when the roar of cannon burst upon their ears and they were overtaken by a second messenger, summoning them to the scene of conflict. It was accordingly nine o'clock before the head of this column, weary and footsore with a march of more than twenty miles almost without a halt, came in view on the extreme right

Already the American artillery had opened fire with renewed vigor to cover the advance of their infantry, and Porter's riflemen were creeping stealthily forward on the right, in the hope of turning that flank also. Drummond promptly foiled this movement by directing the headquarter wing of the Royals and the flank companies of the 104th to prolong his fighting line in that direction while he formed the remainder of Colonel Scott's column into a second line in rear of Lundy's Lane. These dispositions had not yet been entirely completed when a large body of infantry was again observed advancing upon the artillery. The troops destined for the result of the battery, composed of the 1st U. S. Infantry, Colonel R. C. Nicholas, detachments of the 17th and 19th, and the whole of the 21st, under command of Colonel James Miller, and the 23rd, Major D. McFarland, had quietly been formed in the hollow, where their movements were concealed by the darkness, and now advanced silently in line, two deep, under cover of the discharge of all their artillery, which concentrated its fire upon the British guns. These battalions mustered upward of 1,400 bayonets. The position occupied by the 1st U. S. Infantry, forming the centre of their line, compelled their regiment, fresh from a tour of uneventful garrison duty in the distant frontier posts on the banks of Mississippi, to climb the slope in the face of the point-blank fire of the British guns, while Miller's and McFarland's commands moved obliquely upon the battery from either flank. Scarcely had it begun to feel the effects of the artillery-fire when this regiment gave way, and before it could be rallied by its officers, had retired a considerable distance in much disorder. The 23rd, on the right, advanced with more firmness and lost heavily. Its commander was killed, and the line began to waver, but order was soon restored by the efforts of General Ripley, who directed its movements in person after the fall of the Major McFarland. Miller's approach on the opposite flank was screened from the view of the gunners by the church and an almost continuous line of thickets fringing both sides of a shallow ravine. Within twenty yards of the guns, a stout log-fence, skirted with shubbery and small trees, crossed their path and furnished convenient cover. Up to this point their advance had been unobserved by the artillerymen, whose attention was rivetted upon the batteries below. Halting there for a moment, they fired a single effective volley, and rushing forward, gained the summit, but with heavy loss. A few gunners still clung desperately to their pieces and were bayonetted while striving to reload, and the battery, which had been worked so effectively against them was in their possession. Both the 24-pounders and one of Captain Mackonochie's 6-pounders which had since been brought up to their assistance were taken. Lieut. Tomkins and a few of his men were also captured and temporarily confined in the church, whence most of them soon succeeded in making their escape.

Nearly at the same instant, Ripley came up with the 23rd, and the 1st, having re-formed, advanced to their support. Ripley's entire brigade was thus massed on a very narrow front, on the south side of Lundy's Lane, between the church and the Queenston road.* Scott's brigade, with the exception of the 25th Infantry, was rapidly brought forward and took post on their left, while Porter's volunteers distantly engaged the flank companies of the 10th, and the wing of the Royals.

Miller's movement had been at once so rapid, unexpected and successful, that the British guns were in his possession before the infantry in rear had time to advance for their protection. These detachments then hastily advanced to recover them, but after a very severe contest were repelled with heavy loss. At short range, the cartridges of the Americans, containing in addition to the ordinary bullets, three large buck-shot, were particularly effective. Lieutenant Fraser, on whom the command of the Royals in this part of the field had devolved, was wounded, and the survivors of his detachment rallied around the colors of the 89th. The 103rd being ordered to advance, marched in the darkness directly into the centre of the enemy's new position, and were first made aware of its mistake by a crushing volley, which threw them into great disorder. While the struggle was in progress for the possession of the hill, the American artillery limbered up and advanced to take up a new position upon the summit, In the attempt, they met with sudden and unforeseen disaster. While their howitzer was ascending the slope at a gallop, a volley of musketry brought nearly all the drivers at once to the ground, and the horses missing their riders and left without guidance, plunged frantically forward into the opposing ranks, where they were soon secured. Several of their caissons were blown up at different times by congreve rockets, and some of their pieces silenced for want of ammunition. Many horses were also killed or disabled while manœuvring.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Fishes That Live in Mud.

There is no more remarkable creature than the mudfish, which inhabits certain of the rivers of Western Africa, and, as its name implies, lurks at the muddy bottoms of these rivers. At first sight there is nothing especially striking about this animal. It looks very much like an ordinary fish, except for its curious, long, slender fins. A visitor who knew nothing about the creature would probably go away with the impression that he had seen nothing out of the common. When the fishes arrive at a zoo each one is encased in a ball of dried mud, lined with mucus from its body and perforated with a small aperture to admit of breathing. The "cocoon," as it is sometimes called, on account of its analogy to the earthen case fabricated by many caterpillars in which to undergo their metamorphoses, on being placed in warmish water is dissolved and the fish liberated. The habit which the mudfish has of making an earthen chamber of the mud at the bottom of the river, is a most wonderful provision of nature for the exigencies of the climate. The rivers which the fish inhabit are liable to periodical droughts. When such a drought is imminent, the fish retires to deep water and excavates a pit, in which it lies, covering itself over with a thick layer of mud. It can suffer with impunity the complete drying up of the river. But the most interesting fact about the creature is that during the time of its voluntary imprisonment it breathes air directly through an aperture left in the cocoon, by means of lungs, like a land animal. When the rains dissolve the mud and liberate the fish, it breathes by means of gills just like any other fish.

THE SIPHON CLOCK.

How The Hour of the Day May Be Indicated by a Novel Contrivance.

A very interesting contrivance, that can easily be constructed by an amateur, is attracting attention in France. Over the top of two side supporters or side arms a cross-beam is placed in the shape of a knitting-needle, which must be perfectly straight, of course, and connected at one end with a small hour hand that moves around a dial. A tiny pulley swings around the center of the needle, and in the groove of this pulley runs a thread, to end of which is attached a float, and to the other end a balance weight. An ordinary candle-wick passes from the larger glass into the smaller one by its side. As soon as the large glass is filled with water the operation begins, the wick gradually absorbing the water, making the float fall lower and lower, which action determines the movement of the hand on the dial. The clock is easily regulated; if it goes too fast the thickness of the wick must be diminished; if too slow, it must be increased. The form and size of the large glass on which the regularity of the clock depends has been determined by N. Pellat of the Faculty of Sciences in Paris, but with a little careful study even an ordinary glass can be made to render good service.

British Columbia sealers feel that they are badly used under the modus vivendi of this year. They are allowed to fit out their vessels and to send them to sea without any warning. It has since been impossible to give the masters of the vessels any intimation of the arrangements made by the two Governments. Now these vessels are liable to seizure without a word of warning. The arrangement of last year was different. Vessels were met by cruisers in Behring Sea and ordered out of it. If they were found again in the forbidden waters they were liable to seizure. On this they could not complain for they had received fair warning. But this year the preliminary notice is dispensed with, and men who have committed no offence are to be treated as violators of the law. This the Victoria Colonist considers unjust, and hopes that representations will be made to the Imperial authorities in order that the sealers who are now in Behring Sea will be treated as they were last year.

HOUSEHOLD.

From the Kitchen Windows.

To and fro, back and forth go the steps of the busy housewife all through the long mornings while what glimpses she gets of the sweet spring or of the gorgeous summer must, for the first few hours of the day at least, be caught from the kitchen windows. How can the prospect therefrom be rendered more pleasing?

Being asked the way to the house of his employer a serving man replied: "Just down this street, boss, and round the corner; front mostly marble steps, back mostly slop barr'l, sir." This is suggestive of the way in which matters are sometimes arranged at farm houses; that is, grass and flowers have a place in front of the house, making a pleasant sight for the passerby, while the yard in the rear is made a place of storage for old wagons and miscellaneous rubbish; a depressing prospect for the weary eyes that sometimes turn for a glimpse of the outer world. The soft, oozy yard where the water stands in little pools and ruts and where a zig-zag line of boards marks a crazy pathway across it, is a thing to give one the nightmare. The first work in such a one should be to thoroughly drain it, making sure that all drainage is carried far enough away to render contamination of the water supply impossible. It often happens that there is much driving through the backyard; that here the farmer unloads his groceries at the kitchen door, perhaps here unharnesses his driving horse, stores his harness in a convenient outbuilding, and here, possibly are posts and rings for hitching the horses of callers and it may be a shed for driving under. This is not the worst kind of a yard by any means. There is little grass and the ground is quite likely to be hard under such circumstances. If, then, the surface was well cemented the yard would be, from a sanitary point of view, well nigh perfect, for it could be kept scrupulously clean. Grass in a yard, though nothing can be more pleasing to the eye, may cover all sorts of uncleanliness which should be raked up and carted away, and cleanliness should be the basis of all improvement in the kitchen yard; Having it cleared of rubbish and well swept or raked if grassy, one may then go further. If burdock or other persistent weed has gained a foothold in any neglected corner, cut off the main root an inch or two below the surface of the ground and turn on it kerosene oil. The remedy is sure. With hard ground or a cemented surface flower beds are out of the question, but if the yard be sunny boxes and stands of plants and annuals may be arranged here and give pleasure to busy eyes all through the summer with their wealth of buds and blossoms.

One kitchen door which I remember opened upon a sunny yard where were no trees and was approached all one summer through a vineclad archway ten or twelve feet in length. It was simply made by setting in the earth opposite each other two rows of poles at a distance of four feet apart and bending the tips until they met overhead where they were firmly fastened. Over these from July to late October morning glories of every conceivable shade of pink and white and blue nodded their dainty heads while velvety nasturtiums nestled at their feet

It the yard is too shaded for flowers then by all means have a rockery and plant in its interstices maiden hair fern, trillium, partridge vine, jack-in-the pulpit and the odd little indian pipe. If you have a bit of sandy bank that in spite of all your efforts thus far has persisted in remaining sandy stick down a few sprays of ground gill and watch it becoming "a thing of beauty." Cover rude or unsightly outbuildings with some hardy vine. The common hop has thick foliage and its leaves are prettily cut and veined. Our ordinary woodbine does well also for that purpose, or our native clematis. The beauty of either of the two last is best enhanced at the appearance of frost, the one gorgeous in its scarlet leafage, the other equally pleasing with its feathery pompons of seeds.

In any and all possible ways brighten the view from the kitchen windows.

Pie Plant Receipts.

STEAMED RHUBARB—Wash, peel and cut the rhubarb into inch pieces. Put it in a granite double boiler, add one cup of sugar for a pint of rhubarb and cook until soft. Do not stir it.

TO CAN RHUBARB—Fill the cans with rhubarb cut in small pieces, then fill up full with cold water and seal up tight, set away in a dark, cool cellar and it will keep indefinitely.

RHUBARB JELLY.—Wash and cut in small pieces, put just enough of water over it to start it to boiling; when tender drain through a coarse jelly bag, add one cupful of sugar for each cupful of juice and boil over a brisk fire for 20 minutes. It is best made late in the season.

RHUBARB PIE.—Peel the rhubarb, cut into inch pieces, pour boiling water over it, and let it stand ten minutes. Drain, fill the plate, sprinkle thickly with one cup of sugar, dot with bits of butter, cover with a crust, and bake. Rhubarb pie, well made, is very delicious in flavor; indifferently done, it is one of the poorest.

Chat.

In looking over the trunks and closets this summer, see if you cannot weed out many things you have saved for years. Give away many things you have all outgrown, even books and pictures. All the pretty dress skirts of your family that it is possible to utilize, rip, wash and tie up, to make comforts of in the late summer. This is pleasant work to sit out on the lawn and do. You can be out of doors and still be doing something for winter.

Burn and destroy all old letters of no value; even clothing that has become soiled past cleaning. Nothing breeds moths faster.

For packing away cloaks, nothing is nicer than the moth-proof paper sacks, fifty cents each, that can be hung up, and no moth can enter. Cloaks with fur must be especially guarded.

Get all of the sweet summer you can; eat outdoors as often as possible. Sit out of doors; it will improve your health. Never mind the sun and tan—it is better than ill health. Have some kind of a hammock somewhere about the place, and rest in it some part of every day.

A light framework fixed around a tree and covered with cheap cotton will last one season, and serve to keep off draughts of wind and also to give a little more privacy from the scrutiny of the neighbors.

Throw a blanket down on the grass and tie a little cap over baby's head, put on a light wrap, and let her crawl all around on it and pull clover tops while you read or sew.

On rainy days, give attention to indoor things and fix them up to last till the next rainy day. Coax the children to sleep through the heated part of the day, then bathe and dress them, and all go out for your fresh-air time.

Keep the house well aired from five to seven in the morning, and from sundown to bedtime in the evening, and closed the rest of the time, and you will find it very much cooler.

Watch your early fruits during July and August, as they are apt to mold. Strawberries and the early jellies should be kept up-stairs, where it is warm and dry

Always keep some kind of disinfectant in the house to use. Air and watch your cellar, as much malaria and fever can be traced to that. A pleasant home is had only at the price of eternal vigilance of the housekeeper. Everyone else enjoys it, but she must see that it is enjoyable.

CHRISTIE IRVING.

Attracted Them.

Dottie—Are you going to wear your red and white blazer at the seashore again this summer?

Lottie—No indeed. I hadn't been there a week last year before I was proposed to by three barbers.

ADVENTURES AT SEA.

A Ship Above an Earthquake.

The Hopewell, an English brig, was chartered for a voyage up the Gulf of Siam to secure the cargo of a vessel partly destroyed by fire at Bangkok, at the head of the gulf, and to try to learn the fate of the ship Viking, which belonged to a trading company at Singapore, and had been mysteriously missing for many months The Hopewell carried a crew of ten men, all of whom were provided with small arms, but she had no cannon. When she was about six miles off the island of Alango it fell a dead calm. This was early in the morning. Before noon there was cause for everybody aboard to feel alarmed. The atmosphere was close and stifling, the sky had a brassy look, and fish were continually leaping out of the water around the brig as if terribly frightened. At about 5 p.m. a great sheet of flame suddenly leaped out of the sea two miles to the west of the island. The flame was followed by a report which was heard forty miles around, and then came such a

BOILING AND UPHEAVING

of the sea that the brig was tossed about like a chip, and was given up for lost. She continued to be pitched and banged about in a terrible way for half-an-hour, and the sea did not grow quiet for more than two hours. All knew what had happened. A submarine earthquake had taken place, and a new island had been created. Four great waves followed each other down the gulf, clear to Singapore, while the Natuna Islands, off the west Coast of Borneo, were almost swept clear of inhabitants. No breeze followed the earthquake, but the night continued calm, and the crew of the brig were almost choked with the fumes of sulphur. When morning came the captain looked for the island of Alango in vain. It had sunk out of sight with all its thousands of trees, and in place of it was a rocky reef or key, black and barren, about three miles long by a mile broad. At no point was it more than five feet above the surface of the sea. The island of Alango was seven miles long by four wide, and was supposed to have about 500 inhabitants. It had disappeared, and not even a dead body was found floating, though some of the forest trees were carried 300 miles down the gulf. But this was not the only strange sight which greeted the eyes of the crew when daylight came. On an even keel, in the middle of the newly-created reef, was a ship with all her masts standing, and when the brig had been worked in on a light breeze and a boat lowered it was discovered that she was the missing Viking. The captain boarded her and brought off many things to exhibit as proof of his report. She had been captured in those waters, and by

PIRATES FROM THE ISLAND.

They had taken out her cargo, stripped her of sails and running rigging, and then scuttled her. She had gone in water perhaps half a mile deep, and her decks and sides and masts were incrusted with shells and fungus. She lay about half a mile from the water's edge, and of course there was no hope of floating her. The captain left her resting in her rocky cradle, and during the next two years she was often sighted by European ships. For some reason she was set on fire, presumably by natives, and thus ended her strange career. It was on this same voyage, and four days later, when the brig had worked up against head winds to the group of islands called the Sang-Wau group, that a second strange adventure occurred. One afternoon, as the brig was steering to the east of the islands, with the nearest one about three miles away, the wind fell, and she was left rolling on a glassy sea. There was no fear of an earthquake on this occasion, but the captain was worried about something else. These islands had been a piratical stronghold, and he did not feel sure that all the rascals had been driven out. He went aloft himself to inspect the island with his glass, and he

PRESENTLY DISCOVERED SOMETHING

to bring him down in a hurry. He reported that he could make out several huts on the shore, and that a native craft was evidently making ready to pull out and pay the brig a visit. He must have had a chicken-hearted crew with him, for the log reports that he had to threaten some of them with shooting to prevent them from taking the yawl and leaving the vessel to her fate. The arms were brought out and distributed, each man served with a dram to raise his spirits, and when the prahu was sent it was agreed to defend the brig to the last. The sun was still two hours high when the native craft was within a quarter of a mile of the brig, which was being slowly set inshore by a current, but was in too deep water to anchor. The captain had made good use of his time. There being only one prahu, and the brig being high out of water, the rascals would doubtless seek to board at the bows. All the grease and slush which could be found aboard was used there to make the boarding more difficult, while the cook got hot water ready and trains of powder were laid on deck. It was meant to fire these in case the pirates got a foothold and drove the crew aft. Just out of musket shot the pirate craft rested on her oars, and the captain counted thirty of the rascals, each one well armed and ready for desperate work. He hailed them, and asked what was wanted; but no reply was made. He then

WARNED THEM TO KEEP OFF

or take the consequences; but his loud talk did not bluff them They were simply looking the brig over to note her strength and what preparations she had made for resistance. After a delay of ten minutes the oars of the prahu fell into the water, her entire crew uttered a cheer, and she had just got under way when a mysterious thing happened. No one aboard the brig had an eye on her just then, as they were making their final preparations, and so what actually occurred was never known. What the captain saw as he looked up was the prahu sinking below the surface, which was very much agitated. She went down slowly, and seemed to fall apart as she went, for the surface was soon covered with wreckage. The log of the Hopewell says that the firing continued until the last pirate had been picked off, and that sharks gathered in such numbers as to fill everybody with astonishment. There was much speculation as to what caused the loss of the prahu. As the sea was clear of rocks and reefs, it was the opinion of the captain that some great fish, perhaps a whale, struck the craft as it breached. Nothing else could have wrecked her so quickly or shattered her so completely. The brig continued to drift in toward the island with the current, and at length the anchor was let go in five fathoms of water half a mile from the beach. With his glass the captain could now make out five or six huts and a large storehouse on shore, and only a single native appeared in sight. He made signals with a flag, but as night was coming on further investigation was postponed till the morrow. Not knowing but that another force of pirates would come out under cover of darkness the captain kept the crew

UNDER ARMS ALL NIGHT,

and was prepared to give them a hot reception. The night passed quietly however, and next morning the lone man renewed his signals so vigorously that a boat was sent off to investigate. She had no sooner come within hailing distance than the man cried out in good English that he was a captive, and the only living man on the island. The boat then landed, and he proved to be one William Tripp, an English sailor, who had been captured three years before on a small trading schooner. While the rest of the crew had been murdered after capture, he had been spared for some reason unknown, and had been on the island ever since. He was treated like a slave, and on one occasion, when he had planned to escape, they had sliced off one of his ears as a caution not to attempt it again. Every man of the gang had embarked to attack the brig, and Tripp was overjoyed at their fate. It would have been a feather in the captain's cap had nothing further been accomplished, but the best of all was yet to come. The storehouse was full of plunder, and they worked the brig into a cove, where she was fairly safe, and set about discharging her ballast and loading her with a cargo. During Tripp's stay with the pirates they had captured two trading schooners and a German ship. Most of their cargoes were in the storehouse, with a miscellaneous assortment of stuff picked up at other times—flour, sugar, coffee, tea, clothing, hardware, dry goods, shoes, cutlery, wines, and almost everything else ever carried in a cargo. Some of the stuff was badly damaged by rot and mildew, but they had plenty to pick from, and in a couple of weeks had loaded the Hopewell with the richest cargo she ever carried. As they tore out one side of the storehouse the better to get at the goods, what was left after the brig could take no more was converted into a bonfire, and all traces of the pirates thus wiped out. The brig then sailed for Singapore, and reached that port in safety. A claim was there set up by the German Consul and others, but the Courts decided against them. What the value of the Hopewell's cargo was the log does not state, but it must have amounted to a large sum, for after receiving his share of the sale Captain Jack decided to give up the sea and its perils and become a ship chandler.

THE LITTLE QUEEN IN GERMANY.

Emperor William Gives her Majesty of Holland Command of a German Regiment.

A despatch from Berlin says:—The festivities in honor of little Queen Wilhelmina and the Queen Regent, Emma, of Holland, were continued at Potsdam to-day. The Emperor led the Fourth Foot Guards in parade before Queen Emma, who looked very handsome in an attire of dark silk, with the Prussian colors pinned to her bosom. The guards marched and counter-marched, and were finally brought to a halt in front of the Queen Regent and Wilhelmina. The Emperor then stepped up to Queen Emma and said, with a gallant bow:

"I beg your Majesty to accept the command of this regiment, of whose behavior in the battlefield or in piece I know you will never have reason to be ashamed."

Queen Emma blushingly signified her acceptance of the honor conferred upon her. Then the guards were led back to their quarters, and the Emperor and his guests returned to the palace, the Emperor remaining all the time close to the side of the lovely widowed Queen Regent, who is about six months the senior of the Emperor, and a good deal handsomer than the Empress. The Emperor's gallantry attracted general attention, and it was noticed that Queen Regent Emma seemed not at all averse to his attentions.

This flirtation between Prussia and Holland is watched with a good deal of interest by the Russian and French embassies, Queen Emma being the virtual director of the fortunes of Holland during the minority of her daughter.

Queen Regent Emma has conferred on Chancellor Caprivi the Grand Cross of the Order of the Lion, founded by King William the first of Holland. In conferring this honor, Queen Emma accompanied it with remarks highly complimentary to the political course both of the Chancellor and the Emperor, and this circumstance is regarded as of important political significance. The general opinion in Berlin is that the visit of Queen Emma and her daughter is not merely a social affair, and that the Queen Regent is deserous of arriving at some understanding as to the position of Holland in the event of a European war. The Queen is known to have pronounced German sympathies, which is natural, in view of the fact that she is a German Princess, and it is believed that, in case of war between Germany and France, she would lean to the former, while probably maintaining neutrality.

Both yesterday and to-day every opportunity was given for little Queen Wilhelmina to become acquainted with the German Crown Prince, the future Emperor William, should he survive his father. The Prince is ten years old and Wilhelmina nearly twelve. They were seen playing together in front of the palace this morning and went out riding together. They seemed to be on very good terms. It is thought not improbable that both the Emperor and Queen Emma are thinking of the future union of the crowns of Prussia and Holland,

The *North German Gazette* says that the Queen Regent and the Queen of Holland are heartily welcome in Germany, and that the Hollanders have no reason to doubt the peaceful and friendly sentiments of the Germans.

The Charge of the Light Brigade.

Close in! close in! was the constant command of the squadron and troop officers as the casualties made gaps in the ragged line, but the order was scarcely needed, for of their own instance and, as it seemed, mechanically, men and horses alike sought to regain the touch.

We had not broken into the charging pace when poor old John Lee, my right-hand man on the flank of the regiment, was all but smashed by a shell; he gave my arm a twitch, as with a strange smile on his worn old face he quietly said, "Domino! chum," and fell out of the saddle. His old gray mare kept alongside of me for some distance, treading on and tearing out her entrails as she galloped, till at length she dropped with a strange shriek.

My comrade, Peter Marsh, was my left-hand man; next beyond him was Private Dudley. The explosion of a shell had swept down four or five men on Dudley's left, and I heard him ask Marsh if he had noticed "what a hole that b— shell had made" on his left front. "Hold your foulmouthed tongue," answered Peter, "swearing like a blackguard when you may be knocked into eternity next minute!" Just then I got a musket through my right knee and another in the shin, and my horse had three bullet wounds in the neck. Man and horse were bleeding so fast that Marsh begged me to fall out; but I would not, pointing out that in a few minutes we must be into them, and so I sent my spurs well home, and faced it out with my comrades. It was about this time that Sergt. Talbot had his head clean carried off by a round shot, yet for about thirty yards further the headless body kept the saddle, the lance at the charge firmly gripped under the right arm.

My narrative may seem barren of incidents of the charge, but amid the crash of shells and the whistle of bullets, the cheers and the dying cries of comrades, the sense of personal danger, the pain of wounds, and the consuming passion to reach an enemy, he must be an exceptional man who is cool enough and curious enough to be looking serenely about him for what painters call "local color." I had a good deal of "local color" myself, but it was running down the leg of my overalls from my wounded knee. —[J. W. Wightman (late Seventeenth Lancers.)

A Daring Nihilist Plot.

A Berlin correspondent says the National Zeitung learns from St. Petersburg that a fresh Nihilist plot has been discovered in that city. It had been arranged to blow up the Gatschina Palace, which is the constant abode of the Czar and his family during most of the year. It is said that the whole palace was undermined. Of course, it was not the St. Petersburg police who discovered it. A warning from Paris frustrated the attempt. When searches were made all was found as stated. The mines extended several kilometres around the palace. Great exitement has taken hold on the population. General Gresser's death and the explosion on the Nicolai Bridge a few days ago are given out as unimportant incidents such as may happen any day. The circumstance that a double explosion took place on the bridge within the space of two hours is in any case remarkable. It tore up paving stones for about twenty yards and blew a peasant boy into the river. Happily he was saved. During the repairing of the bridge another explosion occurred, but nothing serious happened.

THE POETS' CORNER

Saint and Sinner.

Half hidden in the pew she sits,
A truant sunbeam softly flits
Across her modest, saint like face,
As if the angels thought to trace
Upon those features that they love
An Easter blessing from above.
Demure with modest eyes downcast,
My angel sits. Ah, I would fast
For forty days for just one look
From those sweet eyes bent on the book;
And if she'd give me three or four,
I'd be content to eat no more.

HER THOUGHTS.

Those horrid aisles (that dress is brown,)
I wish those people would sit down.
Now, where could she have got that fan?
Oh, I suppose some silly man.
Dear, dear, that choir boy has a cold.
How that man stares! He's really bold.
My bonnet! Can it have a crook?
I wish I'd taken one more look.
Umph! who is that with the Pratts?
What sights they are in those new hats!
There's Percy—won't he be enraged
When Clara tells him she's engaged?
My! what a fright Bess is in blue!
It cost her ninety dollars, too.
Well I paid eighty (what a muss!
But then pa always makes a fuss).
Oh, my! there's Smithy—such a face!
(These horrid psalms! I've lost my place,)
I hope his sermon won't be long;
The poor, dear fellow isn't strong.
Why, there is Fred! Dear me, what next?
I hope I won't forget the text.

The Ever-Present Crisis.

BY J. R. LOWELL.

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide
In the strife of truth and falsehood, for the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand and the sheep upon the right.
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and that light.

Careless seems the great avenger; history's pages but record
One death grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the Word;
Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own.

Then to side with truth is noble when we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit till his Lord is crucified,
And the multitude make virtue of the faith they had denied,

For humanity sweeps onward; where to-day the martyr stands
On the morrow crouches Judas, with the silver in his hands;
Far in front the cross stands ready and the crackling fagots burn,
While the looting mob of yesterday in silent awe return
To glean up the scattered ashes into history's golden urn.

They have rights who dare maintain them; we are traitors to our sires,
Smothering in their holy ashes freedom's new-lit altar fires;
Shall we make their creed our jailer? Shall we, in our haste to slay,
From the tombs of the old parties steal the funeral lamps away
To light up the martyr fagots round the profits of to-day?

New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still and onward who would keep abreast of Truth:
Lo, before us gleam our campfires; we ourselves must pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower and steer boldly through the desperate sea,
Nor attempt the future's portals with the past's blood rusted key.

Onsartin' Weather.

Now, thur ain't no use a talkin' 'bout yer smil' in' buddin' Mays,
When the northwind, frost, an' snow storms have such curious startlin' ways;
For the corn's a sproutin' down'ards an' portaters floatin off,
An' thur ain't a nabur round us 'thout a raspin', hackin' cough.
Why, it's jes' as like as any, if they ain't stuck in the mud,
They'll be cuttin' ice at Natchez on the last Missouri flood.
All the robins an' the catbirds say they're goin' South again,
An' I'm havin' lots o' bother with my old brown settin' hen,
'Cos she tho't she'd got May fever, but she says the almanac
Must a bin an old last year's one, an' I'd better take it back.
When I went to town a week ago to get some summer close
An' a bunnit for Mariar; why, whatever d'ye sposo?
Why, a big chinchilla overcoat they tried to have me buy,
An' a fur-lined hood an' tippet for my wife to take an' try.
All thur icemen got arrested for a-forcin' o' thur trade,
While the coalyards begged protection from a chilly people's raid,
An' I've been a-frettin awful 'bout them poets —them as sing
All about the burstin' budlets an thur signs o' early spring,
An' I hope they'll jes stop writing an' go out an' take a walk,
Then they'll find thur off'n the callendar a month by my blue chalk:
An', to make the records jibe, they ought when singin' out so gay,
Jes' extend thur rhymes to take in June an' leave out fickle May;
It'll give 'em jes a little change—an' us a different tune—
Fur strewn, spoon, boon, moon, prune, roon, coon, dune, loon, all hitch with June.

May 20, 1892. GEORGE E. BOWEN.

Sunshine Land.

They came in sight of a lovely shore,
Yellow as gold in the morning light;
The sun's own color at noon it wore,
And had faded not at the fall of night;
Clear weather or cloudy—'twas all as one,
The happy hills seemed bathed with the sun;
Its secret the sailors could not understand,
But they called the country Sunshine Land.

What was the secret? A simple thing—
It will make you smile when once you know—
Touched by the tender finger of spring,
A million blossoms were all aglow;
So many, so many, so small and bright,
They covered the hill with a mantle of light.
And the wild bee hummed, and the glad breeze fanned
Through the honeyed fields of Sunshine Land.

If over the sea we two are bound,
What port, dear child, would we choose for ours?
We would sail and sail till at last we found,
This fairy gold of a million flowers.
Yet, darling, we'd find, if at home we stayed,
Of many small joys our pleasures are made;
More than we think—very close at hand,
Lie the golden fields of Sunshine Land.

—[Edith Thomas.

Shocking Murder in Queensland.

The body of a murdered man was found four miles from Balumba on April 8. The skull was split open, and the face and shoulders were cut, while beside the body was a short tomahawk with blood stains on the handle and blade. From papers found in the pocket of his clothing it is supposed that the murdered man is Rudolph Wissmuller, a German, who a week previously had arrived from England by the steamer Tara. A few days later the police arrested a man at Tallabugra on suspicion of being the murderer. The accused, who gave the name of Frank Davis, is 19 years old, and he tallies in every respect with the description of the man last seen with the victim. When Mr. Wissmuller left the steamer Tara he was recommended to go to Muschl's boarding-house nearly opposite the wharf where the Tara was moored. At the same place was stopping a man whose name was unknown to the proprietor of the house. This man enticed Mr. Wissmuller away with a proposal to look at some horses. Mr. Wissmuller never returned, but the suspected individual came back to the boarding-house later in the evening, and his manner was decidedly strange. He went upstairs to his room and was seen to take out out his "swag" and drop it through the window. Afterwards he left the house and did not return although he was seen in the neighbourhood next morning. The real name of the accused is Frank Horrocks, and he is the son of a highly respectable gentleman, who occupies a prominent position in the Civil Service at Brisbane.

Tommy—"Pa, when a man commits political suicide does he shoot his head off?" Mr. Figg—"No, merely his mouth."

JAS. MILNE & SON.

A nice assortment of Light Summer Coats in Lustre, Linen and Homespun just to hand at popular prices.

New Dress Goods in Light Colored Cashmeres, pretty, 9c. Challies, New Prints, Cretonnes and Flannelettes, just to hand this week.

We have also opened out a nice assortment of Dinner Sets.

We have one line of Ladies' Oxford Shoes, solid Dongola Kid, at $1.10. We would like you to see them. Cheapest in town.

In Men's and Ladies' wear we have a full range of Ames Holden's goods, and can guarantee every pair. We are the only firm in town carrying a full range of their goods.

Remember our Goods are all Good Goods, and anything not as represented can be returned and the money refunded.

Best 25c. Tea in town.

JAS MILNE & SON.

P.S.—One second-hand Horse Rake for sale, nearly new.

J. M. & SON.

PARKER BROTHERS

BANKERS,

STIRLING, - - - ONTARIO.

Bills Discounted, Collections made, and Drafts bought and sold on all points in Canada, United States, and Great Britain.

Mercantile Accounts and Notes collected, and Loans made.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.

DEPOSITS received in amounts of $1 and upwards, subject to withdrawal without notice, and interest allowed at the rate of 4% per annum.

HOURS—From 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.

REFERENCE—Merchant's Bank of Canada.

The Mississippi floods near New Orleans are worse than at any time during the present season.

It is not the growth of the fruit that exhausts the tree so much as the formation and perfecting of the seeds. Hence if we can reduce the number of apples, pears or plums on a tree that is over full, those remaining will be larger and finer, and buds will be formed for the next season.

This story of the Rev. Lyman Beecher, father of Henry Ward Beecher, was told originally by his son. The elder Beecher had been preaching one Sunday at Litchfield, and, as he got into the carriage to go home, he remarked that he had never preached such a poor sermon before. "Why, father," said Henry, "I never heard you preach louder." "That is it," responded the old man; "when I have nothing to say, I always holler."

A number of things have recently called attention to the hardship of being a queen; one is that when a story is told about her it is beneath everybody to contradict it: such a story is that all her old gowns, thousands of them, are housed in Windsor Castle. But the greatest penalty of being a queen is that she is not allowed to read newspapers. What some man, on wages, thinks she may read he cuts out and fastens on a silk sheet, fringed with gold, and hands to her. No woman who unfolds her own damp, fresh newspaper at breakfast will ever exchange that privilege for a throne.—*New York Sun.*

Hundreds of noble minded and eminently useful men and women gratefully attribute the first awakening of high aims and ennobling impulses in their hearts to the influence of a true though it may have been a very quiet and unobtrusive teacher. It is a pleasing for one who has reached maturity and usefulness in life to thus gratefully recognize his indebtedness for what is best in him to the school-master of his boyhood, what reward could be more grateful and precious to the heart of the teacher himself than in his later years to receive such tributes from those who have profited by their training and influences.—*Educational Journal.*

The new president of the London Conference put in a strong word for the better payment of Methodist preachers. With a few exceptions, the preachers of all the churches are underpaid. It is, of course explained that men do not enter on the work from desire to make money, but for the love of it. That may be admitted, but it does not relieve congregations from the responsibility to provide their pastors with enough money to ensure their decent comfort. The congregation that keeps its preacher constantly harassed over the problem how to make both ends meet is not doing much to aid him in thinking out and preaching good sermons.

RAILWAY TIME TABLE:

Trains call at Stirling station as follows:—

GOING WEST.		GOING EAST.	
Mail.....	6.24 a. m.	Mixed.....	10.16 a. m
Mixed.....	5.39 p. m.	Mail.....	3.39 p. m

HOME MATTERS.

Dr. Zwick returned from New York on Friday night last.

A good farmer's wife never splits wood, but many a farmer's good wife does.

It is rumoured that a change of proprietors has taken place in the Scott House.

The picnic season has fairly commenced, and two parties have already picnicked at Oak Hill Lake.

The closing exercises in connection with Albert College begin to day, and will end on Wednesday next.

The lightning on Thursday morning of last week, demolished five telephone poles and one tree in the vicinity of Foxboro.

S. Osterhout of Frankford for the larceny of a coat was sent up to the Central Prison on Monday by Magistrate Flint for four months.

The G.T.R station at this place has lately been newly painted inside and out, and presents a much more handsome appearance. Mr. F. Sandy is a model station agent.

There will be a great demonstration in Belleville on Dominion Day. One carload of 300 Foresters is coming from Watertown, N. Y., and large excursion parties from other places.

Our thanks are due Mrs. I. Williams for copies of the San Jose (Cal.) *Mercury*, received last week. From statements then published it appears that vineyards in many parts of the state suffered from late frosts.

Rev. R. M. Pope and Rev. D. O. Crossley have started on a trip to Great Britain, and expect to be absent about six weeks They are accompanied by Rev. H. T. Crossley and Mr. Hunter, who will probably make a longer stay.

The County Court opened at Belleville on Tuesday last, Judge Fraleck presiding. Samuel P. Knight was elected foreman of the grand jury. The only cases to come before the grand jury were one of arson, and another of being accessory to this crime.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Boldrick left for Crow Lake on Monday of this week, with the intention of getting their cottage in readiness for the camping season. No doubt a large number will again camp on the beautiful shores of that far-famed Lake this season.

The autumn assizes will be held in Belleville on Oct. 17th, before Justice Falconbridge, in Picton, Oct. 3rd, same Justice, in Napanee Oct. 31st, before Chief Justice Armour. The chancery sittings will be held in Belleville on Sept. 21st, before Justice Ferguson.

The annual meeting of the Stirling Methodist Sabbath School was held on Wednesday evening last. The old officers were all re-elected. The school is in a very prosperous state, the attendance during the past few months being much in advance of any former period.

The Peterborough *Review* of Thursday says: It is reported that Driver Robt. Johnston, who was injured in the smash-up at Campbellford, on the Grand Junction last week, is worse, and that his condition is serious. His injuries have proved to be more serious than at first thought.

Plum and cherry trees affected with black knot should be cut down so that other trees may not be destroyed by the same excrescence. It is well to notify persons upon whose premises these trees are to be found, that it is contrary to law to have them standing, and to have them removed.

Tweed *News*:—The Presbyterian Church was filled last Thursday evening by the young men and maidens and some of the old people too of the town who had assembled to witness the marriage of Miss. Ida Finley, daughter of Mr. Chas Murphy, of Chapleau, Ont. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. M. Gray, of Stirling.

The stable belonging to the Methodist parsonage, Marmora was destroyed by fire a few days ago. Some children playing with matches started the fire. Besides the stable a cutter, harness, hay, oats, etc., were burned. The parsonage and town hall had a narrow escape, but were saved by the exertions of the villagers.

A horse can be kept from pawing the floor when tied up in the stable by taking a piece of log chain of five or six links. Fasten this to the leg just above the knee by means of a light strap. While in the stall the chain is kept on and hangs in front of the leg. It is surprising how soon a pawing horse is broken of a bad habit by such simple means.

The County Council met on Tuesday last. In his address the Warden said that "it would be no doubt an important session. A claim of $3,000 had been made against the county by Mr. C. Hudson, who had lost a chattel mortgage on account, which he claimed was caused by negligence of the county. The matter would later be laid before the Council."

It appears from a recent legal decision that when an auctioneer is employed to sell farm stock or other goods of a party, he must make a careful search in the proper offices to find out if any one has a chattel mortgage on the property or claim against the same, otherwise he will be held liable to any one who may have such a claim, and whose rights are interfered with. He virtually guarantees the title to all goods sold by him. This is pretty hard on the auctioneers.

A meeting of the Directors of the North Hastings Agricultural Society was held at Stirling on Saturday last. There was a full attendance, all but one of the directors being present. The Society is this year in better shape, financially, than ever before, being entirely free from debt, and with an additional grant of one hundred dollars from the provincial government. The prize list was revised, and considerable additions made thereto; and the value of the prizes increased in many departments. The Directors meet again on the second Saturday in July.

When a child is born into this world the physician is present and gets about $10.00 for officiating at the important event. The editor is congratulated with kissing the fair one for making a mistake as to the sex and day of arrival. After a while the same child becomes a man; the minister is called to perform the marriage ceremony and the minister walks off with a ten dollar bill in his pocket for his trouble. The editor is again called upon and chronicles this event by drawing upon his imagination to make the bride and groom the best and most respectable people in the country. His only pay is to be asked for a few sample copies of his paper to be sent to some absent friends. In time the once baby, the once happy groom, but now advanced in life, is brought down to death. The physician calls, presents his bill, the undertaker is present and wants $100 for performing the last sad rite, while the editor is expected to complete the drama by holding up the deceased as a modern gentleman, a Christian, and one who at present is singing the songs of the redeemed around Jerusalem. The probability at the same time is that the baby, the groom, and the dead man has been so infernally mean and stingy, that he had starved his wife and children and had never contributed one cent to the support of his newspaper.

The Cheese Market.

At the Belleville cheese board on Tuesday last there were offered 2,148 cheese 2,020 white and 528 colored.

Sales were made of white at 8½c. to 9 16, and colored at 8 11 16c. For the first time this season the price of colored has been in advance of white.

A letter was read at the Board stating that Mr. McKwan, considered the best cheese maker in Canada, would spend two weeks in this vicinity commencing June 24th. He suggested that centres be arranged at which cheese makers would meet and receive instructions.

Cricket.

Cricket, which is the oldest and most popular game of England is drawing great attention at the present time in Canada. Every town and village of almost any size boasts now of its Cricket team.

A cricket club has been played in Stirling for over 60 years, and there is as much interest displayed now as there was then. The club is now arranging for matches with Belleville and Campbellford to be played in the near future, and in the meantime they will give practice matches every week on their ground in the Agricultural Grounds. The first of these matches will be played this Friday afternoon. Wickets pitched at 3 o'clock, sharp. Admission free.

Village Council.

Minutes of a special meeting of the Municipal Council held June 10th.

Members present—W. S. Martin, reeve, Urial Wright, F. B. Parker and Lyman Wheeler.

Mr. Wright withdrew the motion made by him at the last meeting of the Council, relative to a repeal of the by-law restricting cattle running at large, as the said by-law does not conflict with the Provincial Act, prohibiting horses, sheep, swine and other cattle from running at large upon any Highway within a half mile of any Railway Crossing.

On motion the council adjourned.

At the call of the Reeve the Court of Revision resumed, the above members being present.

Moved by F. B. Parker, seconded by Urial Wright, that R. B. Jones be assessed for the John's Block, with the exception of Lots 8 and 9 s. s. Front St. in place of Robert Downs. Carried.

Moved by F. B. Parker, seconded by Urial Wright, that the assessment roll as now revised be confirmed. Carried.

JOHN S. BLACK, Clerk.

Wellmans Corners.

NEARLY AN ACCIDENT.—On Friday the 10th of June, William Caverley, Reuben McMullen and Robert Mayhee, Jr., built a temporary raft to go out on Gullett's mill pond fishing for mudcats, and when out a few rods from shore, the water being about ten feet deep, the raft began to go to pieces. Robert Mayhee being a good swimmer, jumped off, and swam ashore. The other two could not swim, and they went down in the water. They caught some of the pieces of the raft, and after struggling in the water for some time got ashore. They had a narrow escape from being drowned.

A LARGE RIDING WHIP.—About 35 years ago Joseph Hogle, living near Wellmans Corners, went to Sidney, to Captain B. H. Vandervoort's on a visit, and when he was about to return home he broke a limb off from an English Poplar tree, and used it as an buggy whip on the way home. When he got home he stuck it in the ground in his yard. It has now become a large tree, measuring 3 feet 2 inches across the butt, and 9 feet 8 inches in circumference, and about 75 to 80 feet in height.

Chatterton Chips.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Our Public School examination was held last Friday afternoon, and was a complete success. Miss Connor is to be congratulated on having so good an examination, it being her first in this school. The visitors turned out strong (which is more than they generally do) and were well pleased, to judge from the speeches. Miss Conner seems an industrious and painstaking teacher. We wish her every success.

The store and P.O. at Halloway should boom now, for besides having a new proprietor they have a new clerk from the town of Chatterton.

As the Rev. Mr. Roughly, the Baptist Minister, and his daughter, were driving down what is known as the 8th con. hill, west of the Baptist Church, the harness gave way and the horse ran down the hill, and when near the foot of the hill, the shafts got down and ran into the earth, pitching them both out, breaking her arm, and bruising his face some.

The various road beats are doing their annual tinkering.

Great prospects for strawberries this year, they will ripen in a week or so.

Fine growing weather at present.

R. V. W.

Chatterton, June 14.

Immigrants from Dakota and Michigan continue to pour into Manitoba.

From a Canadian standpoint there is no special significance in the nomination of Harrison and Reid for the election of next November have any greater interest to the people of this country. No matter who occupies the White House, the efforts to coerce Canada into the Union—which now form a leading feature in United States' policy—will be continued, and it is a matter of perfect indifference to us whether Harrison or the Democratic candidate is to serve as the figure head for that policy. The duty of Canadians is to look away from Washington altogether and pursue the course best calculated to serve their own interests, without reference to the exigencies of American politics, and that course lies in the direction of closer trade relations with Great Britain.—*News.*

In a sermon on Journalism the Rev. Thos. Dixon said: The position of the editor of a newspaper of to-day is as solemn a trust as that of a minister of the Gospel. The press, in fact, has absorbed many of the functions of the minister of religion. The responsibilities of such a position are greater because the number of lives that it can effected is greater. He has the power to poison the minds and unnerve the arms of tens of thousands daily, with hatred, lies, and appeals to the basest instinct of the animal, or to lift the world from the slumber of the night to the duties of the new day in the arms of love, truth, courage, hope and faith. There is no man of modern times who speaks with such supreme power as he who dictates the management of a newspaper. The secret of the power to bless or the power to damn the life of a man is his. He is the minister of the most high God, charged with keeping the sacred fires of truth burning along the world's highways that sweep through the darkness into the infinite eternal.

Greeley, in his stories about the furthest northwest trip made by him, could, doubtless, have been more sensational; but he could hardly have been as enticingly graphic as the writer of the Canadian Pacific Railway's guide book inviting the travelling public to visit Alaska. It is instructive as well as pleasant reading, and those who cannot lose time or afford money to take in the trip must turn from the word panorama of its beauties with regret. It brevity brings the season up vividly, and introduces any of the letter press one reads in the ordinary western flaming railway guide-tracts. Mr. St. John's journalistic hand evidently has not forgotten its cunning, while his wide acquaintance with the country has enabled him to pick out what most interests. It is exceedingly pleasant reading, and shows that in this, as in many other points, the Canadian Pacific aims at securing talent where talent is required. As a "branch" of the trip around the world by the Canadian Pacific, Alaska has been well depicted.

A Few Facts.

With every missionary 15,000 barrels of whiskey goes to foreign lands. The devil does not mind how many missionaries you send provided that amount of whiskey goes with each.

For every one converted to Christianity in China 1,000 are lost by opium.

In one pound of tobacco there is sufficient poison to kill 300 men.

It is estimated that out of every ten boys who learn to smoke nine become drunkards.

There were six hundred prisoners confined in the State prison at Auburn, New York, a few years ago, for committing crimes when they were under the influence of strong drink; five hundred of these testified that they began their course of intemperance by the use of tobacco.

According to the lowest estimate given, the money consumed in our world on tobacco yearly, would construct ten railways around the globe at the cost of $25,000 per mile and leave a balance of 162½ million dollars in the treasury. It would do better than that. It would build school houses, churches and support missionaries at home and abroad sufficient to evangelize the world in a few years.

The electric motor is not only crowding out other sources of power in street railway traction, but is opening competition with the steam locomotive in a field which has heretofore been the exclusive property of the latter. The high speeds attainable will eventually make it a winner for long distance work. A few months ago we described an electric locomotive put into operation near Boston for shifting freight cars. We have just learned that five of the great railway companies of the country have been inspired with sufficient confidence in electric traction to come into consultation, with a view of its adoption for handling the suburban traffic of the large cities, and one of them, the Southern Pacific, has placed an order with the Walworth Manufacturing Company for trolley poles to install such a plant on its lines. This is the entering wedge in what will ultimately result in a general application of the electric motor to railroad work, and, after a short period of service for suburban traffic, engineers will be called upon to design a system for interurban traffic. The adoption of the electric motor would be a boon to a community like Chicago, where the smoke from the numerous locomotives of a score of railroads entering at that point hangs like a pall over the blighted city. To the railroad companies this step means reduction of operating expenses, a style of appeal which brings certain conviction of its merit. In lieu of a hundred different fires and boilers, with the great attendant waste necessarily incident to development of small power units, a single generating plant can be used; the saving of fuel under such circumstances will be considerable. It will also enable more work to be handled without increasing the pay roll of employes. The firemen now necessary in each locomotive can be transferred to other work.—*Electrical Review.*

The deaths from cholera in Meshed, Persia, have reached 400 daily.

Mr. Beale, U.S. minister to Persia, some time ago sent to the agricultural department at Washington 12 Astrachan sheep. The animals have arrived at New York in good condition and the number increased on the voyage to 16. It is thought they can be bred in America.

Fifty-four lives were lost in the disaster at Oil City, Pa. All the missing are accounted for. An official document issued from Titusville, Pa, places the loss by the recent disaster at $1,000,000, and states that 59 boiths have been burned, while several persons are still missing. Money aid is asked for The losses fall chiefly on the poor.

The Presbyterian Church in Canada has sent out forty-seven male missionaries in all. The first was Rev. John Goddie, D. D., who went to the New Hebrides in 1846. Of the total number, twenty-three are now in the field or under appointment. Two missing twenty-four have either died or resigned. Two of this number, George N. Gordon and James D. Gordon, suffered martyrdom at the hands of the natives of Erromanga, New Hebrides, Mrs. George N. Gordon fell by the side of her husband. Seventeen unmarried ladies of the Presbyterian Church have gone to India, nine to Trinidad, and three to Honan, China.—*Toronto Medical Missionary.*

Births.

In Huntingdon, on June 8th, the wife of LEWIS BIRD, of a son.

In Stirling, on the 15th June, the wife of MR. D. PENNETT, of a son.

In Rawdon, on the 10th June, the wife of WELLINGTON CHARD, of a daughter.

Deaths.

In Huntingdon, on June 8th, JOHN R. SILLS, aged 72 years, 8 months and 26 days.

STIRLING MARKETS.

Wheat, 85c. to 87c.
Barley, 45 to 50c.
Two-rowed Barley, 55c. to 60c.
Rye, 80 to 85c.
Oats, 30c. to 32c.
Peas, large, 65c. to 80c.
Peas, small, 50c. to 60c.
Buckwheat, 40 to 45c.
Butter, 18 to 18c.
Eggs, 10c. to 10c.
Potatoes, per bag, 25 to 25c.
Hams, 7½ to 8c
Smoked Ham, 8 to 8c.
Pork, 6½c. to 8½c.
Barrel Pork, 14 to 16c.
Bacon, rolled, 10c. to 11c.
Lard, 10c. to 12c.
Chickens, per pair, 40c. to 50c.
Apples, per bag, 50 to 60c.
Dried Apples, $3.00 per bushel

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Foolish fear doubles danger.

God reaches us good things by our hands. It costs more to revenge wrongs than to bear them.

A grain of prudence is worth a pound of chaff.

The Stirling News-Argus.

$1.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE. $1.25 IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

STIRLING, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT., FRIDAY, JUNE 24, 1892.

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THE

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JAMES CURRIE.

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If paid in advance. If not so paid, $1.25 will be charged.

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COUNTY COUNCIL.

JUNE SESSION.

FIRST DAY.

Council met at Belleville on Tuesday, 14th inst.

After address by the Warden communications were read—From the education department of the town of Trenton demanding from the county $261.04 for school purposes. —Referred to the committee on Ways and Means.

A report was received from the Stirling High School giving a detailed statement of the expenditure and the number of scholars in attendance from the various forms.—Referred to the Ways and Means committee.

From Mr. C. Hudson of Belleville, claiming damages to the extent of $3,000 for the loss of the thumb of the right hand, caused by an accident which occurred to him on the highway in the township of Sidney, between the 2nd and 3rd concessions.—Referred to the Ways and Means committee.

A petition was presented signed by ratepayers of the townships of Rawdon, Madoc and Huntingdon asking for aid to assist in making repairs to a road known as the Spry Settlement road.

Mr. Montgomery and Bateman spoke in support of the petition, as the road was in need of repairs.

The petition was referred to the Ways and Means committee.

Council next went into committee of the whole on Ways and Means, Mr. Farley in the chair.

The petition of ratepayers of Rawdon, Madoc, and Huntingdon, asking a grant to gravel a road known as the Spry settlement road, was considered.

The Warden moved that $100 be granted to assist in gravelling the road.

The motion of the Warden was declared out of order, as at the January session a motion prevailed that no further grants be made on roads outside County gravel roads.

The claim of Mr. Hudson for damages was considered.

Mr. Haggerty thought that the County was not liable in the matter.

Mr. Vermilyea was of opinion that the matter should be laid over until Mr. Hudson or his solicitor were heard about it.

Mr. Aylsworth was of the same opinion

On motion the matter was laid over for the present to allow Mr. Hudson or his solicitor to appear before the committee and state his claims.

The demand of the Board of Education of the town of Trenton for $261.04 was laid over for consideration.

An account of Dr. Eakin's for $15 for examination of lunatics was laid over.

A number of accounts were presented and ordered to be paid.

The Committee rose, reported progress and asked leave to sit again.

Council adjourned until 10 o'clock Wednesday morning.

SECOND DAY.

County Council resumed at 10 a. m.

A petition was read from George Brooks claiming $200 damages for broken rib and a sprained wrist or weak ankle on the defective side walk on Russel street in the village of Madoc, on December 22nd, 1891.

Referred to Ways and Means committee.

Several ratepayers asked for a special grant for the gravel road between the villages Bridgewater and Bogart—Ways and Means.

Mr. Aylsworth moved the first reading of a by-law to equalize the assessment of the minor municipalities.—Also a by-law fixing the rate of taxation for 1892.

Charles Hutison appeared before the Council that he would meet them at 10 a m. Thursday morning

Mr. Aylsworth thought it would be more satisfactory if Mr. Hudson could meet a committee. Mr. Martin agreed with this.

Mr. Vermilyea and Mr. Dench thought it would be better if Mr. Hudson was heard before the bar of the council.

Mr. Aylsworth moved that he be heard in respect to his claim at 11 a. m. Thursday morning.—Carried.

The committee on Ways and Means resumed, Mr. Farley in the chair.

Mr. Murphy and Mr. Thompson spoke favorably of a grant towards the gravel road between Bridgewater and Bogart.

Mr. Vermilyea pointed out that if this question of special grants was re opened at this session it meant an increase of taxation and he did not think the ratepayers would uphold the council in any such step.

Mr. Montgomery said that if any special grants were made he would press Rawdon's claim.

The petition of George Brooks of Madoc was laid over for further consideration.

Mr. Haggerty stated that a man named Reed had gone to work in a mill at Foxboro ton and within fifteen minutes suffered a broken leg. His friends wanted him sent to the hospital at Belleville and the speaker asked who was responsible for his attendance at the institution.

The Warden and Mr. Aylsworth said that the township from which the patient was sent it would be responsible for $2 a week.

Mr. Haggerty thought the county should assume the responsibility.

The council went into committee of the whole on equalization.

Mr. Aylsworth moved that the equalization of 1892 be the same as that adopted by the arbitrators last year.

Warden Cross was agreeable to this proposition. There could be no benefit derived from re-opening the question again.

Mr. Pearce felt that Marmora and Lake was not fairly dealt with last year in having their assessment raised $55,000.

Mr. Aylsworth's motion carried.

The committee rose and reported which was received and adopted.

Mr. Aylsworth moved seconded by Mr. Dench that a committee be appointed on estimates.—Carried.

Mr. Vermilyea pointed out that the council were then in the dark as to how much would be necessary to meet High School expenses.

Mr. Aylsworth said that nearly all the schools had furnished an approximate idea of the amounts that would be required.

The Warden named the following committee: P. P. Clarke, Tivey, Haggerty, Farley, Holgate, Martin and Emmons.

A petition was presented from a number of ratepayers in Rawdon township in reference to appealing against a by-law relating to school matters.

On motion of Mr. Montgomery, the matter was laid over, as a deputation from the section interested would appear before the Council and state their case.

FIRST DAY.

Mr. J. F. Wills attended at the request of the Council and stated the particulars of the accident which happened to Mr. C. Hudson, jr., on the 10th day of May last, by which accident Mr. Hudson lost half of his right thumb, which was torn from his hand.

The matter was referred to the Committee on Ways and Means.

Thos. Graham, of Tweed, asked for $18 for expenses incurred by him in the burial of a pauper Indian at Crookston.

James Haggerty explained that Mr. Graham had put in an account to the township for $60 which they thought too much. They had given Mr. Graham $4 under protest.—Referred to Ways and Means Com.

A report was presented of the improvements made to the gaol and court house which cost about $1000. It was recommended that L. A. Appleby and John Marsh be allowed the sum of $100 for their services in connection with the recent improvements.

Mr. Aylsworth moved, seconded by W. S. Martin, that Messrs. Vermilyea, McLaren, Dench, Martin, Cross and Aylsworth be a committee to consider the respective claims of high schools entitled to aid from the council.—Carried.

Moved by P. Murphy, seconded by Jas. Clare, that of the sum to be expended on the county gravel roads in Hungerford $200 of said sum be expended on the county road leading from Stoco to Marlbank.—Carried.

Mr. Pearce of Marmora strongly urged that a valuation of the County be made, that a proper equalization could be made which would meet with better satisfaction of the Township, Mr. Aylsworth was in harmony with the proposition.

A deputation was present from the township of Rawdon, to appeal against a by-law passed by the Township Council, making a division in school section No. 14, in the 7th concession of the said township.

On motion the deputation were heard.

David McCosh said that school section No. 14 was large, and a number wished a division. The Township Council passed a by-law dividing the section, but he claimed it was an unfair division. The territory was about equal, but the assessment on the west side was some $9,650 more than on the east side.

Mr. Montgomery, Reeve of Rawdon, said a petition was presented asking the township Council to make a division. The Council did so, and considered the matter in an impartial manner, and the division he considered a fair one.

Mr. Wallbridge, 1st dep, Reeve, was sorry that an appeal had been made. He did not think an unfair division had been made, but the best division possible under the circumstances.

Mr. Henry Brown contended that the division was unfair. It was unfair to both sections.

Mr. Lynn was present and contended that the division was a fair one.

The Council went into committee of the whole on Ways and Means.

In committee the claim of Mr. W. Brooks, of Madoc, for damages was considered, but on motion was not entertained.

The claim of Mr. C. Hudson for damages was also considered, and it was contended that the county was not liable, and the Warden was instructed to defend suit if one was brought.

FOURTH DAY.

Mr. Haggerty, Chairman of the Gravel Roads committee, presented a report.

A recommendation of $200 to be given to the township of Rawdon to assist in repairing a bridge caused lengthy discussion.

Mr. Vermilyea objected to $200 being given to Rawdon for the rebuilding of a bridge if it was not taken out of the estimates of the Gravel Roads committee.

Messrs. Montgomery and Williams spoke in support of the recommendation of the committee. Rawdon needed the amount asked for to assist in rebuilding the bridge.

Mr. Haggerty said the $200 was a special grant, and the committee did not intend it should come out of the estimates.

Messrs. Hurley and Thompson said they as members of the Gravel Roads committee understood that the $200 was taken out of the estimates of the committee, and not as a special grant.

Mr. Vermilyea thought that the report was irregular and should be referred back.

After some further discussion the report was referred back to the committee for further consideration.

M. John Johnston, Public School Inspector for South Hastings, and Mr. W. Mackintosh, Inspector for North Hastings, presented their annual reports.

Mr. Aylsworth moved, seconded by Mr. Vermilyea, that the thanks of the Council be and are hereby tendered the Inspectors, for their able and satisfactory reports. Good results were accruing from the changes made in the direction of education. The reports were able ones.

The seconder said he was exceedingly pleased with the reports, and also with the manner in which the Inspector for South Hastings attended to his duties. Each report was a live document.

The motion was carried unanimously.

The committee of the whole on special communications resumed, Mr. Holgate presiding.

The matter of the appeal against the by-law passed by the Township of Rawdon, appertaining to a division of school section No. 14, was considered.

Mr. Mackintosh said the school was overcrowded and he had urged the trustees to do one of two things, namely either get another teacher or divide. At one of his visits to the school there were 99 scholars present. The Township Council did divide and the trouble seems to be in the division.

Mr. Aylsworth said the Township Council were a unit as to the division made. There was a difference as to the amount of assessment, but it was not much at the time of the division, as shown by the assessment. The Council no doubt did the best they could in the matter. In his opinion, the County Council should not appoint an arbitration. He moved that no action be taken in the matter. Mr. McCargar seconded the motion, which was carried.

The committee rose and reported. The report was received and adopted.

Mr. Haggerty, chairman of the Gravel Roads Committee, presented the following report:

That the account of J. A. Bell, of Rawdon, respecting a culvert on the Stirling and Marmora gravel road be referred to the chairman for settlement.

That F. Ford be paid $10 for building a culvert near Gordon's Bridge.

That the Warden and Superintendent take a lease of Laycock's gravel pit in Marmora.

That the chairman and superintendent take such action as they deem necessary in regard to filling ditch on gravel road in Foxboro village.

That the chairman and superintendent investigate the question of drainage on the Marmora gravel road in Springbrook, and take such action as they think best.

That this committee recommend that the sum of $200 be granted to the township of Rawdon to assist in rebuilding a bridge over Rawdon creek near Seeley's mill, the span being 125 feet.

That the Chairman and Superintendent confer with the G.T.R. Solicitor in regard to building fence between the track and the County gravel road, near Palmer's hotel in Thurlow.

That the Superintendent secure wire for a fence on the boundary line between Sidney and Thurlow.

That J. Allen be paid $5 for damages sustained on County road near J. Caskey's, at Madoc.

That the Warden, Chairman, and Superintendent, with Messrs. Murphy, Pearce, Hurley, McGowan, and Farley, be a committee to inspect Tweed bridge, with power to act.

That the amount of expenditure and recommendations on gravel roads, including $401.40 paid for gravel pit in Hungerford, and repairs on several small bridges, be $13,520.15 for the year 1892.

That the sum required for bridges, including $200 for Rawdon creek bridge, be $4,000.

That the chairman and Sup. confer with the Central Ontario railway authorities with respect to the dangerous condition of crossing near St. Ola on county gravel road.

The amounts to be expended on roads and bridges are as follows:—Thurlow, $2,784.91; Sidney, $2,188.15; Tyendinaga, $1,666.62; Hungerford, $1,202.55; Rawdon, $673.23; Marmora, $902.23; Madoc, $1,217.70; Elzevir, $410.73; Tudor, $375; Limerick, $25; Deseronto, $50; Madoc, $40; Stirling, $40; Tweed, $40.

N. Vermilyea, chairman of the committee on estimates, made a very lengthy report, showing a decrease in the expenditure this year of $7,000, or 45-100 of a mill less.

Mr. Martin took the chair in committee of the whole on by-laws.

Thos. Wills, county treasurer, was granted a leave of absence for two months to enable him to go to Europe.

James Haggerty moved, seconded by Mr. Fleming that $172 be paid to Francis Trudor, for damages sustained by his horse and rig going through Tweed bridge.—Carried.

In reference to Rev. Tobias Meyers claim for land absorbed by the county for road purposes, the matter will be left with the roads and bridges committee to report at the next meeting of the council.

The High School petitions for money were referred to the special committee, appointed to deal with the matter. Mr. Aylsworth, as chairman will visit the different schools for the purpose of arriving at the respective claims.

The report of the gravel roads committee was passed.

Mr. Murphy moved, seconded by Mr. Baker, that Mr. Vermilyea and the mover be a committee to wait on the Ontario Government for assistance to complete Lonsdale and Bridgewater colonization road.

Mr. Murphy stated that it was over ten years since it was started. It was intended to connect Tyendinaga with Bridgewater. The county had spent a large amount of money on the road as well as the government, and the feeling was that if it was completed it would stimulate the trade in the northern district.

Mr. Cross did not think a delegation at this time would be of any use, as the house was not in session.

Mr. Vermilyea thought the road should be extended. He knew the necessitics of the case. The motion carried.

Mr. Pearce hoped that when the deputation were at Toronto they would ask the Commissioner of Crown Lands to give aid in building the colonization road leading from the townships of Lake and Marmora to the township of Wollostan.

FIFTH DAY.

Mr. Vermilyea drew the attention of the superintendents to the dangerous condition of a well on the old Yerex farm in Thurlow. It was ordered to be covered or filled in at once.

The committee of the whole on by-laws resumed.

A by-law to equalize the assessment and a by-law for levying of the county rate were read and adopted.

Committee on Ways and Means reported.

Council adjourned until Tuesday 29th. November.

County and District Items.

Havelock is asking to be incorporated as a village. A population of 750 is claimed.

The approaching twelfth of July will be celebrated in Campbellford by a large number of Orangemen.

Thomas Ritchie has been sent as a delegate to the World's Chamber of Commerce, which meets in London, by the Belleville Board of Trade.

The Methodists of Adolphustown celebrated the centenary anniversary of the first Methodist church in Canada, with a dinner on Wednesday last.

Mr. Luck, of Norham succeeded in killing a large "spotted adder" snake, measuring 3 feet, 6 inches. It is the most poisonous reptile in Ontario. Mr. Luck says that this snake has been on his premises for the past 3 years.

Rev. Dr. Meacham and Mrs. Meacham, have arrived from Japan, where they have been for a number of years employed as missionaries by the Methodist Church. Rev. Dr. Meacham is a son of the postmaster at Belleville.

The first Methodist church built in Upper Canada was erected near the south shore of Hay Bay, Adolphustown, in 1792. The church is still extant, and the centenary anniversary of its erection was celebrated on Wednesday last the 22nd inst.

Mr. J. B. McWilliams has struck a rather rich copper find in Dummer township near the head of Stony Lake. A sample of the ore from this mine was forwarded to Ottawa and the analysis shows that the rock contains 37 per cent of copper with a trace of silver and gold.

A young man named Cross, about 22 years of age, employed by Mr. Albert Wessels, was killed at Wooler on Monday afternoon of last week. He was driving a team attached to a waggon loaded with gravel, and while going down Star's hill, the tongue of the waggon broke, the horses ran away and he was thrown out, the wheels passing over his breast. He lived only half an hour afterwards and spoke but once.

At the Bay of Quinte Methodist conference at Port Hope, a report was adopted in favor of purchasing the old Methodist church on the Platt farm at Hay Bay, Adolphustown, with a view of its preservation. It was the first Methodist church built in Upper Canada, and is now one hundred years old. The building will probably be moved elsewhere, as it has not been used as a church for thirty years or more.

A fire broke out in the Ontario Wire Fencing Company's factory in Picton on Saturday morning, totally destroying the building and one storehouse, including the valuable machinery and about ten miles of woven wire fencing. Loss $10,000; insured in the Ætna for $8,600. Incendiarism is suspected. Although the fire did not break out until 4 a. m., a gang of men were at work Saturday clearing away the debris and preparing to rebuild.

The following directors of the Coe Hill Mining Company have been elected:—Alex McLaren, Buckingham, Que., president; H. Bell-Irving, Cleveland, Ohio, vice-president; Messrs. David Maclaren, Ottawa, Wm. Chisholm, Cleveland, and J. L. Biggar, Belleville. The Coe Hill is the largest and wealthiest mining companies in America, and owns all the Coe Hill mines. The directors will meet in a few days to decide on the future policy of the company.

Robt. Lancaster, of Bronson, Reeve of Dungannon township, has meet with a sad bereavement. He started on Monday to attend the County Council and when he arrived at Rathbun station a messenger overtook him with the sad intelligence that his three year old child had choked to death, a bean having lodged into his throat. He hurried home, only to see the happy child he had left a few hours ago lying cold in death. The mother is completely prostrated with grief.

The new directors of the Central Ontario Railway have made important changes in the working staff. Mr. James D. Riddell, of Stratford, brother of the able and efficient Superintendent of the Midland Division of the Grand Trunk, has been appointed Superintendent, with headquarters at Trenton. Like his courteous and popular brother, of Belleville, the new Superintendent of the Central has acquired his railway experience in the Superintendent's office at Stratford, first of Major Larmond and afterwards of Mr. W. R. Tiffin, two of the ablest railway managers in Canada. Those acquainted with him are fully persuaded that in Mr. Riddell the directorate of the Central has secured a first-class Superintendent—a courteous and tried official who has been trained in a good school, probably one of the best on the continent; and that he will fill his new position with credit to himself and to the advantage of the railway is as assured fact. Another change made in the staff of the Central is the promotion of Mr. George Collins to the Assistant Superintendency and to the position of Secretary-Treasurer.

Improved Methods in Farming.

The depression from which the agricultural interest suffered for so long in this Province was due to several causes, but one of the most important of these was the continuance of wheat raising as the main branch of the farming industry after the competition of the prairie farms of Manitoba had made it no longer profitable.

But an industrial revolution has been slowly going on among the farmers of Ontario. Gradually they have been drawing away from wheat and devoting increased attention to stock and dairying. The reports of the Bureau of Industries indicate the extent already attained by this movement. These reports show that in five years the area devoted to wheat was reduced by 253,000 acres, while during the same period the acreage of roots increased 10,000, of hay 194,000, of peas 135,000, and of oats 339,000 acres. The decrease in the area set apart for wheat and increase in that allowed for coarse grain, roots and hay is a clear indication that farmers have of late years been giving more attention to stock, and less to what was once their prime commodity. This fact is made still clearer by the statement showing that in four years the number of horses in the Province increased by 17,000 and hogs by 59,000, and that in eight years the output of cheese for the Province increased in value by $1,500,000.

That farmers have profited by these changes is shown by the statements contained in the address read by General Manager Hague at the annual meeting of the shareholders of the Merchants' Bank. Mr. Hague quoted largely from the reports of local managers of the various branches. In one of these reports it is stated that nine out of ten of the farmers in the locality are well to do; in another that farms are increasing in value, and in a third that farmers' deposits in the local branch have increased by fifty per cent. during the year. Mr. Hague himself states that in twenty-seven out of twenty-nine branches where farmers' deposits were received the amount of these deposits was increased during the the year, and that the total increase in the deposits of all the banks in the country during 1891 was $18,000,000.

From the figures contained in the report of the Bureau of Industries it is clear that the farmers of Ontario are following more intelligent methods than formerly, and, from what Mr. Hague has said, it is evident they are profiting from the change. We are, therefore, justified in hoping that the improvement observable in general business during the past year is likely to be permanent, since one of the main causes of depression has been removed.—*Toronto News.*

Manitoba Crop Report.

WINNIPEG, June 18.—The Department of Agriculture has issued its first crop bulletin of the season. It indicates that the cold, backward weather resulted in preventing rapid growth, slightly curtailing the amount of grain sown, but the crops are pulling up rapidly under the warm, genial weather. The total acreage under crop is shown to be 1,340,370, being a decrease of 9,831 compared with that of last year. The decrease is principally in the area of wheat sown, the from last year's experience that with limited help it was impossible to harvest the crop in good form.

There were six cases of drowning in Toronto by last week.

The cholera epidemic is extending in the manufacturing suburbs of Paris.

The 30th session of the Synod of the Diocese of Ontario began at Kingston on Tuesday.

The Bay of Quinte fishermen have formed a society to protect their rights and to secure an enforcement of the law.

Emmons Blaine, son of Ex-Secretary of State J. G. Blaine, died rather suddenly in Chicago on Saturday of blood poisoning.

Rev. Adam Spencer dropped dead in Bowmanville Saturday evening. He was formerly pastor of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church in that town.

It is understood that Chauncey Depew has been offered the State Department portfolio by President Harrison, and that at an interview on Saturday he asked time to consider the matter.

A powerful search light will be placed on the top of Mount Washington. It will be the highest and strongest in the world and will be seen from portions of Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Vermont, New York and Canada.

During the storm in Toronto on Sunday evening 1.44 inches of rain fell in 25 minutes, and during the whole storm the rainfall was 2.42 inches, it being one of the heaviest storms on record. Grain is said to have been damaged by the storm along the lake shore east of Toronto by being beaten down by the heavy rain.

OUTWITTED.

My friend Campbell was an oddity. Everybody said he had an odd look about him, and I know for a certainty that he dined off odd plates, and lived in an odd house. This house was the very essence of oddity, being a long, low-built structure of no particular style of architecture, but a mixture of everything in general. In looking at the house from an artistic distance, two ideas were presented to the mind of the spectator. The first and most fanciful was that, in some awful convulsion of nature, the disjointed fragments of ancient and modern buildings had been thrown up together and, in the course of time, had become cemented, and thus formed the uncouth mansion of my friend Campbell.

The second and most probable idea was, that the main part of the house had been built by the first owner of the place, and that every successive generation had thrown up an addition, according to their particular caprice. At any rate, it had attracted Campbell's attention while on a hunting excursion among the hills, and the oddity of the structure, combined with its lovely situation, had induced him to purchase it.

The mansion inside was a veritable wonder. There were at least a hundred places where one could lose himself, even if one had been familiar with the place for years. Narrow entries, with no apparent termination; queer doors, opening to no one knew where; suspicious cupboards in the gigantic chimney, and other bewildering contrivances, suggested the idea that the original owner had been very romantic, or else had been a smuggler.

The whole place presented as interesting a study for the antiquarian as the catacombs of Egypt, or the ancient tombs of Italy, though the curious were obliged to adopt the usual precaution of carrying with them a ball of twine, by which to retrace their steps through the labyrinth of passages.

Furthermore, the place bore the appropriate title of the "Mare's Nest," a name bestowed upon it by my friend Campbell, who conceived that the house bore a resemblance to the fabulous object of many a schoolboy's search.

But, whatever the house was, no better man than Campbell ever lived. We had come across each other accidentally, at a time when I was in trouble, and my friend, then a stranger, had rendered me invaluable service, which in my whole lifetime I could not repay. A close and lasting friendship had been the consequence, and almost every evening saw me stealing towards the "Mare's Nest," my usual recreation after a hard day's work in the city.

I was a lawyer, and perhaps in no other profession does one come across stranger phases of humanity. I think, certainly, there are no men better trained to read well and correctly the faces of those with whom they come in contact than those who have been bred to the law. I may say, without boasting, that I was gifted in this respect to a remarkable degree.

A case had come under my observation, which I regarded with intense interest. It was a contest between an uncle and niece, in regard to property left by the father of the young lady. Between the deceased man and his brother a deadly hatred had existed for many years; but when the long-absent brother returned suddenly, a few days before the sick man's death, a reconciliation took place. Long conferences were held between them, and all other persons were carefully excluded from the room. But the sick man died suddenly in the midst of one of these conferences, and the brother was plunged into seeming grief and dejection.

After a while he rallied sufficiently to open the will, which he said the deceased had entrusted to his care. Contrary to the expectations of all, the bulk of the large property was conveyed to the living brother, and a scanty pittance only to each of the dead man's children. The will itself which I examined carefully, was drawn up correctly by a lawyer in a neighboring village, a man whose honesty I had had occasion to doubt before. It was regularly signed by two witnesses, a servant of the deceased, and one whom the brother had brought with him from foreign parts.

Clara Clarke, the eldest of the six children, and a young, beautiful, and high-spirited girl, rejected with haughty disdain the offer of her uncle to take some of the younger children to bring up in the affluence to which they had always been accustomed. She determined to dispute the will, believing it to be a forgery, and I was engaged as her counsel in the coming trial.

Whether I should have been as much interested if my client had been a gentleman, I know not; but my sympathies were fairly enlisted in Clara's cause, and I determined that she should win, though the prospects looked black. I firmly believed the present will was a forgery, but it must be proved. The lawyer who had drawn it up had probably been heavily bribed. The deceased's servant had been called suddenly away by the pretended death of a relative; but the other witness still remained with his master. Such was the position of affairs when I commenced my task.

In the first place, I wanted to get a look at the principal of the other side, and try the effect of my eye upon him. I soon had an opportunity. One of the preliminaries of the case was being adjusted, and I met my man in the presence of a very few. I fixed my eye on him. I think it is hardly possible to describe such a face as his; there was enough of cunning in it to make me detest the man even if I had known nothing of him before.

His eyes, wandering about, suddenly encountered mine. He coloured a little at first, but the next moment I felt that I was baffled. His large, powerful, sinister eyes had comprehended my purpose. My scrutiny was worth nothing at present, for my opponent had been suddenly rendered wary and cautious. I felt from that moment that I had no common person to deal with, and I experienced a sort of pleasure in the thought of baffling such a skilful enemy.

The remainder of the time that I was in his presence, while I pretended to be busily writing, I watched for the betrayal of the slightest weakness on his part. Only once was he off his guard—a distant door in the building slammed suddenly, and I saw him start slightly and turn his face in the direction of the sound.

The result of that day's work I jotted down in my memorandum book. "There was another will." "He has not destroyed it for reasons of his own." "He is superstitious." All three of these items were inferences on my part gained during that day's scrutiny. That there was another will, the rightful one, I was very sure. That it had not been destroyed, I was nearly as sure. The prospects of my opponent were too bright at present to make it necessary to destroy the paper; but that he guarded it very carefully I could not doubt. That the man was superstitious I readily believed, and I determined to take advantage of it, if every other means failed.

The next thing I did was to get a glimpse of the servant. He was more evil-looking, if possible, than his master. The bold, swaggering, confidential air that he assumed struck me with the idea, that he was rather overdoing his part. However, I let him go for the present, determining to deal with the master if I could.

How to outwit Clara's uncle, and get the real will into my hands, was my earliest and latest thought. I could not go like a thief and steal it, even if I knew where it was. But in going home one night from the "Mare's Nest," I concocted a plan to obtain it without stealing. I would frighten the man into delivering up the will.

The next day I called on a person whom I had once befriended, and who I knew would assist me. I told him enough of the story for him to comprehend my plan, and he promised to do all he could for me. He was to take every opportunity of persuading Clarke, my opponent, to visit a famous fortune-teller, who resided at a distance of two or three miles. He was to trump up a wonderful story of the fortune teller's skill and accuracy in reading men's fates. I cautioned my friend against attracting suspicion by overdoing his part; but this was less likely, because Clarke would not probably suspect me as being connected with the affair, and consequently would be more off his guard.

I then sought my friend Campbell, and took him into my confidence. He entered with spirit into the idea, and agreed to act the part of fortune-teller, which I knew he could to perfection. I was too well known to assume a character, consequently I was to remain in the background, and seize upon anything favourable that should come out.

Nearly a week passed, and I had heard nothing as yet from Clarke, and nothing from my friend as to his movements. I became anxious, for time was precious. My patience was almost exhausted, when at last there came a note, saying that Clarke had been persuaded to ride out to visit the fortune teller that very evening at dusk.

I hastened to the "Mare's Nest," and Campbell and I made our preparations to receive the visitor. No place, indeed, could have been more suitable for our purpose than this—its very air was mysterious to a stranger. We waited anxiously, and I sprang from my seat when I heard the sound of wheels. There, indeed, was my co-worker with his man, safely arrived. Under the direction of Campbell, the servant introduced them through the darkest and most intricate passages, and ushered them at last into the lofty and dim old dining-room, illuminated by the last beams of day.

By way of giving a few extra touches to this room, I had brought in two skulls and some curious vases from my friend's study. The grinning skulls I had placed one on each side of the door, in order to attract our visitor's attention.

I had placed my station in a place where I could hear and see everything, without exposing myself to observation. Indeed, I was planted directly behind the speaker's chair, which stood in a distant part of the room from the visitor's. A protecting screen and the dim light of the room concealed me from their notice. The few minutes that intervened before the fortune-teller made his appearance doubtless seemed long to those in waiting. I saw that Clarke was beginning to grow uneasy. But at last a rustling sound was heard, and the fortune-teller was in the room. He had entered through a small panel door which neither of the visitors could perceive.

His tall figure looked gigantic in the dim light, and his rustling black robes and the solemn step impressed one with awe. The visitors were ordered to advance, which Clarke did in a vague sort of way. The fortune-teller fixed his eye on him.

"What would you have?" he asked.

"Read me my fortune," was Clarke's answer.

"And the past?" questioned the fortune-teller.

"Tell me nothing of that; I know it already. The future is all I care about."

"But to unravel your future, I must read a little of your life. Stay, be quiet now, for your life!"

A light smoke curled up from a dish upon the floor. This contrivance, by the way, Campbell owed to my inventive genius. The fortune-teller raised the dish and peered in it earnestly. When the smoke subsided, he spoke.

"Man, your past life is before me. Shall I speak of it?"

"No, no," gasped Clarke—"not the past; anything but that."

"But I must speak of it," said the fortune-teller, still looking earnestly in the empty dish. "I see before me a man who who has just committed a great crime—a terrible crime—that of depriving his brother's orphan children of their birthright."

"No, no," gasped Clarke again.

"Be still!" said the fortune-teller, sternly. "What I have said is true. By the inscrutable laws of my mystery, it must be true. This man absents himself for many years, no matter how many. He comes back a few days before his brother's death, worms himself into his confidence, and hastens the sick man's death by entreaties and threats for a will to be made in his favour. Not succeeding, he steals the real will, and bribes a worthless lawyer to draw up a forged one in his favour. The real will he hides in a safe place, deeming it of especial value, as the sick man had held it in his hands a few hours before his death."

"But I never opened that will," faltered Clarke. "I only knew what was in it from what my brother told me."

"And now for the future," said the fortune-teller. "Retribution must follow in the steps of evil deeds. Man, there is something horrible before you—shame, disgrace, a prison, and an awful death."

Even in the gathering darkness I thought I could see Campbell's face grow awfully stern, and the solemnity of his tone thrilled me with a vague horror. Clarke, I fancied, was trembling violently—the other visitor could not hear what was said.

"And if this were true," said Clarke, "would there be no possible way to avert it?"

"None!" said the fortune-teller. "Stay, there is one way. You can deliver up the sealed will."

"I have not the will here, said Clarke.

"Then you are lost," said the fortune-teller, solemnly. "But, perhaps, you have the key of the private drawer where you keep it?"

"Yes," said Clarke.

"Then throw it into that dish, and I will agree to produce the will by my art. Then you shall take your choice of delivering it up or not. This key fits——"

"The right-hand drawer in my private secretaire, in the little east room," answered Clarke.

Campbell leaned over and slipped the key into my hand unperceived. Then, as if he were pronouncing an incantation, he whispered to me:

"Quick, like lightning! It is the only way. He is beginning to suspect this mummery. Don't trouble yourself about the private secretaire—this key don't fit that."

I crept through the panel door, and immediately hastened to Clarke's house, which I entered unperceived. A lamp stood in the entry, as if some one had placed it there. I took it, and ran upstairs, and commenced my search. Clarke hired only three rooms, so I knew it must be in one or the other. The little east room I avoided, for I knew my man was too wary to willingly reveal where he had placed such an important document.

I went first into the bedroom, and tried the key in every drawer and box I could see. It fitted none. I pulled everything to pieces, but discovered nothing. I began to despair and picture to myself Clarke pouncing upon me whilst in the act of searching.

Suddenly my eye caught sight of something black, protruding from behind the window-curtain. I pushed aside the cotton curtain, and behind that was a green paper one, and between the two was a little black box. I dragged this out and applied this key, and it fitted. Throwing back the lid, the first paper that met my eye was labelled: "Will of Simon Clarke."

This was the document I wanted, and securing it, I proceeded to lock the box and put things in order. Going downstairs I encountered Clarke's servant. He gazed at me, but said nothing.

I went home, chuckling all the way at the idea of outwitting my opponent. I wondered much if Clarke was still watching the dish where he imagined his precious key was lying. I locked my room door and opened the will, and at the bottom of it, as I had all along suspected, was a codicil, indicted by Simon Clarke himself a few hours before his death, cancelling all other wills in favour of this one, and adding, a small bequest to his brother. But the bulk of his property was divided between his children. The date of the codicil was even later than that of the forged will, so that even if it had been genuine, it could not have stood in law.

One thing puzzled me. Simon Clarke's servant had been a witness of the writing of the codicil, and he was now missing, probably purposely sent away by the bother. As I sat thinking of this, my eye caught sight of a letter on the floor, which, in my haste, I had probably snatched with the will. Some memoranda on the outside of the letter attracted me. There was the name of the town some twenty miles distant, and also the initials of the servant's name.

It is sufficient to say, that when the case came up, I was able to produce my witness, and prove the will. The case, of course, was decided in Clara's favour, and soon afterwards her uncle and his servant disappeared—no one knew where.

My friend Campbell, otherwise the fortune-teller, took such an interest in Miss Clara Clarke that he afterwards persuaded her to drop the name of Clarke and take that of Campbell instead. Thereupon she became mistress of the "Mare's Nest," where I have spent many a pleasant hour.

The Conundrum of the Workshops.

When the flush of a new-born sun fell first on Eden's green and gold,
Our father Adam sat under the Tree and scratched with a stick in the mould;
And the first rude sketch that the world had seen was joy to his mighty heart,
Till the Devil whispered behind the leaves: "It's pretty, but is it Art?"

Wherefore he called to his wife, and fled to fashion his work anew—
The first of his race who cared a fig for the first, most dread review;
And he left his lore to the use of his sons—and that was a glorious gain
When the Devil chuckled "Is it Art?" in the ear of the branded Cain.

They builded a tower to shiver the sky and wrench the stars apart,
Till the Devil grunted behind the bricks: "It's striking, but is it Art?"
The stone was dropped at the quarry side and the idle derrick swung,
While each one talked of the aims of Art, and each in an alien tongue.

They fought and they talked in the North and the South, they talked and they fought in the West,
Till the waters rose on the pitiful land, and the poor Red Clay had rest—
Had rest till the dank blank-canvas dawn when the dove was preened to start,
And the Devil bubbled below the keel: "It's human, but is it Art?"

The tale is as old as the Eden Tree—and new as the new-cut tooth—
For each man knows ere his lip-thatch grows he is master of Art and Truth;
And each man hears as the twilight nears, to the beat of his dying heart,
The Devil drum on the darkened pane; "You did it, but was it Art?"

We have learned to whittle the Eden Tree to the shape of a surplice-peg,
We have learned to bottle our parents twain in the yolk of an addled egg,
We know that the tail must wag the dog, for the horse is drawn by the cart;
But the Devil whoops, as he whooped of old "It's clever, but is it Art?"

When the flicker of London sun falls faint on the clubroom's green and gold,
The Sons of Adam sit them down and scratch with their pens in the mould—
They scratch with their pens in the mould of their graves, and the ink and the anguish start,
For the Devil mutters behind the leaves: "It's pretty, but is it Art?"

Now, if we could win to the Eden Tree where the Four Great Rivers flow,
And the Wreath of Eve is red on the turf as she left it long ago,
And if we could come when the sentry slept and softly scurry through,
By the favor of God we might know as much as our father Adam knew.

—[Rudyard Kipling.

The Band and the Bull.

Strineville has a new brass band. It played its first piece the other day—one of the few nice, warm days that have come this way as yet this season. The band considerately went half a mile out of town to try its first tune. That delicate consideration undoubtedly saved the life of Jimmy Strong, a Strineville small boy, but it killed Farmer Fred Stauffer's valuable young Jersey bull.

At the time the band went out to play the bull was placidly cropping the fresh spring grass in his pasture, which was near the spot chosen by the band for its maiden effort. While the band was getting its collective lip ready to compel a tune from its horns Jimmy Strong was taking a short cut through the pasture to get to the spot where the band was. The bull had a reputation for a temperament that was entirely incompatible with the presence of small boys in his pasture, and he no sooner had taken note that there was one even then trespassing on his domain than he started in to hasten the small boy's trip across the lot. The small boy hastened amazingly, but the bull was gaining on him. The band was so much absorbed with itself that it did not notice the procession moving across the meadow, although the bull was mouthing his displeasure lustily as he bounded along, and the small boy was lifting up his voice in far-reaching tones.

The bull had got within a few jumps of the flying boy just as the band was ready to play. The band played. At the first burst and blare of sound that the band projected on the circumambient air the bull stopped short threw up his head, and sniffed and snorted. The horns let fly again. The bull turned and rushed wildly toward the stone wall. He reached the wall, stopped, and looked back with terror in his eyes. The band threw another installment of its soul into the horns. The bull gave one wild leap, and went clear over the wall, fell into the ditch below, and broke his neck. It wasn't exactly a compliment to the band, but it saved Jimmy Strong.

Poppy Cultivation in India.

As the cultivation of tobacco is prohibited in England except under a special license from the excise authorities, so the cultivation of the poppy in British India is forbidden unless a license has been taken out. When a cultivator takes out a license from the Opium Department to cultivate a certain area, (usually two-thirds of an acre of his own land) he receives an advance in money to secure his allegiance, and he binds himself to deliver to the opium agent at a fixed price, ordinarily of 5s. a pound, whatever opium may be produced on his land.

When official supervision is efficient, it is certainly very difficult for a man to cultivate poppy on a larger area than is covered by his license without detection. The cultivation cannot be concealed. It is a sort of garden cultivation, the poppy plants being grown in little squares or beds intersected by tiny water channels for irrigation wherever this is possible. The growth of the plants is carefully tended; and at length the time comes when they burst out into flower, and the fields look like a sheet of silver as the white petals of the flowers glisten in the morning dew.

These beautiful petals are the first produce of the crop; for the women and children of the cultivator's families come forth and pick them off one by one and carefully dry them, so that they may serve afterward as the covering of the manufactured cakes of opium. Then the poppies, with their bare capsule heads, remain standing in the open field until it is considered that they are ripe for lancing. The cultivators then come forth in the evening, and, with an implement not unlike the knives of a cupping instrument, they scarify the capsule on its sides with deep incisions, so that the juice may exude. In the early morning the cultivators reappear with a scraping knife and their earthenware pots, and they scrape off the exuded juice and collect it in their pots. And this is crude opium.—[Blackwood's Magazine.

A Monstrous Engine.

The most gigantic as well as the most powerful engine in the world was used at the zinc mines near Freidensville. It is fed by sixteen boilers, which give it a 5000 horse power, and if it becomes necessary the number of boilers may be doubled. This would give the iron monster a power equal to 10,000 horses. Each revolution of the wheel raises 17,500 gallons of water, it is used as a pumping engine, and every day its furnaces consume 28 tons of coal. The fly wheels are thirty-seven feet in diameter, and weigh forty tons each.

Boarding-house keepers should never set an old hen at the head of the table.

Never mind me," said Mrs. Jones before she was married, and that is exactly what her husband did after the honeymoon was over.

YOUNG FOLKS.

A Rainy Day.

Rain, rain, go away;
Phœbe's in despair.
Come again another day
When the trees are bare;
When the skies are gloomy,
When the birds have flown,
When there's not a blossom
The bee can call h s own;
When the leaves are flying
All about the lawn,
When the wind is sighing
For the summer gone,—
That's the time for raining,
No matter how it pours,
And Phœbe then is quite content
To play all day indoors.

—[St. Nicholas.

"WHICH WAS RIGHT?"

Oh, Mamma!" cried little Harold Brandon, "you should have heard Dick Stuart; he's been telling such awful stuff—just horrid—he says—" and then followed a brief account of a profane and really disgraceful conversation he had heard coming home from school a few minutes previous.

"Harold!" exclaimed his mother, with scarlet face and eyes flashing with mingled pain and anger, "never let me hear you speak of such things again! It is terribly wicked of Dick Stuart, and you are a very naughty little boy to listen to him. You have grieved me greatly by your conduct."

"But Mamma, Dick says such things are true and—"

"Not another word, Harold? Dick is a wicked boy. You must never listen to him again. Good little boys never speak of or listen to such talk as that. Now run away to your play, but remember what mamma has told you."

Ashamed, although not exactly penitent, Harold ran out of the room. He was an honorable and dutiful little fellow, and he tried not to think of what Dick had said but occasionally it occurred to him in spite of his efforts.

"I shall ask papa; he will tell me. Mamma always shuts me up so," he thought a little indignantly; but this hope was nipped in the bud.

Mr. Brandon returned to dinner soon after, and Harold followed him at once to the library, where his mother was still sitting. He was wondering how he could secure his father's undivided attention for a few minutes, when Mrs. Brandon exclaimed:

"Henry, do you know your little boy has been very naughty? He has been listening to such horrid talk and then came and repeated it to me.

She glanced at her husband as she spoke, with an expression her little boy thought meant a great deal more then her words. Mr. Brandon was a quiet man, absorbed in his profession, and with unlimited faith in his wife's ability to train up their child in the way he should go. He rarely interfered, and on the present occasion contented himself with saying:

"That was very wrong, my boy. You must not listen to anything you think your mother or I would be displeased with; neither must you repeat such words."

Certainly, to his mother Harold never did. However, his parents had not forbidden him to play with Dick Stuart, and in spite of his wickedness Dick was quite the pleasantest and jolliest boy in school; so, a little against his conscience, Harold continued to be very friendly with him. After a time he became quite accustomed to Dick's rough language, and although it hurt him a good deal at first, for he was naturally a refined little lad, the evident approval of many of the older boys had such an influence upon his plastic mind that he began to think it was positively manly. A year later, could his mother have heard him discoursing to an admiring group of schoolboys, her heart surely would almost have broken. Innocent, pure-minded little Harold was sadly changed, yet neither of his parents noticed it. He grew to manhood; tall, handsome, clever and energetic. He was a general favorite, and greatly sought after, and although too high principled and self controlled to be dissipated in any way, he yet found pleasure in the society of men who were called roues. When he was twenty-seven he fell in love with a beautiful girl of twenty-one, and was fortunate enough to win her affection.

Grace Bethune was as good and sensible as she was clever and pretty. She was so intensely refined that it was rather a wonder that she did not feel that Harold Brandon's mind was out of unison with her own, yet perhaps not either, for she was one of those women who instinctively bring out the best there is in their associates. Harold's own sense of unworthiness may have had a good deal to do with it. He felt that it should be the effort of his life to become worthy of her and, happily for both, this feeling did not wear off after they were married.

One evening, a month or two after their marriage he thoughtlessly expressed himself in a manner that made Grace shrink from him in horror.

"You do not really mean that? It cannot be possible that you really hold such views?" she said, tremulously. And it seemed to him as he looked into her white, pained face, and dark, horrified eyes, that he had not meant it, although it had been one of his pet theories among men for years.

"No—no! I merely give you the side most men take."

"Never speak so again, Harold," she said, earnestly. "Do not associate with men who are so immoral, for immoral they must be, at heart anyway, to hold such views. If—if you were to speak and think in that manner, it would almost kill me."

"If it did not kill her, it would at least slay her love for me to know me as I am. I must be careful and shun those hounds," her husband thought uneasily. The "hounds," as he called them, had for years been his dearest associates, and were considered very eligible young men by half the mammas in town, but Harold's mind was undergoing a great change. He and his wife were more constantly together than most husbands and wives, and he soon became thoroughly disgusted with everything unchaste and unrefined. Yet for years he had to watch himself, lest he should betray the bent his mind had been inclined in. Their married life was very happy. Grace had discovered ere the honeymoon waned that her husband was not quite so perfect as she had pictured him, but he was so devoted to her and so unselfishly anxious for her happiness that, like a sensible little woman, she kept her disappointment hidden, and seemed only to remember that in Harold's unfading devotion she was blest above others. She realized this more and more, as she beheld the many unhappy homes and unloved and neglected wives among her acquaintances. Then, too, she thought that perhaps her husband had been disappointed in her, although she fondly hoped and believed not.

Years after they had been married, Harold Brandon was lying on the lounge in his wife's pretty sitting room one afternoon, suffering with a neuralgic headache. His wife was sitting beside him, smoothing his aching temples with a soft almost mesmeric touch. Just as she fondly hoped he had fallen asleep, the door was gently opened and their only son a bright, handsome lad of nine years, came on tiptoe across the room to her.

Grace glanced anxiously at her husband; his eyes were closed and he seemed to be sleeping peacefully; he was not easily aroused; so she kissed little Earl and held a bright, whispered conversation with him.

"Mamma," he said presently, lifting a flushed, eager face to her fair sweet one. "Joe Bruce is a very rude boy, he has been telling us such strange and wicked stories, and do you know he says good boys never grow to be men!"

Harold Brandon's eyes half opened and he glanced from his wife to his child a little uneasily. They did not notice him; so he feigned sleep again.

"Would you like to tell me about it, Earl?" Mrs. Brandon inquired, gently.

Earl looked at her doubtfully.

"Joe said if I asked you about it, you would punish me; I knew you wouldn't, Mamma," he said, after a moment, and then he went on to tell her very much the same story his father had told his mother nearly thirty years before.

"Oh, my dear little boy, I am grieved you have heard this," said his mother, tremulously, and she drew him closely in her arms as if to shield him from some evil. Looking up, Earl saw that her eyes were full of tears.

"Oh, Mamma, I am so sorry!" he exclaimed.

"Is there anything you would like to ask me about?" she inquired, gently.

"Yes." He asked her a question; she answered it wisely, in a way to satisfy his curiosity.

"You will not play with Joe Bruce or such boys, dear? Do not listen to such rough language. If you cannot help hearing, and anything excites your curiosity, do not repeat it to any one else, but come straight to me. If I cannot explain it, papa will, if you are old enough to comprehend. You know, Earl, there are many things in your books you are too young to understand, and there will be just as much you will hear outside, probably."

"Mamma, why does Joe Bruce speak so?" he asked, curiously.

"He must naturally be a bad boy, and he wishes to poison your mind as his own has been poisoned, I am afraid. You will remember, dear, and you will not listen to or repeat such language, unless, as I said before, you want to know what it true."

"Yes, Mamma, I will try not even to think of it."

"You are mamma's own good boy. I am so glad my darling came straight to me with this poisonous stuff," his mother said. Then she kissed him and sent him away on some pleasant errand.

"Grace," Mr. Brandon said gravely, as the door closed after Earl. His wife started nervously; she had almost forgotten his presence.

"Oh, were you listening?" she asked, distressingly. "Was it not painful, Harold? Our dear little Earl to hear that!"

"It will not hurt him, with such a mother," her husband said quietly.

"Harold, what should I have done? You will know better than I for you were a boy once yourself. Was I wrong in speaking to him as I did?"

"I think God gave you your intuition, dear," he said. "I went astray just where our boy stood awhile ago. If my mother had talked to me as you talked to Earl, your husband would have been more worthy of you, Grace. Another thing I am convinced of; if a man wants to keep his boys from going wrong he must be in every sense of the word a companion to them, and teach them by example as well as by precept. Grace, if our united efforts can save our boy from pitfalls and make a good man of him, I think he is, and will be, in little danger."

Woman was Emancipated.

It was many years hence, and the movement for the emancipation of woman from the thraldom of ages had been crowned with complete success.

Two persons were sitting in the front parlor. Even in the dim, uncertain light of the coal fire—the supply of coal was not yet exhausted—it was plainly evident that they were a slender girl, a brawny youth. She was on her knees, with clasped hands and tearful eyes. He was on the sofa, with downcast mien and many a hot, tumultuous blush.

"I may confess my love," she exclaimed passionately.

His big brown mustache twitched noticeably and he swallowed the lump in his throat.

"Why so cold?" hotly demanded the kneeling woman.

And then, acting upon the sudden impulse, she seized his hand and contemplated through blinding tears the callouses upon the muscular palm.

"Be mine," she urged.

The young man was much distraught, and his lower register bass voice trembled when at last he spoke.

"It's so sudden," he faltered, and nervously fingering the hem of his coat.

She sighed.

"Edwin, you must have suspected."

"No," he replied simply. "It is not the place of a man to suspect. It is for us only to await the asking."

In adoration she gazed upon the agitated figure before her. Fairly intoxicated with the vision she forgot herself for a moment. With a sudden movement she threw her arms about the shrinking form of the youth and in a moment would have imprinted a kiss upon the dewy lips.

With a frantic effort he freed himself.

"You stop," he fiercely cried, "or I'll scream."

"Edwin."

"Go away from me."

"Do you dismiss me forever?"

"I do. Go."

As she left the room she crushed her spring hat over her eyes and groaned. People who met her on the street noticed that her face was pale and set and that she was muttering bitterly.

It was many years hence, and the movement for the emancipation of woman from the thraldom of ages had been crowned with complete success.—[Detroit Tribune.

Gold From Sea Water.

The researches of Malaguti, Durocher, Sarzeand and Sonstadt on the practicableness of extracting the precious metal from sea water have recently been supplemented (*Iron* says) by a careful investigation made by a Scandinavian, Herr Munster. According to his method, sea water was taken from Kristiania Fjord, and 100 litres were evaporated to dryness, giving 1830 grammes of residue. This was ground, and divided into portions of 300gr, each of which was mixed with 100gr of litharge, 100gr of pure potassium-sodium carbonate, and 4gr of carbon from starch, and the silver and gold determined. The result was, 19 milligrammes of silver and six milligrammes of gold per ton of average sea water. Considering the extremely small amounts of precious metals present, Herr Munster considers that no method of precipitation in tanks can possibly be successful. He is of opinion that the precipitation must be effected by the sea itself, where the water is continuously renewed by a natural current; and he points out that the copper sheathing of vessels has long been known to precipitate silver under these circumstances. He proposes that a channel about 60 yards wide, between two small islands, well sheltered from sea or wind, where there is a current of about 13 feet per minute, should be selected for an experiment, such rocky islets being common off the Norwegian coast. Across this channel 60 plates of galvanized iron, each seven feet by ten feet, should be arranged at an angle of 30 to the stream, and an electric current be passed through the series to precipitate the precious metals. The power required theoretically for this purpose he calculates at only half horse-power. The large anodes needed could, Herr Munster says, be cheaply prepared from wood, impregnated with graphite and tar, and carbonized, high conductive power not being required for so weak a current. If all the precious metals passing these plates were precipitated, he estimates there would be a net yield of £300,000 per annum, and if only the one hundredth or even the one-thousandth part of this amount were obtained, a substantial profit, would accrue in view of the insignificance of the working cost.

The Poet Laureate.

Mr. Sticker (of Chicago)—"Ah, Miss Laura, and what have you been doing today?"

Miss Bean (of Boston)—"Oh, I've been reading Tennyson."

Mr. Sticker—"Are you fond of Tennyson?"

Miss Bean—"Fond of him! Why, I simply devour him!"

Mr. Sticker—"Ah, well, that accounts for it."

Miss Bean—"Accounts for what?"

Mr. Sticker—"Why, I have so often heard him spoken of as the poet Laura ate."

AN EXPLORER'S TRAGIC DEATH.

While in His Teens He Began the African Explorations that Made Him Famous.

Henry Duveyrier, once a celebrated French explorer, walked into the edge of a forest near Sevres on April 25 and with a revolver blew out his brains. It was the melancholy end of a career that had dawned brightly. Duveyrier accomplished brilliant things while a very young man, and when he was 25 years of age his name was known to geographers throughout the world. He was only 52 years of age when he ended his life so tragically. No other man at so early an age, except Joseph Thomson, ever accomplished so much in African exploration as Duveyrier. He was only 19 years old when, in 1860, he penetrated the hostile desert south of Algeria, going where no other explorer had ventured. Although so young he was well equipped for scientific exploration. He was an exact observer, had advanced attainments in botany and geology, and possessed a talent for languages which enabled him in a short time to hold easy intercourse with all the tribes he met.

It was the time when France, having conquered Algeria was endeavoring to enter into relations with the people of the Sahara, and even with the treacherous Touaregs. Marshal Randon had established the influence of France at Wargla, south of Algeria, and Capt. Bonnemain had gone as far south as Ghadames. It was desired to push the French influence further south to Ghat and other oases along the principal trade route leading to the Soudan. Then Duveyrier entered the field. He had been an enthusiastic student of the travels of Richardson, Denham, Clapperton, Lyon, and others. He had derived much inspiration and instruction by personal intercourse in London with the greatest of all explorers of the Sahara and Soudan, Dr. Barth. So in his 19th year he made his first journey from Laghouat far south through the desert sands to El Golea, and before many months the learned world was giving much attention to the success of the audacious young traveler, who, though he had been imprisoned in El Golea and menaced with death, returned safely to civilization.

Duveyrier then started on the more difficult task of exploring the southern part of Tunis and the country further south. He made his way 600 miles into the desert to the Asgar district, of which Ghat is the most important oasis. The success of the young man. His "Exploration du Sahara" testifies, to the thorough competency of the hands into which the investigation of that part of the Sahara had been intrusted. The volume was interesting to geographers, historians, and naturalists. Geographers speak to-day of the high scientific value of Duveyrier's work. He described the country of Asgar with exactness, and made a map of the region, which is still a model. By this rare tact and resource he conciliated the hostile people, and the famous old Targui chief, Ikhenoukhen, really treated with tenderness the beardless boy who had dared to penetrate so far into the great desert among enemies, without weapons relying wholly on his politeness and tact to secure a friendly reception. A letter has recently been found from Si Othman, the Touareg guide of Duveyrier, in which he said that the only criticism he could make on the young man was his reckless courage. "We know not how," he said, "to restrain this fearless fellow."

The treaties that France made after the return of Duveyrier with the people of Ghadames and Asgar were the direct results of the preliminary work that the young explorer had done. He had spent three years exploring desert regions and extending French influence toward the South. All that France had to do was to go on and perfect and extend his work. That was France's grand opportunity to advance to Lake Tchad; but, after all, nothing was ever done although for a year or so the French talked of the great projects they were about to carry out in the Sahara. Duveyrier returned home nearly dead from the privations and fatigue of his long wanderings. He was attacked by a serious fever, which nearly cost him his life. He was never fully himself again. The disease left his mind a little darkened by melancholy that clung to him. Having sapped the strength of his youth he was never able to carry out his projects for future explorations. That was the great cross he had to bear. He urged with the utmost earnestness that France should establish her power in the Sahara, and although he was listened to with attention and respect none of his suggestions was ever carried out. Duveyrier was the first to tell the world about the new sect of the El Senoussi, the so-called Mohammedan reformers who for years have been calling upon Islam to return to the simplicity of the Mohammedan faith and wage relentless of war alike on the Christians and the Turks, who, they say, have degraded the Mohammedan religion. In 1884 France selected Duveyrier to carry out a work of scientific exploration in Morocco, but his health forbade him to assume the trust. He published in that year a list of the altitudes, latitudes, and longitudes of 1,600 places in Africa. Within the last few years he had been heard of very rarely in geographical circles. He regarded himself as forgotten by the world and believed that his explorations were failures because France did not take advantage of them to extend her influence across the Sahara. He always maintained that the massacre of the Flatters mission, the Catholic Fathers, Mme. Tinne Palat, Doule and others might have been avoided, and that by the exercise of tact and firmness the hostile peoples of the Sahara would have become the friends of France and white men might have gone among them, practically unarmed.

Duveyrier died of a broken heart. He holds, however, a very respectable place among African explorers and the work he did will always be ranked high for its thoroughness and scientific value. He received the gold medal of the Paris Geographical Society.

The Electric Shock.

Bride (throwing her arms about his neck) "You are my prisoner for life."

Groom: "It's not imprisonment for life; love; it's capital punishment."

A Mutual Change of Mind.

Mr. Wednot (a confirmed bachelor)—"How time does fly, Miss Toolate. It's just ten years ago since you refused me on this very spot."

Miss Toolate (who wishes she hadn't)—"Yes, Mr. Wednot, but I was very young and foolish then."

Mr. Wednot—"But we are both older and wiser now."

The Motive, Not the Deed, Which Tells.

It is not merely the deed we may do,
Though the deed be ever so fair;
'Tis the motive to which the dear Lord doth look—
The motive for which we should care.

What looks like sauce for one man makes a goose of another.

Cruelty to Children.

Even at the time of Her Majesty's accession to the throne barbarity to the young was the rule and humanity the exception in Christian England. Young apprentices of both sexes very often slept in coal-cellars, were fed on the foulest scraps and were mercilessly flogged at the will or the caprice of their masters and mistresses. A parish apprentice was a convertible term for a drudge. Schools, both public and private, throughout the land bore a closer resemblance of Bridewells and Houses of Correction than to places of education. Rods pickled in brine, straps, canes and rulers were the daily pabulum of English boys, from the patrician youth at Eton or Harrow down to the poor little "yellow-hammers" of the charity schools. Small drummer-boys were scourged by the sergeants in the barrack-room, while cabin-boys were rope-ended to a jelly, and sometimes to death, by brutal skippers. Boys and girls in coal mines toiled from morn till sunset half naked, and stimulated to their labor by the rattan or the throng of the ganger. Children in factories were worked until their limbs wasted away or broke out in sores; until their little eyes could scarcely see the machines they were tending, and if they slept over their task they were recalled to consciousness by being savagely belabored with a "billy-roller." The street of every city swarmed with child-beggars, often purchased or hired by speculative tramps, who lived in coarse luxury on the alms bestowed by kind-hearted but inconsiderate people on the shivering little mendicants; young chimney-sweeps were beaten with wire brushes until they bled, and thrust up narrow and tortuous chimneys, while their ascent was quickened by the application of burning straw to the soles of their bare feet; there was no kind of law to check baby farming, and finally workhouse children, or "workhouse brats," endured systematic ill-usage ten times worse than that chronicled by Charles Dickens in "Oliver Twist."—[London Telegraph.

Love.

Love puts thorns on friendship.
Jealousy is love turned upside down.
Men measure love by time; women, by eternity.
Love is a great care.
Love needs no messenger to say it's come.
Three meals a day is good for love.
Love is twin to sorrow.
Love cannot be hidden.
Each one has his own definition for love.
Hate is love gone mad.

A Novel Umbrella.

The latest novelty in umbrellas is one that curls up around the rim when opened, forming a complete gutter like those round the eves of houses. This keeps the rain from running off the umbrella and splashing one's trousers. When the gutter gets full? "By a slight tilt," we are told, "the water is caught and thrown to a common centre, where a pipe leads down through the umbrella handle to the ground." It seems to us that this involves some risk of the water running down the sleeves, which would be something worse than making the trousers wet.

Maternity.

Mother of God, what is thy thought to-night,
As his dear, patient face looks down to thee,
Moist with the dews of unguessed agony!
Hast thou the prophet's ecstasy of sight,
To scan afar the world's noontide of light?
Art thou rejoicing in the joy to be!
Perchance, but oh that trembling minor key,
The mother's heart still clamoring for its right—
"Give me my child, if all the world must die."
And through the shadows of the scene of death
Streams morning sunshine from the former years;
Upon thy breast the smiling babe doth lie,
And all the happy days in Nazareth,
Break on thee through the blinding mist of tears.
—[J. R. Campbell in Youth's Companion.

Mamma—"And now, Eddie, can you tell me what velocity is?" Eddie—"That's what papa let go of the hot plate with to-day, isn't it, mamma?"—[Brooklyn Life.

THE BATTLE OF LUNDY'S LANE.

BY ERNEST CRUIKSHANK.

The remainder of the British artillery was at the same time brought forward until the muzzles of the guns were only a few yards asunder, and the battle thenceforward became a confused, ferocious, and sanguinary struggle, waged frequently at the bayonet's point, or with clubbed muskets, the British striving desperately to regain the ground they had lost, and their opponents to thrust them down into the hollow beyond, and drive them from the field. Regiments, companies, and sections were broken up and mingled together. They retired, rallied and were led to the charge again. For two hours the contending lines were scarcely ever more than twenty yards apart, and by the light of each successive volley of musketry they could plainly distinguish the faces of their antagonists, and even the buttons on their coats. It is next to impossible to present a consecutive narrative of the closing hours of the strife. It is asserted by the Americans that they three times repelled the attempts of their adversaries to regain their lost position. In one of these, we learn that the 103rd being largely a boy-regiment and this its first experience of battle, again gave way, and was only rallied by the strenuous exertions of Major Smelt and other officers. In another, the assailants forced their way into Major Hindman's battery and compelled him to spike two of his guns. In the short interval between these attacks. Generals Brown and Scott consulted together, and, in consequence, Scott's brigade was moved into Lundy's Lane, and took post in line immediately in front of their artillery, which was now rendered nearly useless by the very proximity of the contending forces. Upon the repulse of the second attack, Scott formed his regiments into close column, left in front, and hoping to profit by the disorder in the British ranks, led them to the charge in turn. The 89th reserved its fire until its assailants were within twenty paces when a volley was delivered with such fatal effect that they recoiled in confusion to the rear. Their place in the line was at once occupied by a portion of General Porter's brigade, and Colonel Levenworth rallied and reformed the broken platoons upon the left of their former position. Having changed front they were again led forward by their indomitable commander, who had already had two horses killed under him, in an effort to force back the British right. Again repelled with heavy loss, they were again rallied, this time on the extreme left of their line. General Scott was himself wounded by a musket ball, which fractured his shoulder, and, having likewise received a painful contusion in the side, was removed from the field. His regimental commanders, Colonels Brady, Jesup, and McNeil, and his Brigade-Major, Smith, had also been disabled. The 11th and 22nd U.S. Infantry went entirely to pieces, and the 9th alone preserved its formation, kept together by the exertions of Leavenworth, its colonel, who was likewise wounded. The entire brigade had shrunk to the dimensions of one weak battalion, stumbling blindly about the field. More than half of the officers of these regiments had been killed or badly hurt, and it was subsequently related by deserters that on one occasion, being hard pressed, the survivors actually threw down their arms and attempted to surrender in a body, but finding that the British still continued their fire, resumed their weapons in despair. Be this as it may, the list killed and wounded bore eloquent testimony to the courage and determination with which they had maintained the contest. Before the close of the action the number of effective men remaining in the field of the four regiments, composing General Scott's brigade, was actually reduced to 150 or 200, exclusive of officers.

About the same time General Brown received a flesh wound in the thigh, and finding that Scott had already retired from the field, made over the chief command to General Ripley. The two remaining brigades had suffered less, but their losses had been severe, and most of the regiments were much shaken. The new commander, with the entire approval of his chief, determined to retire beyond the Chippawa. With this intention, all the guns that could be horsed were withdrawn, and some of the wounded removed.

While Ripley was preparing to retreat, Drummond was resolutely reforming his shattered battalions for a final and supreme effort to retrieve the fortunes of the fight. Bleeding profusely from a wound in the neck, which narrowly missed being fatal, he paid so little attention to it that he did not even dismount to have it dressed. Twenty minutes later his horse was shot dead beneath him. Colonel Pearson, Lieut.-Col. Robinson, and many officers of inferior rank had been disabled. Nearly one-third of the rank and file had already been numbered with the dead, or were suffering from wounds. With indomitable resolution, the scattered detachments were rallied and the line reformed for another attack. Finally, when it was almost midnight, the thinned and wearied ranks were again closed and urged up the hillside. Headed by the light company of the 41st, led by Captain Glew they pressed steadily up the slope and at length stood triumphantly upon the summit. Their opponents were surprised in the act of retiring, and their rearguard was easily overthrown and dispersed. The two 24-pounders they had lost were recovered, but the 6-pounder had been already removed. An American field-piece of the same calibre was, however, taken, the whole of the detachment serving it with but two exceptions having fallen in its defence. The officer commanding the party at the guns put spurs to his horse and escaped, but most of his men were taken prisoners beside them. Several tumbrils and horses were also captured, and the ridge was profusely strewn with the bodies of those seriously injured. Desultory firing continued in various quarters of the field for a few minutes longer, under cover of which General Ripley withdrew from the field all of his troops that still held together.

Almost all American writers, following the cue furnished by General Brown's official letter, convey the impression that their forces retired voluntarily, and were not expelled from the position they had won, and none of them admit the loss of any artillery. The statement of these points contained in Sir Gordon Drummond's official letter are, however, fully substantiated by affidavits published in General Ripley's pamphlet already referred to, as well as by several letters from officers and men in the American army, which appeared in different contemporary newspapers. Major Hindman, commandant of their artillery, testified, for instance, that "General Brown said to him: —'Collect your artillery as well as you can, and retire immediately; we will all march to camp together.' He then remarked that nearly all his officers had been killed or wounded, and that he himself was wounded, and he thought it best to retire. I found the enemy in possession of the guns and wagons. Some of the horses and men were captured. I then left the field. Lieut. Fontaine informed me that the enemy charged his party at the guns, and made them all prisoners, but that he dashed through their crowd and escaped."

Equally conclusive is the evidence respecting the demoralized condition of the American army, derived from the same sources. We are informed that but two platoons of Scott's brigade could be collected under Leavenworth, and several officers affirmed that no more than 500 men in all returned to camp in a body, the remainder having dispersed.

The battlefield remained in the undisturbed possession of the British during the remainder of the night, but they were in no condition to pursue their disorganized enemies. Pearson's brigade had marched fourteen miles, and had been deprived of sleep the night before; Morrison's detachment had accomplished the same distance; and the remainder not less than twenty-one miles in the heat of a July day. Almost one-third of their entire number had been killed or wounded, or were missing. The survivors were utterly exhausted, and threw themselves down to rest among the dead and dying upon the bloodstained hill they had finally reconquered.

Thus ended the most stubbornly-contested and sanguinary engagement ever fought in the Province of Ontario, after having continued five hours and twenty-three minutes. By American writers it is frequently styled the battle of Bridgewater or Niagara Falls; in British official records, it is known by the name of Niagara, and, in commemoration of the act, the Royal Scots, 8th, 41st, and 89th, bear that word emblazoned on their colors, but among Canadians it usually receives the more homely appellation of Lundy's Lane.

The loss on both sides was severe in proportion to the number of combatants engaged, and according to the official reports, nearly equal. The British return showed an aggregate of five officers and seventy-six men killed, thirty officers and 532 men wounded, fourteen officers and 219 men missing and prisoners; that of their opponents, eleven officers and 160 men killed, three generals (Brown, Scott, and Porter), fifty other officers and 520 men wounded, eight officers and 109 men missing. But there are several cogent reasons for suspecting the truthfulness of the latter return. James asserts that 210 of their dead were counted on the field by British fatigue parties, and that indications of a number of new-made graves were afterwards discovered near their camp. Drummond stated in his official letter that several hundred prisoners had fallen into his hands, and it would be indeed remarkable that a force in the admitted state of disorganization to which the American army was reduced should have lost no more than the number stated in missing, especially when a considerable proportion of that force consisted of militia acknowledged to be usually prone to desert and disperse in the event of a reverse, while their opponents, who held the field lost more than double that number.

An officer writing from Buffalo two days after the battle to his father, a Senator in Congress, stated that their first brigade (Scott's) was almost annihilated, yet the official return only admitted a loss of a little more than five hundred men, or about one-third of its effective force. Major Foster testified that but fifteen or twenty of the 11th escaped unhurt. Major Hindman relates that of Tappan's Company of the 23rd U. S. I., numbering forty-five rank and file when it went into action, only nine answered to their names at roll-call next morning, and estimated that not more than 1,500 men of the entire division could then be mustered. I have already referred to the loss of Towson's artillery. At one of Captain Ritchie's guns, every man is said to have been disabled, at another all but two, and yet the entire loss of the whole of the artillery was returned at forty-six of all ranks. Detachments of the 2nd Rifles and 17th and 19th Infantry are known to have been engaged; one officer belonging to the former and two of the latter corps, were certainly wounded, but no statement whatever of their loss is to be found in the official report. Finally, Major Herkimer and thirteen other officers of the volunteer brigade, in an open letter published in several newspapers, flatly accused General Brown of falsifying the returns and of understating the loss of their regiments.

Mr. Hildreth states that the American Army was reduced by their losses to sixteen hundred effective men. If this were true it would indicate a loss from casualties and desertion of more than two thousand. A very correct and circumstantial account of the action by an eye-witness, published in Poulson's American, estimated their loss in killed and wounded at twelve hundred. Another letter dated at Fort Erie, August 1st, remarks: "Many of our men secreted themselves in the woods, and were not collected till within a few days." As they were not vigorously pursued, it is probable that most of these stragglers rejoined their regiments.

On the part of the British, the battalion which bore the brunt of the action were the Royal Scots and the 89th, and their losses were correspondingly severe. Of about 500 men of the former regiment, who went into action, 172 were reported killed, wounded, or missing, while the 89th lost not less than 254 out of an aggregate of 400 of all ranks. Of the provincial corps, the Incorporated Militia suffered most, losing 142 officers and men, of whom not less than ninety-two were missing, out of about 300 engaged; the Glengarry Light Infantry lost fifty-seven, the 104th flank companies, six, the Dragoons, three. Many of the wounded being slightly injured by buckshot, were soon able to do duty again, and a number of the missing rejoined their regiments in a few days.

Next morning General Ripley again crossed the Chippawa with as large a force as he could muster, with the intention, as he stated, of burying the dead and recovering the wounded, whom he had left behind. Most of his officers agreed in regarding this as an act of the most consummate folly. But finding the field occupied in force by his antagonist, he immediately retired, destroying the bridge behind him, and prepared for instant retreat. The wounded and prisoners were then sent across the Niagara, a quantity of camp equipage and other stores was destroyed or thrown into the river, Bridgewater Mills and Clark's warehouse at Chippawa were burned, and a retrograde movement was effected with such celerity that, although they did not commence their march until noon, the entire force arrived on the heights opposite Black Rock at midnight in such a state of exhaustion that they lay down to sleep without pitching tents or lighting fires. This would certainly be extraordinary conduct on the part of a victorious army. In fact it is almost certain that their commander had determined to re-cross the river next day, but finding that he was not pursued in force, he encamped under the guns of Fort Erie and set every available man at work with axe and spade to entrench his position.

As soon as Ripley's intention to retreat became apparent, the British light troops were sent in pursuit, and succeeded in making a few prisoners, but feeling himself too weak in numbers to attempt the investment of their fortified camp at Fort Erie, Sir Gordon Drummond dismissed the militia, who had come forward so cheerfully, and remained with the bulk of his force near Lundy's Lane until the arrival of reinforcements enabled him to prosecute his advantage further.

[THE END.]

Unknown to History.

They were boy and girl together. Like flowers that grow side by side without asking why or wherefore, these two had always been together, laughed and wept together, all through the dream lapse of their childhood. One day they dallied in a field where daisies grew.

"Which is your favorite flower, Margie?" asked the boy.

"Why, Harry, don't you know? The daisy," and she picked one as she answered.

"And why?" he queried further.

"Because they have hearts of gold," she said, "which means that they are true and faithful." And then they talked of other things, while overhead the new moon silvered in the sky and colored evening came. Soon after, from the little cottage on the hill, Margaret heard the calling of her name, and then the children said good-night and went to dreams which only children know.

The years rolled on and brought their changes. The boy and girl were man and woman. The country was at war. The air reverberated with the echoes of the cannonade on Sumter, in which ominous peal of iron thunder every man whose blood ran young and strong had heard the calling of his name. Harry had heard his and answered "Here!" and Margaret approved. They were engaged, and yet she bade him go. The wedding day was fixed, and yet she bade him go.

Oh! woman, how sublime thou art in moments such as these! Which blood, I wonder, will be thought most sacred on the reckoning day—the red blood of men shed amid the glory and the din of battle or woman's tears—those colorless blood drops of the heart shed unseen amid the common places of existence? Which I wonder, will be deemed the hero, he who gives his life and dies or she who gives her life and lives?

The night before he went Harry came to say good-bye. It was soft and balmy and the moon was full. Margaret met him at the cottage door, and they strolled together in the meadow where the daisies grew. She picked and gave him one. "Take this," she said, "and wear it," Harry. Let it be the Mizpah of our separation—this little flower which we have loved together since our childhood. Let it be our emblem in the face of death—if death needs be—true to the last, golden hearted to our country and to one another. May God be merciful," she prayed and rested her head on Harry's shoulder.

He took the flower, but he could not speak. What else they said, what else they did, is secret to the vagrant clouds and bended treetops. All that we know is that they parted on that stilly night. Yet no one saw the moon grow paler, nor heard the woodlands shudder, nor the night wind moan; not even sobs were heard—so noiseless is the breaking of a human heart, as noiseless and unheeded as the falling leaf in Autumn.

The days—those days which seem as years—crept on and brought their changes. Harry was dead and Margaret slowly dying. At first he wrote each day, and then less often, and then for weeks there came no word at all. At last a letter came, and as she opened it a withered daisy fell upon her lap. She read as follows:

"It is the eve of battle; to-morrow we fight our first great fight. I shall place the daisy which you gave me in this letter when completed, and wear the letter next my heart. If I be of those who stay upon the field, some friendly hand, I know, will speed this letter on its way, but if—"

She read no more. Her hands dropped listlessly at her sides; the letter dropped. Motionless she gazed, like one entranced, through the open window where she sat; she saw the field where they had picked the daisies in their childhood—the field where they had said good-bye—the field where they should never meet again; then suddenly a darkness, as of moonless night, fell on her vision and she swooned away. Then came the sick-bed, then the days of hope, of despair, and then sweet death.

* * * * * * * * *

Her grave is in the little churchyard of the village, and bears these words:

"Died for her country.
"Margaret Mayfield. Aged 23.—1862."

Should you chance that way and want to see the spot, ask some one for the grave where the daisies grow!

IN A BALLOON.

The Breathless Moments Passed by the Aeronaut and the Beautiful Things Seen.

At a height of 200 feet in the air, rushing past with tremendous velocity, gives one the impression of leaning out of the car window of a limited express, the sounds of earth die away in a murmur, and it is then that the balloon seems stationary, the earth falling away from it.

Looking down from the height all surfaces appear level, mountains and valleys are alike and the world looks as if spread out and flattened by a rolling pin. Roads and rivers resolve themselves into narrow ribbons; forests, fields and meadows are clumps of green, red, and black, with green as the dominant color. At two miles earth is lost to view, as in a fog.

Presently the balloon begins to sail, driven by the air current. There is now no apparent motion. The aeronaut experiences a feeling of oppression; the air, deprived of its vital principle, exhausts at each inspiration; ringing sounds are heard in the ears, and one can, so to speak, hear the stillness. The breath comes in quick, successive gasps that do not satisfy the lungs. It is like going to one's death.

Looking up the horizon is bounded by the big black ball—the balloon—dark against the milky opaqueness of the atmosphere. The air ship is swaying and swinging, while the clouds, floating in a contrary direction, produce a vague dizziness. There is, however, no time for tremors. Seconds seem hours, the mind and memory travelling with electric flight.

Conjectures, recollections, and retrospection flash across the bewildered brain as one reels through space. Suddenly the top of the balloon comes in contact with a cloud, there is a slight jar and the next instant all is enveloped in fog, from which the aeronaut emerges soaked with spray. And now for the spectacle! Sublime, dazzling. Mountains of iridescence, fleecy white clouds tinged with creamy pink, like the plumage of the cockatoo. Swirling combinations of color, blending and shifting as in a gigantic bubble. Golden greens, that melt into purple and bronze and crimson, with the sun dissolving and overflowing on their tops. Wonderful tint, such as an artist never dreamed of. To comprehend color it is necessary to have seen the magic canvases of the clouds. The balloon sails on and drops slowly away from this panorama once more into the colorless atmosphere.

With the descent the earth appears to rise and the balloon to remain fixed, and now the operator is occupied with one idea —speculation as to where and how he will reach earth, for distance is incalculable and perspective a myth. The balloon is the sport of chance and is liable to deposit its passengers anywhere from the top of a church steeple to the bottom of a ditch. The aeronaut takes his life in his own hands when he ascends with the air ship. Should it take fire, burst in mid-air or cool off too suddenly in striking a cold current the result is collapse and disaster, for there is no safety valve to the fire balloon.

The aeranout is invariably an enthusiast until he meets with an accident, after which discretion becomes the better part of valor and he is content to rally substitutes for an ascension. After a few years he is apt to retire altogether and leave to others the hazardous occupation. Up to a period of six years ago there numbered but twenty aeronauts in this country and they were in great demand at country fairs, settlers' and soldiers' reunions and upon legal holidays, rural celebrations being considered incomplete without the daring balloonist, who, for the time being, was of more importance than the President and the entire Senate and it may be added that no occupation is more conducive to conceit and self-sufficiency than that of the aeronaut.

There is less profit in the business now than fomerly; the novelty of the ordinary balloon ascension no longer exists for Americans. Realizing this, nearly every aeronaut now makes the sensational parachute descent.

On reaching the desired altitude this is effected by cutting the connecting rope. There is a rapid fall, the resistance of the air forcing open the parachute, which is nothing more than a ribless umbrella, twenty-eight feet in diameter. The operator, on cutting loose, darts downward as if fired from catapult, until within a few hundred feet of the earth when he is sustained by the parachute. Should this fail to operate death is inevitable.

An Expensive Daily.

The highest-priced newspaper in the world is the Mashonal and Herald and Zambesian Times, printed at Fort Salisbury, in Mashonaland. It costs a shilling a copy, is the size of a sheet of foolscap, and is issued daily. The printing is done by the useful hektograph, the printing machine evidently not yet having penetrated into this interesting region of South Africa. A recent issue announces the arrival of the telegraph at Fort Salisbury, and this region, only two years ago wholly occupied by savage peoples, is now within an hour of London.

The newspaper complains of the absence of any banking facilities and says the community is oversupplied with educated men who are "just now seeking suitable work—some work of any sort."

HOUSEHOLD.

Boy's Own Snuggery.

I saw a sight not long since that did my heart good. It was a boy's room, big, light and airy, and arranged to suit the boy owner.

It is a small house that the boy's family occupy, and at first I wondered how they could spare so much room for one member. The mother who was showing the room, guessed my thought, and said:

"You think that I have given Rob a large per cent. of the house room? I hope I haven't robbed any one else, but a boy must have a chance to spread himself or he will take himself into the street.

"This room was the attic, and it was full of old trash that simply 'umbered the ground' or the floor, I put on a brave front, and started out to make a den for my boy. I feel more than repaid for any trouble I have taken, for he is so happy in his room.

"The expense for plastering and paper was not much. The floor had never been painted, so it responded beautifully to the stain that Rob and I put on. At first I meant to keep the whole thing for a surprise, but I changed my mind and concluded to let him help feather his own nest.

"By the time the carpenters and masons were done I noticed that Rob took a great deal of interest in the attic. One evening when I was up here taking the measure for the curtains he looked in.

"'Rob,' I said, 'how would you like this room for yourself, for a regular snuggery, where you could pop corn, have your friends, whittle, and so on? I've concluded to fix it up for you if you would like.'

WAYS AND MEANS

"I wish you could have seen his face light up! He took me around the waist, gave me a bear's hug, then waltzed me around the room a few times. Then, after turning a few somersaults, giving three cheers and a tiger added, he told me I was the jolliest mother in the world.

"I began to talk ways and means with him, and found that he wanted everything 'plain and handy.' He didn't want me to spend much money, and, above all, he didn't want a carpet.

"'Just a bare floor, mamsey, dear, with a rug or two, if you have them to spare,' he said. 'I shall make a great deal of litter, and a carpet would be a nuisance.'

"So to please him we stained the floor. Much of the furniture is old, varnished over. Rob has a fancy for old things. Some of the furniture he contrived himself; this lounge for instance. He made the frame, and took the springs from an old bed. The upholstering I did. Sit on it and see how springy it is."

It was very springy and very pretty; covered with gray and blue cretonne, with an abundance of pillows.

I suppose the bureau is old?" I said, turning to the huge mahogany affair.

"Yes, it was grandma's. Rob put on new handles and a coat of varnish. He has plenty of room to keep his things," the mother said, opening the capacious drawers. "He is as neat as a pin, and keeps everything as neat as a girl."

The rest of the room was just as homey and comfortable as the lounge. The bedstead was an iron one, painted gray, with a blue and gray coverlet. There was a great Shaker rocking chair, gay with blue cushions and saddle-bags. The washing apparatus was hidden behind a screen covered with paper to match the room.

The book shelves were low, and took in one whole side of the room. They were only pine shelves, made and strained by the boy and his mother. A blue and white cotton curtain covered them.

"I wanted to get a silk curtain," said the mother, "but I really could not afford it. But as Rob says, 'the effect is the same.'"

COZY CORNERS.

There was ample room for all the books that a bookish boy had picked up in his whole life, and room for many more. Over the shelves hung pictures of Rob's favorite authors—Holmes' and Longfellow's genial faces and Hawthorne's handsome profile, all framed simply in oak. A really good etching of "Reading Homer" had the place of honor over the mantel. The mother had spared it from the parlor, because the boy liked it so well. A neat writing desk covered with a litter of papers stood in the dormer window.

"Bought at a second-hand store, so it did not cost much, and a writing desk of one's own is such a comfort!" said my friend. "You see Rob is beginning to have 'papers' that are neither exercises nor compositions, and he should have a place to keep them.

The room had many little touches—remembrances from cousins, aunts and friends. Here was a pretty pin-cushion, and there a dainty silk "throw" and a water color painted by an artist cousin. Add to these all the "traps" that the average normally constituted boy collects—the bats, Indian clubs, fishing rods, guns, collections, etc.—and it was a place that made one wish to begin life again, and begin it as a boy.

"And does Rob have real pow-wows with the other fellows here?" I asked.

"Yes, indeed. He invites whom he pleases, and then they do as they like. A boy can't entertain his friends in a parlor, and if he has no place where he can have a social time he will look for it outside of his home. Rob is 15, but he shows no desire to spend his evenings away from home. He often invites the whole family up here, from grandpa down to baby, and he makes a royal host.

Just then the owner of the room came in. "Isn't it jolly?" he asked me as he stood before the fire, man fashion. "I suppose mother has been telling you what high jinks we have here? There is going to be a candy-pull here to-night, if a certain woman not a thousand miles away would 'set up' the saccharine. I invite you to come. We boys will be considerate of your ears; that is, as considerate as we can. Tom Marsh is going to bring his banjo and Ned Brown his violin. We'd be awfully pleased to have you come."

I thanked him and told him that I wished I could, and I meant to.

Use of Strawberries.

Ice Cream.—Mash together one quart of berries and one pint of sugar; let it stand an hour, then add one quart of cream and rub together into the freezer. Put in the beater, cover and turn crank to make sure all is in order. Break ice as fine as possible, packing four inches of this and a thin layer of salt alternately. Turn the crank slowly 12 minutes then rapidly 12 minutes. The crank will turn very hard when well frozen.

Frozen Fruit.—Boil one pint of water and half a pint of sugar 30 minutes, then add one quart of berries and boil 10 minutes After freezing pour over whipped cream.

Jelly.—Soak half a box of gelatine two and a half hours in cold water. Mash one and a half pints of berries with one-half pint of sugar and let stand two and a half hours; then pour one-half pint of boiling water over berries and sugar, press out the juice, mix with gelatine and strain into glasses or moulds.

Jelly Without Gelatine.—Pour berries in a stew-pan and cover with water, boiling 25 minutes. Strain, but not press, if you wish a clear effect, and to each pint of juice add a pound of sugar; boil together 30 minutes.

Jam.—Allow one pound of sugar to the same of fruit. Mash berries in a kettle, boiling hard 20 minutes; then add sugar and boil seven minutes.

Canned.—A half pound of sugar to one pound of fruit. Mash enough for cooking juice and pour over the measured quantity; cook 10 minutes, stirring constantly; add sugar and cook three minutes. Plunge the jar in hot water, fill, pour out, then put in the fruit allowing the can to set in the hot water the while it is being filled. Remove the top from hot water and screw down quickly.

Strawberry Cream Tarts.—Roll good puff past out very thin and lay it in a tart-pan; put in a thick layer of fine strawberries and plenty of white sugar to sweeten them to taste; put on a thin covering of the paste and bake quickly. Beat well together half a pint of thick sweet cream, the yolks of two fresh eggs and a little sugar. When the tart is done cut a neat round hole in the centre, into which gently pour the beaten cream. Let it get cold before serving. Properly made, this is delicious.

To Preserve Strawberries Whole.—Take equal weights of the largest and finest strawberries and best granulated sugar: lay the fruit in deep dishes and sprinkle half the sugar over it; give the dishes a gentle shake that the sugar may touch the under part of the fruit. The next day make a syrup with the remainder of the sugar and the juice that has been drawn from the strawberries, and boil it until it jellies; then put the strawberries carefully in it, and let them simmer for nearly an hour; then put them gently in the jars and pour the syrup over them; it will not all go in, but the following day the jars will hold it all. Seal carefully.

Strawberry Shortcake.—To two teacupfuls of sour milk add a teaspoonful of soda; when dissolved, add one cupful of butter or lard, and enough flour to make a soft dough; roll into thin cakes the size of the frying pan, dust the pan with flour, put in a cake and cook over the fire; when the under side is done, turn quickly and cook the other. Split the cakes while hot and butter well; lay one-half on a plate, then a layer of well-sugared strawberries, next the other half of the cake, then more strawberries, and so on until there are six layers. Serve hot.

Strawberry Syrup.—Mash the fruit in a pan and put in a warm place for two or three days, or until it begins to ferment. Filter the juice through a flannel bag, and to every pint of juice allow two pounds of sugar; mix well together until the sugar dissolves, allow it to boil up two or three minutes, remove it from the fire, let get cold, take off any scum that rises, and bottle it. Two or three tablespoonfuls of this to a glass of cold water is a pleasant summer beverage, and is very refreshing for invalids.

Strawberry Tartlets.—Make a short paste with one white and three yolks of eggs, one ounce of white sugar, one ounce of butter, a pinch of salt, and flour sufficient to make it into a paste; work it lightly, roll it out to the thickness of a quarter of an inch and line some pattypans with it, fill them with uncooked rice to keep their shape and bake them in a moderate oven until done. Remove the rice and fill the tartlets with fresh sugared strawberries and on the top of each put a spoonful of whipped cream.

Strawberry Jam.—Take equal weights of the fruit and granulated sugar, mash them well together, put it into a preserving kettle and boil it rather more than half an hour; while it is warm put it in jars and when cold seal down.

Strawberry Jelly.—Mash the fruit thoroughly and strain the juice through a muslin bag; to every pint add one pound of sugar, and to every five pounds of sugar add one-quarter ounce of isinglass dissolved in a little water. When the sugar is dissolved in the juice put it over the fire and boil it until it is a jelly. Can same as other fruits.

Strawberry Sandwiches for Dessert. Four eggs, their weight in sugar, butter and flour and a pinch of salt. Beat the butter to a cream, gradually add the sugar and flour, then the well-beaten eggs and beat altogether for ten minutes longer. Butter a shallow baking tin, pour in the batter, and let it bake for twenty minutes; let it get cool, spread half the cake with a layer of fine strawberries, crushed and sweetened; place the other half of the cake on the top, press lightly together, and cut into finger pieces, then ice the top and sides of each.

Compote of Strawberries with Custard.—Boil half a pint of milk and three ounces of sugar together, then whisk in four beaten eggs. Put into a stew pan one ounce of butter and one ounce of flour; stir them together, then add the custard and stir over a slow fire until it thickens. Let it cool, then strain through a muslin. Dissolve 12 ounces of sugar in half a pint of cold water and boil it 10 minutes, then put two pounds of strawberries in the syrup and let it get cold; put in a deep glass dish. Serve the custard with the compote.

ODD NAMES OF MINES.

Little Sass-Box, Daddy's Delight, Thompson's Mule, and other Designations.

In traveling through the mining districts of the Rocky Mountains one is often surprised and amused at the queer, fanciful, or poetic names given by miners to their mines or claims, or even to the little log cabins in which they live. The writer has in an old note book a list of such names, gathered in and around Leadville.

The list begins with Sweet Marjorie, a name given to an undeveloped claim far above timber-line. Near by was the Girl I Left Behind Me, owned by a manly, honest-looking young fellow of twenty-two or twenty-three, who, no doubt, had many happy, helpful thoughts of the girl he had left behind him, while working eagerly and hopefully on the claim that might make them both rich.

Down in the gulch a brawny, full-bearded man was wielding the pick vigorously in the tunnel of the Baby Bell mine, while a post driven in the ground not far distant indicated the location of the Little Sass-Box claim.

In another gulch were claims called My Sweetheart, Dandy Jim, Just My Luck, Dandy's Delight, and Gun of the Range. The Pretty Polly Pemberton had become a paying mine, while near by two boyish-appearing young fellows had staked on the Last Cent Claim.

"It means," one of them said, "that we've spent our last copper for tools and grub to keep us alive till we see if there's anything in this piece of ground."

"And if there is not?" I asked.

"Well, then we'll get somebody to grub-stake us on a claim until we strike something. People don't starve to death in this country anyhow."

"Nevertheless there was a claim, not far distant called the 'Starvation.'"

"The Fairy Queen" and "Morning Star" were favorite names among the miners, and the "Last Chance" and "Last Hope" were not uncommon. One deserted shaft had a bit of paper tacked to a post to indicate that its name was "The Fair Dream." The long deserted shaft and the sunken roof of the cabin near it told their own sad story of a "fair dream" that had come to naught.

Over a cabin door was a pine board, on which was painted in black letters, "The Missouri Lead." In the cabin there lived a boy of nineteen, who was prospecting "on his own hook," as he himself said when he came to the door with his hands covered with dough from the "batch of biscuits" he was making for his supper.

A humorous vein in the owners of some claims was indicated by such names as the "Thompson's Mule," "Hello," "Sassy Jane," "Busted," "Hanner Marier" and "Here We Air" claims.

The owners of claims with such names as these were likely to be quite as happy without as with the fortunes they sought for in the granite walls of the mountain slopes. In many cases they were better off seeking wealth than they would have been in the sudden possession of it.

The Divine Afflatus.

Mother (to her little boy)—What are you going to be, Tommy, when you grow up?

Tommy—I guess I'll be a poet.

"Why do you want to be a poet, Tommy?"

"Poets don't have to learn anything. They catch on without thinking."

The June bug makes more noise than a wasp, but he does not command half as much respect.—[Binghamton Republican.

AGRICULTURAL.

Field Daisies.

Oh, the bonny bright field daisy in her kirtle white and gold
Sifting snows like winter drifting over meadow field and wold;
Breezy uplands hoar with blossoms—now the starry bloom abounds—
Peeping shyly, creeping slyly, quite within the garden's bounds,

Oh, the farmer scouts and flouts you, sees no beauty in your face,
Only cons how he may rout you, tear, uproot you from your place,
Banished from the pleasant meadows where the tall, lush grasses spring,
Patient still by dusty highways, brave bright blossoms nod and swing.

Naught care you, white-kirtled daisy, for the farmer's hate and scorn,
Leading forth your laughing legions in the dewy summer morn,
For the little children love you, love you dearly as they stand,
With your hosts breast-high about them, while they fill each tiny hand,
Loves you too, the merry maiden, adds your beauty to her own,
Lays you on her breast, or gayly binds you in her clasping zone.

So the weary sufferer greets you from his couch with welcome smile.
For your starry bloom shall bring him sweet surcease from pain the while.
Ah, we hail you honest daisies, growl the farmer as he will!
Glad we are your lavish splendor falls on meadow, field and hill!

ELIZABETH F. MERRILL.

Farmers' Clubs.

In an article urging the value of clubs and institutes to the farmers, a writer says that these clubs should meet oftener; it would *pay* them to have a library, a little apparatus, a little collection of minerals, showing what the soil was made from; but anyway, every club should have an herbarium. This they could make in good part themselves. When any member finds a weed or plant he does not know he should bring it to the club meeting to be put in the herbarium. Exchanges with clubs in distant places would supply weeds not found in the locality (leaving out the seeds) or they could be furnished by the experiment stations on pages of the standard size. These home-made books of real plants might become the most useful volumes in the library. Following the pages on which the plates are fastened, scrap-book leaves of the same size can be inserted, on which are pasted the best-published papers on the particular weed or plant. The plants should be labeled not only with the scientific name, which is the same in all countries, but also with different common or provincial names and the localities where each name is used. If any member makes special experiments and studies, and writes a monograph on a particular weed, even if it is not published it can be written on sheets of the standard size and inserted in the herbarium in its proper place. Modes of binding have been recently invented which enabled us to bind or unbind such a volume in a few seconds, so as to rearrange the pages and insert new pages in any way we like.

I fancy I hear a protest. "Isn't this a pretty big programme? Do you expect the overworked farmer, who has had, perhaps, no training for such study, to make an herbarium and a scrap book of classified knowledge all in one?" This is just the point I was coming to. There are many ambitious farmers' boys who contemplate leaving the farm—leaving father to struggle on alone till the weeds and briars overwhelm him—because they can see no avenues from farm life to honor and distinction. It seems to them that over the gateway that leads to the poorly-paid drudgery of farm life it is written, "who enters here leaves hope behind." Some of them are in the high schools and colleges now—not to equip themselves to make farm management more successful and profitable, but to escape from it. They have looked the matter over, and concluded that the men who have distinguished themselves in the professions, sciences, arts and statesmanship were the boys who left the farm. They see farmers that have been elected to office advocating the methods of socialism that are utterly subversive of the principles on which our country was founded, and that have destroyed liberty wherever tried, and they conclude, perhaps, that farm life is unfavorable to clear thinking.

Now set those farmers' boys to work on the herbarium for the institute. The "aching void" which they had supposed the farm could "never fill" is gone. You will see them digging into Gray's botany, learning to analyze plants, roaming the fields and forests to gather specimens, pressing fastening, labeling, describing. Of course you must give them honor in proportion to the value of their work and the difficulties overcome. You are, thus, not only rooting out the weeds of ignorance and dissipation from their minds and planting a tree of life instead, but you are binding their hearts back to the farm with a cord stronger than bands of steel.

Good Horse Points.

In writing about the best build of a good horse a noted Western breeder says, in the Breeders' Gazette, that the farm horse needs a pastern of different shape from that of the draft horse proper. The pastern has an important office to perform. The bones serve to throw the tendon of the foot which runs over them farther from the center of motion, and more than this, act as springs to prevent concussion and absorb motion which with unusually short and straight pasterns is passed on to the upper portions of the limbs and shoulder. Hence the easy, springy, elastic motion depends mostly upon the length and obliqueness of the pastern. The dray horse needs little of this sort of motion. He is not required to go faster than a walk, and short, strong pasterns are preferred to large springy ones. But we must think something of the horses kept on the farms. Farmers are beginning to study this matter, which in the past has been greatly neglected. We have reached a point where we are forced to study it, for upon the pastern depends to a great extent the wearing qualities of the farmer's horse.

For instance, the other day I happened to be driving a team of grade draft mares to the buggy. One mare had two crosses of imported draft blood in her veins, the other but one. As they trotted along it was very easy to see which had the greater amount of draft blood simply by observing the top of the collar. The feet of the "three fourths" mare struck the ground with a thud much after the style of a pile driver, and her pasterns being short and upright the shock was communicated to the entire front quarters, causing the collar to jolt up and down on her neck with every step. The other mare, an aunt of the first one, trotted along with scarcely a jar, and the motion of the collar consisted entirely in accomodating itself to the shifting positions of the shoulders; there was no up and down motion of the collar whatever.

This mare's pasterns were longer and more sloping, and performed their duty of relieving the upper limbs and shoulders from the concussion naturally caused by the feet striking the ground. The one mare went with a "chug-ety-chug" up and down motion, the other smoothly, easily and horizontally. The first mare will pull more, and probably wear about as well as the other under the conditions which surround the dray-horse, but she would not last at all under the conditions which obtain on the farm. Such a mare should never be driven faster than a walk, and the time is not yet when the farmer can afford to keep work mares which cannot trot without injuring themselves.

How to Destroy Gophers.

A subscriber inquires for the best method of destroying gophers. A correspondent gives the following directions as to his method:

The best time to destroy gophers is in the spring, when they have used up their winter stores. Such roots as they find are of last year's growth, mostly tough and not juicy or well flavored. They are hungry and ready to eat anything that is eatable. They are fewer in number than they will be later, and they are well grown, active diggers. The fields are bare and their work is easily seen. Of all things their pet morsel is a sweet apple. Test it yourself; if you like it, the gopher will. Cut your bait into pieces not larger than a cubic inch. Have a stick one-fourth the size of a lead pencil with the end blunt. Make a pocket-shaped cut well to the centre of each piece. On a fine pointed splinter lift one-half the size of a grain wheat of strychnine or five times that bulk of arsenic. With your blunt stick push the poison deep into the cut.

Having prepared enough of the pieces, put them in some vessel where the poison can never do any harm. Take your spade and go over your field. Wherever you find gopher work that is fresh, dig till you have found a place where the hole is not filled with soil. Place one of the pieces as far back into the hole as you can, leave the hole open and go your way. Nine times out of ten the gopher will close the end of the hole, eat the bait and die. Go over your field a few times until you see no fresh work and you are safe for that season. If your neighbors will do the same and follow it up year after year your locality can be freed from the gopher and kept so. If the whole country would work out this plan the gopher would soon be looked for to furnish specimens for places in collections of stuffed skins. Gophers will take the bait with more or less certainty at any time of the year. Next to sweet apples I have found them to eat best, in the order named, sweet potatoes, carrots, common potatoes or beets.

The Men who Succeed in Dairying.

In every dairy community in the land can be found dairy farmers who are making a fine success of the business. Would it not be well for the great body of farmers who cry "dairying don't pay," to inquire what sort of men these successful ones are. Almost invariably it will be found that they are men of intelligence who have had sense enough to send their brains ahead of their hands. They are readers of the experience and thoughts of other men. They are students of the *principles* that underlie the practice of successful dairying. Men who starve their bodies have no strength to work. If dairymen do not constantly feed their minds with dairy knowledge, how can they expect to succeed. The richest experience of others may be recorded a thousand times, but they will know nothing of it.

Useful Hints.

To take out grass stains from little trousers try rubbing them well with molasses, letting it dry on the patch and then rubbing it out in water. Ammonia diluted will remove very obstinate ones on cloth. You can remove tar or axle grease stains easily enough, if your child is fond of climbing about wagons, by covering the spot with lard or cosmoline, letting this stiffen on the trousers, and then removing the grease and all with benzine or ammonia.

For the hands. Rosewater and glycerine do not suit all skins, rosewater being very drying in its tendencies. Try lemon juice and glycerine; the proportions are not material.

According to Dr. Lauder Brunton, cold water is a valuable stimulant to many if not all people. Its action on the heart is more stimulating than brandy. His own experience is that sipping half a wine glass of cold water will raise his pulse from 76 to over 100.

There are many people now living who will have only one birthday to celebrate for nearly twelve years to come. This strange circumstance is due to the fact that they were born on February 29th, and to the further fact that the year 1900 will not be a leap year.

Scouring drops for cleaning the collars of coats, &c., are excellent if made from the following recipe:—Mix one teaspoonful of essential oil of lemon with a wineglassful of spirits of turpentine; keep in a bottle tightly corked. Drop a little on to flannel, and well rub the greasy parts.

A German doctor has started a theory that most drunkards can be cured by a very simple and pleasant course of treatment—namely, by eating apples at every meal. Apples, Dr. Tuplett maintains, if eaten in large quantities, possess properties which entirely do away with the craving that all confirmed drunkards have for drink. The doctor says that in many bad cases which have come under his notice he has been able to effect a cure by this means, the patient gradually losing all his desire for alcohol.

One of the most delicious modes of cooking the remains of a joint of mutton or beef is to cut the meat into slices about an inch thick, and fry in bacon fat till well browned over a quick fire. Take out the meat, drain, and pile on a hot dish in front of the fire. Add to the gravy and fat in the pan a teaspoonful of sugar, the same of made mustard, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, and a seasoning of pepper and salt. Let this boil up, stirring till the ingredients are smoothly mixed; then pour it over the meat and serve up "steaming hot."

The Only Female Freemason.

The only female Freemason in the world lives in Oakland, Cal. Her name is Mrs. Salome Anderson, and her portrait adorns the temple of Live Oak lodge, No. 61, where it is placed in a position of honor among the pictures of the past masters. The story of how she became one of the craftsmen is interesting. She was born in Alsace-Lorraine in 1818, and becoming an orphan at an early age she went to Paris to reside with her uncle, who was a zealous and prominent Mason. The lodge meetings were held in his house, and with the curiosity of her sex she concealed herself in the room during a couple of the sessions, and thus learned some of the mysteries of the order. She was, however, caught while thus hiding, and the secrets that she had discovered were then made a sacred trust, for she was received into the fraternity. She located in Oakland in 1854, and in 1865 her husband was elected to the city council. He died in 1867 and since then she has devoted herself almost entirely to charity, her attention being, however, foremostly directed to Masonic enterprises. She was elected a member of the board of trustees of the Masonic temple, a circumstance unparalleled in the history of Freemasonry. She is also a charter member of Golden Gate chapter, No. 1, Order of the Eastern Star, and is a member of Oak Leaf chapter, No. 8.

An Englishman Murdered and Eaten by Savages.

Advices received at Queenstown yesterday from the New Hebrides via San Francisco contain the intelligence of the murder of an Englishman named Sawers by the natives of New Hebrides, who subsequently carried off the body and ate it. It appears that Sawers, with another Englishman named Malcolm, arrived on the islands early this year, and purchased a plantation near the French settlement. They employed a number of natives, who, without the slightest provocation, murdered Sawers one night, and attempted to murder Malcolm. The latter, however, managed to escape, and obtained shelter at the mission station at Tongoa, two miles distant. The natives carried Sawer's body into the interior, where they ate it. H. M. S. Cordelia was subsequently despatched to the scene of the murder by the natives, but the natives retired to the bush, and as the commander was without instructions, he did not land an armed force. The Europeans in the island are in a state of alarm.

Hofbauer (on his deathbed)—"At last the time has come for me to be revenged on that Lindenbauer. So then, wife, you hear, the wretch is not to be invited to my funeral."—[Unsere Gesellschaft.

"If you like," said the young man at the desk, "I'll have your poem submitted to the editor." "No," she answered positively. "I'll read it aloud to him. I prefer to have the editor submitted to the poem."—Washington Star.

JAS. MILNE & SON.

A nice assortment of Light Summer Coats in Lustre, Linen and Homespun just to hand at popular prices.

New Dress Goods in Light Colored Csahmeres, pretty, 9c. Challies, New Prints, Cretonnes and Flannelettes, just to hand this week.

We have also opened out a nice assortment of Dinner Sets.

We have one line of Ladies' Oxford Shoes, solid Dongola Kid, at $1.10. We would like you to see them. Cheapest in town.

In Men's and Ladies' wear we have a full range of Ames Holden's goods, and can guarantee every pair. We are the only firm in town carrying a full range of their goods.

Remember our Goods are all Good Goods, and anything not as represented can be returned and the money refunded.

Best 25c. Tea in town.

JAS MILNE & SON.

P.S.—One second-hand Horse Rake for sale, nearly new.

J. M. & SON.

PARKER BROTHERS

BANKERS,

STIRLING, - - - ONTARIO.

Bills Discounted, Collections made, and Drafts bought and sold on all points in Canada, United States, and Great Britain.

Mercantile Accounts and Notes collected, and Loans made.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.

DEPOSITS received in amounts of $1 and upwards, subject to withdrawal without notice, and interest allowed at the rate of 4% per annum.

HOURS—From 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.

REFERENCE—Merchant's Bank of Canada.

Retaliation Threatened.

On Monday last President Harrison sent a message to the U. S. Senate in reference to the recent negotiations with Canada.

The State paper is an answer to a resolution of Feb. 24 last, calling for information relative to the reciprocity negotiations with Canada. In it the President sounds the knell of that project by deliberately, in effect, recommending that Congress proceed to retaliate upon the Dominion for its persistent denial of the rights of American citizens (guaranteed by the treaty of Washington) in connection with the navigation of Canadian canals.

The message concludes:—"In view of the fact that the Canadian commissioners still contest with us the claim that the canal tolls are discriminating and insist that they constitute no letter or spirit of article 27 of the treaty it would seem appropriate that Congress, if the view held by the Executive is approved, should with deliberation and yet with promptness take such steps as may be necessary to secure the just rights of our citizens."

The Cholera Epidemic.

The Teheran correspondent of the London *Times* says:—Official figures in regard to the epidemic of cholera show that the mortality does not exceed one hundred daily, while private inquiries prove that the number of deaths from the disease is double those figures.

A despatch from St. Petersburg states:—According to advices from Turkestan, cholera is making fearful ravages in Persia and Afghanistan. The streets of Turbatyshan are strewn with unburied corpses, and the inhabitants, as many as can, are fleeing, while the Mollahs, Koran in hand, parade the streets at the head of a thousand of the populace, praying for deliverance from the scourage.

Charles Ostrom, who was accused of arson in the burning of the Proctor House, Trenton, was acquitted at the County Court Belleville, on Tuesday last.

Sir Oliver Mowat has decided to dismiss Mr. Elgin Myers, of Orangeville from his position as County Crown Attorney of Dufferin, on account of his refusing to refrain from the advocacy of political union between Canada and the United States.

One of the most important of Canadian industries is that of cheese making. It has developed from almost nothing twenty two years ago until in 1891 the total value of cheese exported was nine and a half million dollars—or within a quarter of a million of the sum represented by the export of fishery products. Ontario is the centre of this industry. The Maratime and Western Provinces have comparatively little to do with it, and Quebec has but 618 factories against 892 in this province.

ADVERTISING NOTICES.

In the local column will be charged as follows:

To Regular Advertisers.—Three lines and under, 25 cents each insertion; over three lines, 5c. per line. Matter set in larger than the ordinary type, 10c. per line.

To Transient Advertisers.—10c. per line each insertion. No insertion less than 25c.

RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

Trains call at Stirling station as follows:

GOING WEST.		GOING EAST.	
Mail.....	6.24 a. m	Mixed.....	10.16 a. m
Mixed.....	5.28 p. m.	Mail.....	3.39 p. m

HOME MATTERS.

Neglige Shirts at FRED WARD's, 50c.

The Band played in public last Saturday evening for the first time this season.

New potatoes, grown in Sidney, were on the Belleville market on Saturday.

Mrs. W. H. Calder, of Peterborough, is here for a visit to her relatives and friends.

After July 1st, next, Dr. Zwick will occupy the rooms over C. F. Stickle's new store.

The Stirling Band has been engaged for the Masonic demonstration at Campbellford to-day.

Buy your Straw Hat, Felt Hat, or any kind of a Hat you want, at FRED WARD's, the Great Hatter.

Miss Bessie Parker, arrived home on Saturday last from Ottawa, where she has been attending the Normal School.

There is to be a monster demonstration in Belleville on the 1st of July, when over $1000 is offered in cash prizes.

Several bass, weighing from 1 to 2½ lbs., also pike, were caught in the creek on Wednesday, by some of our young fishers.

Burn the black knot on cherry and plum trees, and give the caterpillar webs the same treatment; it will be highly beneficial to the garden.

The person who was seen to take a waggon jack from Stirling foundry a few days ago, will please return at once, and save trouble.

Strawberries, grown by local gardeners, made their appearance on our market on Monday last. They are said to be a good crop this year.

Someone has said that a man never realizes how much valuable advice his neighbors have to give away until he announces his intention to build a house.

The 49th Battalion did not go to camp this year. The plan is to drill one-half the force each year, and consequently the 49th will be called out next yea.

Mr. F. B. Parker is having the foundation built for a new building on the site of the one destroyed by fire last winter, adjoining Mr. Stickle's new block.

A troop of cavalry and some infantry went down to camp at Belleville by the morning train on Tuesday last, and more "sogers" by the afternoon train.

Some portions of the sidewalk have been repaired during this week, which were much needed. There remain yet a few places where new planks should be put in.

A small hurricane passed over this county on Friday morning last. We have not heard of any serious damage being done, though in some places fences were levelled, and trees blown down.

Owen Sound town bell is to ring at 9 o'clock every night to warn youngsters to retire in compliance with the by law recently passed making it compulsory for all under 14 years old to be off the streets at that hour. That's right.

Strawberries have rapidly declined in price. On Monday, the first day they were on our market, the price was 25c. for two boxes. Tuesday, the price was reduced to three boxes for 25c. Wednesday a still further reduction was made, and they were sold at 5c. the imperial quart.

The Napanee *Beaver* says:—"J. D. Bissonnette, B.A., M.D., a graduate of the Royal, has entered into partnership with Dr. Grant, of Napanee, and commenced practice here. Dr. B. has had a large experience in Montreal and other hospitals, and comes highly recommended."

Messrs. C. Mitchell, C. E. Parker, T. A. Milne, All. Judd and Geo. Cryer, left on Monday morning of this week for Thompson Lake, on a fishing tour. They expect to stay until the latter part of this week. Thompson Lake is one of the finest Lakes in that section of the county for fishing, and likely they will meet with success.

Rev. A. Campbell preached his farewell sermons here and at Carnel on Sunday last. He left for Belleville, accompanied by Mrs. Campbell, on Monday to attend the closing exercises of Albert College. Rev. A. Wilson, M. A., will be here next Sabbath, though on account of illness of Mrs. Wilson the family will not remove until next week.

Stirling Foot Ball Club have made an effort to have a match with the Kingston Club on Dominion Day; but nothing definite has been heard as yet. Communications have been received from Trenton, offering a silver cup to be played for between Trenton and Stirling. The local team will likely accept this offer, and go to Trenton for the first.

It may be well to remind those accustomed to gather Genetian or Ginseng root, that by a Provincial statute this plant cannot be taken between January 1st and September 1st. To gather it before September 1st subjects the party to a fine of $5 or not more than $20, and costs of prosecution, half of the penalty to be paid to the prosecution unless otherwise ordered by the magistrate.

The home Lacrosse team will leave for Campbellford on the excursion train, on Friday morning, to play with the club of that town for a silver cup, at the Masonic demonstration. A strong team is represented, as some hard playing is expected to take place. They have been practising for some time past and consider, no man is a good stick handler. Campbellford, so far this season, have not been defeated, and an interesting game is looked for.

Remember that next Wednesday evening, the 29th inst., the Odd Fellows of Stirling Lodge No. 239 will decorate the graves of their deceased brethren, with appropriate ceremonies. This is always an interesting time, and largely attended by villagers and persons from the surrounding country, and it is expected there will be a large turn-out on Wednesday evening. Procession will be formed at six o'clock, and headed by the Band will march to the cemetery. Neighboring lodges are expected to be present and take part.

PICTURES IN THE AIR.—There will be exhibited in the Methodist Church, Stirling, on Thursday evening next, June 30th, the finest Stereopticon entertainment now to be seen on this continent, containing, over one hundred paintings, exhibited upon an immense canvas, 26 feet square, by means of a pair of the latest improved and powerful Stereopticons, employing the brilliant Oxy-ether Lime light. All scenes in colours and produced with fine dissolving effect. They are beautiful and instructive, comprising views in landscapes, with transition, summer and winter, day and night, battle scenes of Trafalgar and Gettysburg, the tower of London on fire; also illustrating "Ten Nights in a Bar Room" and the well-known hymns "From Greenland's Icy Mountains" and "Rock of Ages." The second part of the programme consists of thirty views of events in the Life of Christ, being exact reproductions of paintings by Rubens, Dore and the Old Masters. To procure these pictures alone cost over $1600. There is no finer entertainment of its class on this continent, and you should not fail to see it. For particulars see posters and small bills.

The Cheese Market.

At the Belleville Cheese board on Tuesday last 3,564 cheese were offered—2,822 white, and 762 colored. The colored cheese took a still greater advance in price, and went as high as 8 15-16c. The white cheese was taken at 8½ to 8 13-16c., thus showing an advance all around. The prospects for the season are good.

Stockdale Notes.

From Our Own Correspondent.

While going to the picnic at Wooler, on Saturday, Mr. Geo. Bates, Jr. had the misfortune to meet with a slight accident. While speeding his horse some portion of the harness broke, which meant an increased speed. The animal being frightened, soon broke loose from the rig, leaving the carriage behind. The horse was more pretty well shaken up, but will no doubt survive to enjoy many a drive to Wooler. The damage was confined to the harness and buggy shafts.

Sheldon Osterhout, who was arrested for the larceny of a coat, was tried before Police Magistrate Flint, at Belleville, was found guilty and sentenced to four months in prison. This case, which occupied a long time, has been watched upon with deep interest by the people of this village, he being a resident.

Messrs. Lancaster & Bowerman are doing a rushing business in the Hoop factory this season.

It is reported that warrants are out for the arrest of several young men from this place and Frankford, who, it is believed are implicated in the Frankford jewelry robbery.

On Sunday night we were blest with a beautiful shower of rain which added greatly to the appearance of crops in this neighborhood.

Codrington.

From Our Own Correspondent.

The annual Sunday School Union Picnic was held in the Gould grove near Wooler on Saturday last.

The crowd, that assembled was more than was expected. Fully 2000 were on the grounds. Six Sunday Schools were represented. Each had a programme prepared, and all performed their part with dispatch, as to bring from the dense crowd storms of applause. One special feature was the training of the children of Mt. Olivet S. S. in singing and acting, by Mrs. H. Orser. Both teacher and children received much praise, for the manner in which they performed their task. Each of the superintendents was called upon and made a few appropriate remarks. The Smith family, of Brighton, was in attendance. They are a musical wonder. The whole proceedings were a success, even more than the promoters anticipated.

Mr. Clayton Whitney, was thrown from a horse on Friday, and received such injuries, that will disable him for many weeks. He had five teeth knocked out, and an ankle sprained, besides other minor bruises.

D. S. Austin has accepted the agency for the Dominion Grange Mutual Fire Association of Owen Sound, for Hastings County, in connection with his tea trade. It is justly termed the "Farmers' Company." The cost of insurance for the last 15 years has been scarcely half stock company rates. Patrons are specially connected with it. We wish him every success.

The crops in this section never looked better. The prospect for a bountiful harvest makes the farmers wear a glad smile. Fall wheat promises something far beyond the average.

Albert College.

The elocutionary contest in connection with the closing exercises of Albert College, Belleville, took place on Friday evening last. The College was crowded, and it was admitted to be the best of the many good elocutionary recitals given at the College.

Dr. Wright, Mr. Allan McFee and Mr. F. E. O'Flynn acted as judges, and they had a difficult task to perform. Dr. Wright in giving the decision of the judges stated that among several competitors it was almost impossible to decide. They had taken voice, articulation, gesture, &c., into consideration and had rendered a conscientious decision.

The gold medal, donated by Mr. Allan McFee, was awarded to Mr. F. W. Watts. He recited "The Island of the Scott." It was certainly magnificently given. The second place was given to Miss Annie Campbell, who gave "Mary, Queen of Scots." It is the common opinion that Miss Campbell did herself even more than justice in recitation; it was well suited to her style of delivery. Miss Campbell will receive Thackeray's complete set. The prize is donated by Prof. Shepard.

The third place was given to Miss Jessie Brignall. Her selection was "The Sioux Chief's Daughter." She will receive George Elliott's complete work. The prize is donated by Prof. Shepard.

County Court.

The case of S. Warner Simmons and his wife, Elizabeth Simmonds, charged with setting fire to the barn of their son John, lot 5, in the 7th concession of Thurlow, on the 17th September, 1888, was called at the County Court on Saturday last. Two bills were brought against them—one for aiding and abetting and one for arson. On account of the absence of two material witnesses for the defence—James Dafoe in Michigan and Rebecca Williams in New York—the case was postponed by Judge Fralick until the Fall Assize. At that court the son John will also be tried for perjury, in swearing that he overheard his father and stepmother planning to fire the barn. The case has awakened widespread interest among the farming community.

A true bill was brought in against Charles Ostrom for having a guilty knowledge of the origin of the Proctor House fire in Trenton some years ago.

Kelly vs. Kelly—Pltff is a commission agent residing at Madoc. The deft. T. J. Kelly, made a certain exchange of his chattels for a piano and sewing machine, purchased from one M. T. Conley, a piano agent. Defendant received the piano and sewing machine, and gave part of chattels agreed upon to agent in exchange, and refused to deliver the remainder, one horse and colt, alleging that piano was not of the value of $300 as represented by agent. Action brought by pltff. D. H. Kelly, as assignee of M. T. Conley, to compel deft. to deliver up horse and colt or their value. Verdict for pltff. for $120.

LETTERS FROM READERS.

It is to be distinctly understood that any opinions expressed in communications are those of the writers—not necessarily of ours or one else. Under no circumstances will any letter be inserted unless the real name of the author is in possession of the editor.

Public Drunkenness.

To the Editor of the News-Argus.

SIR,—I am of the impression that there is not a Village, of the size of this place, in our Dominion that allows so much swearing and drunkenness to go unrecognized or unpunished.

On Monday several drunken men drove their horses furiously down our main street. In the evening, another drunken fellow was several times knocked down in a barroom. There is not a day passes, in which some worthless wretch, more or less drunk, and cursing, cannot be seen on our streets, and yet no one to arrest him.

If this place is backward in adopting modern improvements, it is certainly imperative that a constable be appointed to arrest drunkards and swearers on our streets,—to prevent boys from sitting in taverns, and to prevent drunken tramps lodging in the place, except in our lock-up.

A most disgusting picture was presented during the day following the above. It was that of a father and son, beastly drunk, driving homeward through our streets.

CITIZEN.

A CONFIDENCE GAME.—The Hastings *Star* says.—"Several of our people were victimized by a smooth-tongued individual on Thursday, of last week. He was a young man of about thirty years of age, well dressed and of prepossessing appearance. He put up at the Clarendon, and registered by the name of "Saunders, of Stirling." His first victim was one of our clergymen, to whom he stated he was nephew of a certain merchant in Marmora, and ended by saying that as he was returning from prayer meeting on Wednesday evening he accidentally lost his pocket book, and asked the minister to help him to get home, which was readily given him to the amount of two dollars. The same day the local clergyman was visited by a brother cleric from Norwood and when, in the course of conversation, the man Saunders was mentioned, it transpired that the visiting brother had been likewise imposed upon, and when it was learned that the confidence man was still in town, it was decided to call the constable and force Mr. Saunders to disgorge or be arrested. Mr. Holland preceded to the Clarendon and learned that Mr. Saunders had retired for the night. His slumbers were rudely disturbed by the constable, who intimated to him that he had a choice of returning the money or taking a trip to Cobourg. Saunders preferred the former, but all the cash on hand was only $1.90. A compromise was effected on this basis, and Saunders was left to complete his slumber. He left town the following morning, not, however, before he called upon a new-found cousin and borrowed (?) the wherewith to take him out of town. The Norwood gentleman still continues his donation, while the local clergyman feels thankful that he escaped with the loss of 5 per cent. on his investment. The "cousin" has entered the amount of his contribution to profit and loss."

This same gentleman was here in the spring, and by representing that he was from Peterboro, and had lost his purse, victimized some of the good brethren here. Look out for him.

Travelling pedlars are a nuisance and ought to be discouraged. Nine times out of ten the trash they sell you is the shop-worn rubbish of merchants who don't advertise, and which has been lying on the shelves for years. Buying them for a trifle, the pedlar takes the road and beguiles the farmer and his wife into believing "they are the finest goods from Toronto." But they are not, dear reader, they are the shoddy rubbish that the aforesaid merchant can't sell. But the pedlar seems to be a necessary institute to some people, and as long as he can find folks foolish enough to patronize him he will be found with his pack—and his check. And the party who buys from him has to fork over the cash, and when they come to town, where they can get good material, they must ask the long-suffering merchant for credit. It is not fair dealing, it is not wise dealing, it is not right.

Should a man reasonably expect to feel cool when he gets in his summer pants?

Mr. Patrick O'Leary, of Otonabee, was playfully shoved by a companion at Indian River station on Saturday evening and fell off the platform on to the rails. A freight train backing down cut off both legs and crushed his head, killing him instantly. He leaves a wife and five children.—The Hastings *Star* gives a different version, and most probably the correct one. It says:—Mr. O'Leary and Mr. Grady stood on the platform conversing for a minute or two, the former having his back to the track. Mr. Grady shook hands with his friend to bid him good night, and the latter by some means or other lost his balance and fell over on the track, neither gentlemen noticing the approach of the freight. The cowcatcher of the engine, which was moving slowly, struck O'Leary who made two ineffectual attempts to get out of the way. The unfortunate man was killed instantly, one of his legs was completely cut off, being broken and the back of his head crushed.

An interesting case arising out of the last Dominion election in Addington was tried at the County Court at Napanee on Tuesday, June 14 last, before Judge Price and a jury. Thomas Tapping, reeve of the Township of Barrie, who was a very active Tory politician and supporter of John W. Bell, the Conservative candidate in opposition to Mr. George W. Deroche, the present member for Addington, was appointed deputy returning officer for polling district No. 36 in the Township of Barrie, and as such deputy returning officer refused and neglected to take the vote of one Samuel Cuddy, jr., whose name was on the voters' list for that polling district, although requested several times by both Cuddy and the Reform scrutineers to give him a ballot paper. Tapping took upon himself to decide that Cuddy had no vote, and thereupon refused him a ballot, although the poll clerk, who was perfectly satisfied that Cuddy had a good vote, had taken down his name on the poll book. Mr. A. P. Wickware of Cloyne brought an action against Tapping for the penalty under the statute for refusing to give Cuddy a ballot, and the jury, after being out less than ten minutes, brought in a verdict for plaintiff for $200 penalty and costs.

The wheat harvest is in full blast in southern Kansas. The yield is said to be larger than last years', and the quality excellent.

Toronto was visited by a tremendous down-pour of rain on Sunday evening last. The cisterns and sewers were not able to carry off the great quantity of water that fell in a short time, and cellars were flooded in many parts of the city, and damage done estimated at $100,000.

Hon. Edward Blake has given a conditional acceptance to the invitation to become a member of the Irish Home Rule party in the British House of Commons. His reply to the invitation is that he will accept a safe seat, but could not attempt a doubtful or costly contest. In all likelihood Mr. Blake's terms will be accepted, and a safe seat found for him.

The yield of wheat in France will be vastly superior to the crop of 1891, but barley and oats have suffered severely.

Twin brothers, residing at Arcadia, Ind., celebrated their 80th birthday on Saturday. They married twin sisters, who are now 75 years old.

Lightning struck two kegs of powder at Somerset, Ky., and 50 persons were injured by the explosion which followed. Many, it is thought, will die.

A Lockport N. J. lad made a wager of $2 that he could eat twenty-four raw eggs within 15 minutes and drink 20 glasses of beer. He won the $2 leaving net loss of $38 on his coffin.

W. Riley, late of the Central prison, stopped F. Dougal on a country road near Kingston, and demanded money. The latter overcame Riley, tied his hands and feet, and then sent the police for him.

An Atlanta drummer stole a kiss from a young women. Her uncle was a police sergeant and he clubbed him. Then the police justice fined him $135, and the firm for which he was working discharged him. The kisses of Atlanta girls come high.

Births.

At the Manse, Seymour, on June 17th, the wife of the Rev. JOHN MOORE, of a daughter.

In Rawdon, on June 17th, the wife of WM. SCOTT, of a daughter.

Deaths.

In Sidney, on June 20th, SUSANNA D. MILLER, aged 18 yrs., and 4 months.

STIRLING MARKETS.

Wheat, 85c. to 87c.
Barley, 40 to 47c.
Two-rowed Barley, 35c. to 40c.
Rye, 90 to 80c.
Oats, 30c. to 32c.
Pease, large, 75c. to 90c.
Pease, small, 55c. to 60c.
Buckwheat, 40 to 45c.
Butter, 16 to 18c.
Eggs, 9c. to 10c.
Potatoes, per bag, 25 to 35c.
Hams, 7½ to 8c.
Smoked Ham, 8 to 9c.
Pork, 6½c. to 8½c.
Barrel Pork, 8 to 10c.
Bacon, rolled, 10c. to 11c.
Lard, 10c. to 12c.
Chickens, per pair, 40c. to 50c.
Apples, per bag, 50 to 60c.
Dried Apples, $3.00 per bushel

The Grand Trunk will run two eight-hour special trains this summer between Toronto and Montreal.

The old whaler Progress, which was built in 1843, has passed through Montreal on its way to Chicago to be exhibited at the World's Fair.